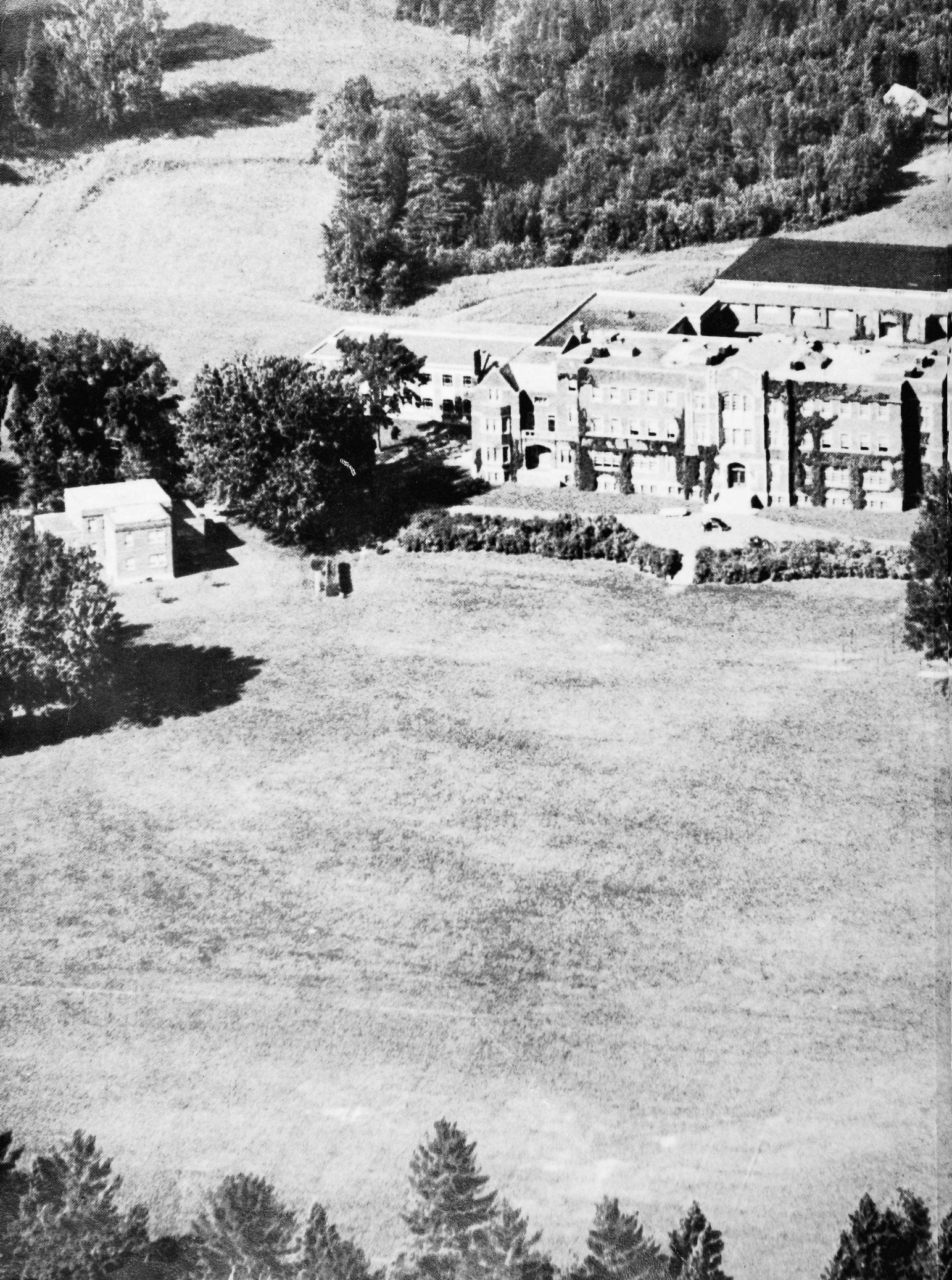
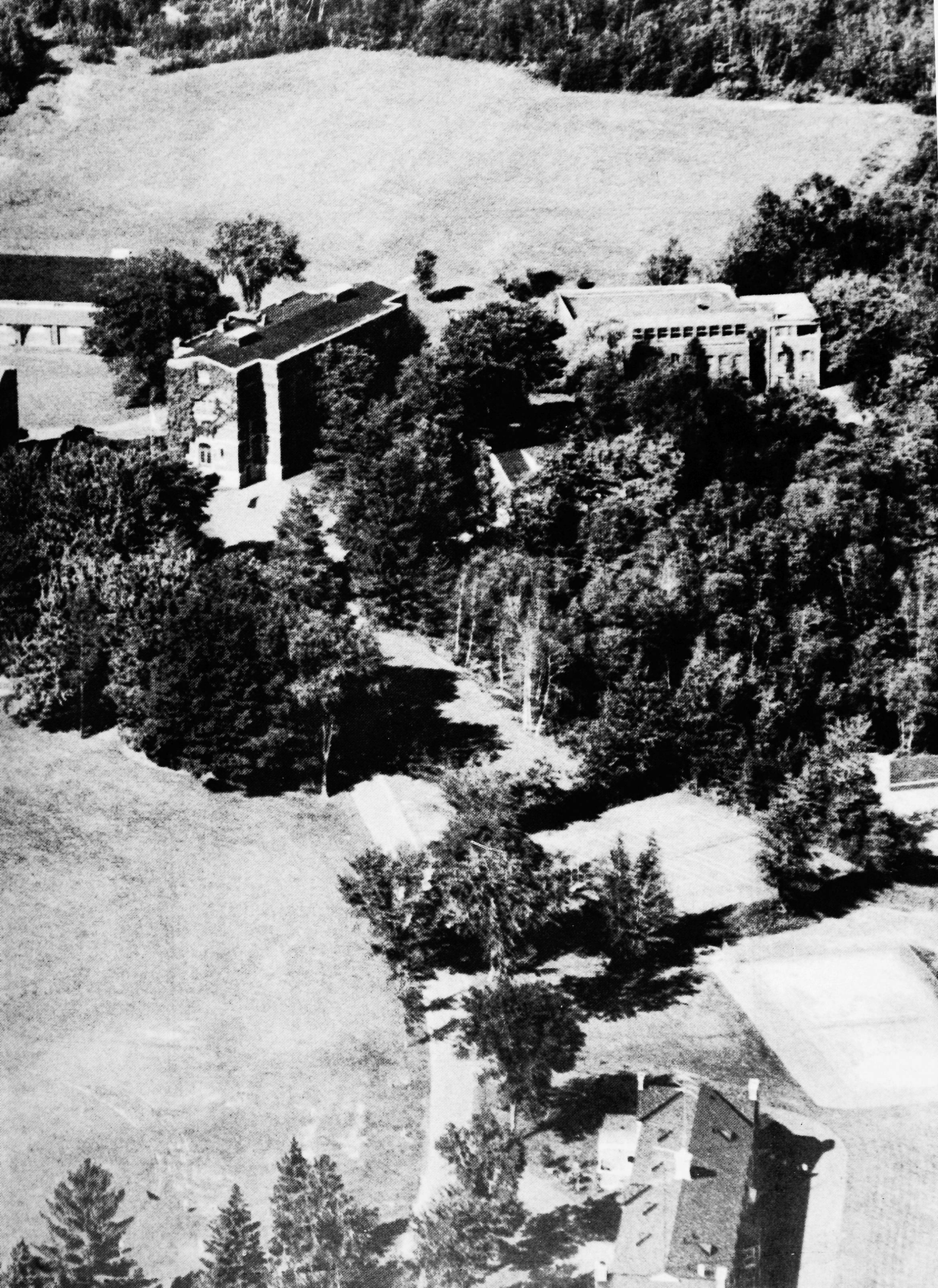


BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

B . C . S .

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Glass House Matron — Mrs. H. Fisher

THE UNSUNG HERO

On the appointment of Major Abbott as Athletic Director of the School, starting in September, 1967, one might well wonder how our complex sports program existed all these years without such an executive.

The unsung hero is Mr. Graham Patriquin. Ever since his earliest days at B.C.S. Mr. Patriquin has coached teams, persuaded others to do so, arranged matches, and built up our schedules with local sports associations. He is the father of the B.C.S. hockey machine through which countless boys have been processed, from the smallest stumblebum in the lowest form to the proud wearer of the purple sweater with the white B.C.S. monogram. He is the father too of the Cross-Country Race, once an event for a few enthusiastic runners, this year one in which only two boys in the School were not involved.

Through the years he has kept the individual athletic records, points gained throughout the year

and on the last day, and when you see the Sports Events on Closing Day run off with the precision of an Omega Sports Timer it is his organization that not only produces that precision, but also produces the final point score for the Senior, Intermediate, and Junior All-Round Championships seconds after the last event takes place.

Further, traditional standards of clean play by B.C.S. on every field and rink are largely thanks to Graham Patriquin's untiring efforts to produce real sportsmen in every sense of the word and at every level.

B.C.S. owes him a great debt of gratitude for the long years of consistent and conscientious organization and inspiration, and now that our sports world has grown so big and complex that a full-time teaching Head of Department can no longer manage it, the job of directing it could fall into no more capable hands than those of Major Sam Abbott.

ATHLETICS

The School of the 'sixties presents complexities undreamed of in the days when we were smaller. Additional sports, (soccer, for example, operates in two leagues and has international matches) larger numbers of boys to accommodate in intramural activities, three rinks to schedule, and an expanded, far more complicated hockey schedule, all combine to create a situation that demands an experienced, free and guiding hand.

On Tuesday, March 7th, the Headmaster announced that Major Sam F. Abbott was appointed to the new post of Director of Athletics. He will assume the responsibility for planning, correlating and scheduling all creases and games; he will arrange away trips, reception of visiting teams and other associated matters in addition to his present duties as Chief Instructor to No. 2 Cadet Corps, Gymn Instructor and Coach of Track and Field.

John Jay Wells came to B.C.S. last September from the Hoosac School in New York, where he gained his first experience in teaching young boys the benefits of learning Latin.



It took only a few days at B.C.S. for the boys to realize that John was not speaking in Swahili – but that is usual for one from Boston to 'pahk his cah in Havad yahd.'

Mr. Wells played a proper Yank in the "Brides of March", but was upstaged by his canine companion "Mike" in "The Inspector General".

We wish Mr. Wells success in his future career with the Peace Corps and hope that he will soon return to the land of the Ookpik.



Frater ave atque vale... at the age when a boy first translates that greeting, it reads as utter idiocy; as if the Romans stood by revolving doors! In the present departure of the Magazine's Staff Adviser, Bill Ferris, it seems to define the length of his days at B.C.S.

True, it's been five years since he came to the Prep, but the stir of his business has compressed time's passing: three summers at U.N.B. with a B. Ed. as the payoff, a six week's tour of duty at Camp Farnham leading to a second lieutenancy in the C.S. of C., and of prime interest, Judy, and their two active sons, both of whom were holiday-making arrivals at B.C.S.

Teaching was his vocational choice and his major interest, but good schoolbobs spread their talents; in the Prep there were pioneering successes with the fife and drum band, the Micmacs and the Choir, and in this last year of his sojourn at B.C.S., the Magazine, the transplanted Micmacs, the Band, and the efficient administration of the Q.M. stores of Number 2 Cadet Corps.

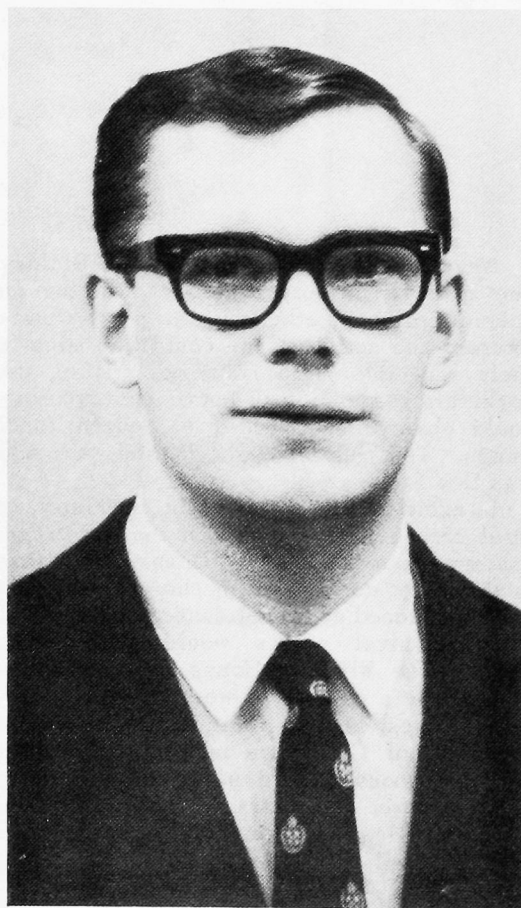
Mr. Ferris heads toward Ann Arbor, and the Graduate School of studies at the University of Michigan. Objective - a Master's Degree in Library Science, then a new career in the university field. Success, Mr. Ferris, and - it's been good to know you!

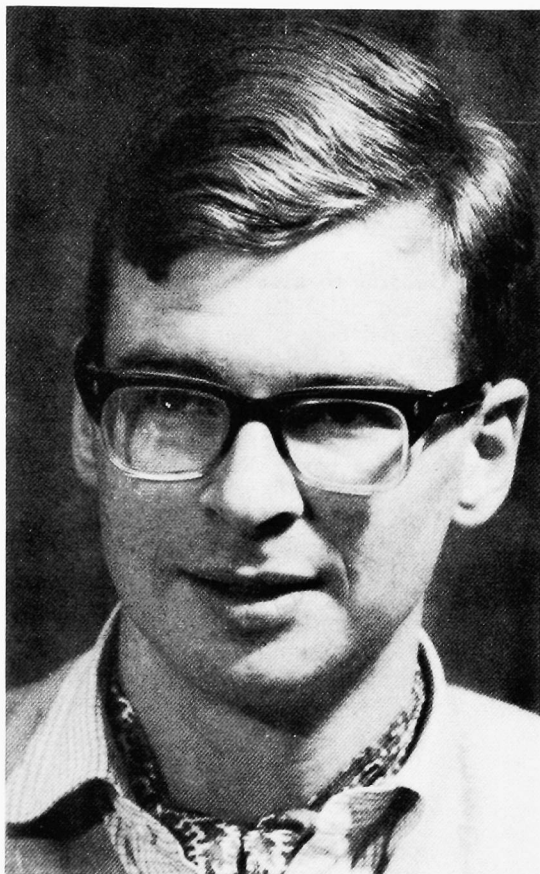
It is unusual indeed when the Second Team Football loses a game. This continued success is largely due to the conscientious efforts of John Milligan. The ingredients of true sportsmanship, which brought Mr. Milligan the athlete of the year award while he was a student at Bishop's University, were being instilled into his players. He also coached, or helped to coach, hockey and track.

With the same enthusiasm and competence in lab. and classroom, Mr. Milligan taught Physics, Mathematics and general Science. Beyond the realm of athletics and academics he supervised an electronics club, was in charge of the ordering of Science films, served as dining hall co-ordinator and organised second and third form science courses.

After an initiation year at Williams House, he served as assistant Housemaster for two years in School House, where he could be seen helping, advising and supporting.

Mr. Milligan leaves us to study Physical Education at McMaster University. The warmest of good wishes for their future success and happiness from boys and masters are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Milligan. We look forward to their return in September, 1968.





"Latin is a dead language." How often is this said? Yet Tim Callan, when he came to B.C.S. in September, 1964, set out to prove the statement wrong. It requires prodigious energy and a colourful personality to be able to do so, but he had both. His enormous enthusiasm in whatever he took up marks Mr. Callan's very real contribution to the School.

Enthusiastically British, a sports car fan, a live-wire in Grier House, where he was Assistant Housemaster, a keen and talented member of the Lennoxville Players, founder of a music appreciation club, he was all of these. Above all, his vigorous handling of the reserve soccer crease and the non-comp. ski crease, (horrors! not that – he renamed it "Ski 67") was thoroughly appreciated by both students and staff. We all wish him great success in his next (dynamic?) venture.

When one opened the door of the Biology Lab., one could invariably find boys working on some special project or other. The air was saturated with interest and activity. You could find mice learning their way through a maze, or trilling three-day cockerels responding to hormone treatment, or you could observe any number of equally fascinating things. The guiding light behind this education was Don Read.

In addition, Mr. Read taught chemistry, coached third crease football, headed the ski crease, was assistant housemaster at Williams House, instructed in the cadet corps, was in charge of the gym club and chaperoned at school dances.

Pre-carnival nights would find him masterminding the Williams House snow sculpture, surrounded by a platoon of workers with axes, picks, pails, hoses, knives, irons and every kind of conceivable tool. Out of this babel of confusion emerged the 1966 Bookworm and the 1967 Voyageur.

Now, after two years at B.C.S., Mr. Read has decided to leave us for the study of medicine. We wish him well.



SCHOOL OFFICERS

<i>Head Prefect</i>	S. McConnell
<i>Prefects</i>	T. Bradley C. Davis R. Howson G. Lawson
<i>Headboys</i>	S. Baker A. Fleming T. Law D. Montano J. Phillips P. Porteous W. Sutton D. Walker J. Webster
<i>House Officers</i>	S. Abbott (Grier) P. Boxer (Chapman) C. Collin (Chapman) P. Tetrault (Williams)
<i>Cadet Major</i>	S. McConnell
<i>Captain of Football</i>	G. Lawson
<i>Captain of Soccer</i>	S. McConnell
<i>Captain of Hockey</i>	G. Lawson
<i>Captain of Skiing</i>	P. Porteous

MICHAELMAS TERM

Sept.	8	Michaelmas term begins.
Sept.	23	Quebec Association of Independent Schools met at B.C.S.
Sept.	30	Russian students visit B.C.S.
Oct.	1	Compton Matric Class here for Bar-B-Q and Football dance.
Oct.	8	B.C.S. First Football vs. Stanstead.
Oct.	10	Thanksgiving Day; Academic Prize Giving.
Oct.	15	B.C.S. First Football vs. L.C.C.
Oct.	18	Lecture by Mr. Edgar J. Jones on Canada's Mountain Wilderness.
Oct.	29	B.C.S. First Football vs. Ashbury.
Nov.	2	Cross Country Race – won by Bradley I.
Nov.	4-7	Mid-term Break.
Nov.	11	Remembrance Day.
Nov.	12	Talk on University life by D. Patriquin and others.
Nov.	13	B.C.S. Invitation Squash Tournament began.
Nov.	19	Compton Dance; Old Boys hockey game.
Nov.	20	Invitation Squash Tournament ends.
Nov.	23	Industrial Tour – Domtar, Windsor Mills.
Nov.	25	Industrial Tour – Davie Shipbuilding Ltd., Lauzon, Quebec.
Nov.	26	Lecture by Dr. R. H. Hubbard on the history of Canadian Painting.
Dec.	3	S.A.T. exams for VIth and VIIth Forms.
Dec.	11	Special Preacher – The Rev. R. Bryan, Summer Flying Missionary in Labrador.
Dec.	18	Carol Service.
Dec.	21	Term ends; Christmas Holidays.

LENT TERM

Jan.	11	Lent term begins.
Jan.	14	Achievement Tests for VIth and VIIth Forms.
Jan.	21	Debating Tournament at Trinity College School.
Jan.	26	Lennoxville Players in "The Brides of March".
Jan.	28	Debating Tournament at McGill University.
Feb.	3	Deerfield Weekend.
Feb.	4	Fifth Form Carnival and Compton Dance.
Feb.	7	B.C.S. First Hockey vs. Stanstead.
Feb.	11	Ashbury College Weekend.
Feb.	15	Dartmouth Glee Club concert at Bishop's University.
Feb.	17-18	Players' Club presentation of Gogol's "The Inspector General".
Feb.	25	B.C.S. First Hockey vs. L.C.C.; Compton Dance.
Mar.	3	Lecture by Professor C. Thibault on Church and Politics in Canada since 1867.
Mar.	4	CEEB exams for VIth and VIIth Forms; Old Boys hockey game.
Mar.	7	Rotary Club Public Speaking contest in Sherbrooke.
Mar.	22	Term ends; Easter holidays.

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SCHOOL RECORD

THE SCENE

Since the magazine accounts for the first two terms of its publication year and the last term of the preceding year, there will be a major change in the lay-out of the following magazines. They will be set out in separate sections for each term. As a result, the difficulty in completing the magazine for a certain dead-line will increase.

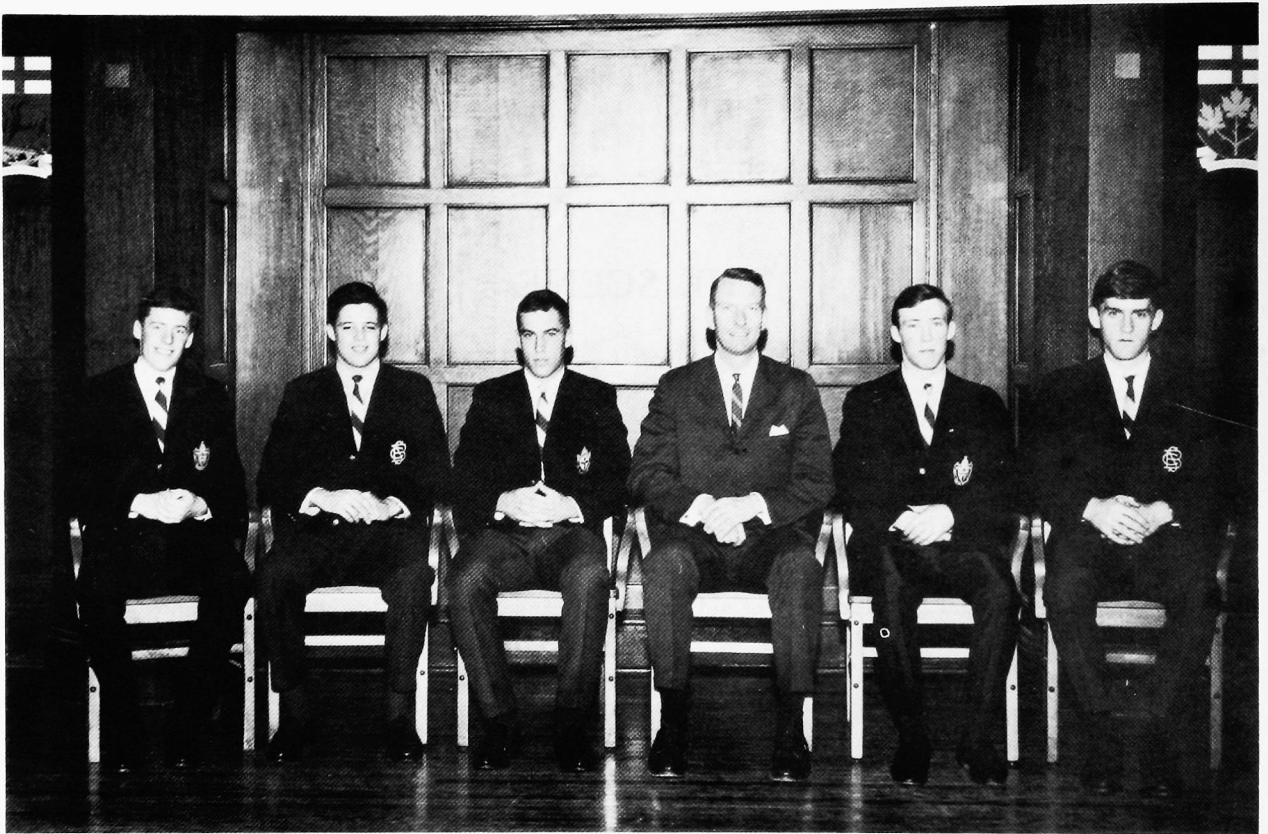
This difficulty was very apparent in this transition year. There are many renovations to be made in the existing staff. The goals of the magazine have to be set. The House Articles section screams for an efficient method of production. Finally, the photographic content of the magazine must find a definite source of pictures.

With new ideas, and the discovery of old errors, the magazine in following years ought to be of professional quality.

Chris Davis
Editor-in-Chief



SCHOOL OFFICERS 1966-67



The Prefects:

C. Davis, T. Bradley, S. McConnell (Head Prefect), The Headmaster, R. Howson, G. Lawson.

The past four years of my life have been profitably spent at Bishop's. I have been indoctrinated into the life of this boarding school through the school officer system which has appeared to me in many different views. To me, the meaning of the system changed as each year took its course. At first I feared the school officers, for I did not understand their purpose, but with the passage of time I began to respect their authority until finally as a school officer myself, I began to feel great respect and admiration for the system of which I was now a part.

Each boy on arriving at the school is subjected to the New Boy System. The first New Boy System was that in which a New Boy was a fag for each member of the school. The system changed with time as its faults were discovered and New Boys fagged only for school officers. The wheels of time have continued to turn and with them they

turned over a new leaf in the New Boy System by which fagging was completely removed.

Well, the wheels of time have continued to turn and once again we find them bringing out another new leaf in our long established system. Before I unfold this new leaf let me relate something of the old and dying one. In the past, New Boys have had to work merely to keep themselves out of trouble. If a New Boy did not live up to the standards then he would be punished. This system is fine under the right circumstances, but in our time the revised system is more efficient and effective.

Every school year begins with the arrival of a new group of New Boys. Certain standards are set by the school to which these boys are initiated and which they will follow throughout their careers at Bishop's and in their lives. In this group of New Boys three types may be found. There are those who are above the standards, those who are on a par with them and those who are below them.



Head Boys:

Standing:

P. Porteous, J. Clifford, D. Montano, J. Phillips, A. Fleming.

Seated:

W. Sutton, The Headmaster, I. Webster.

APPOINTED AFTER PICTURE

S. Baker, T. Law, D. Walker



It is our belief that the New Boys, or for that matter any people in our society, will work harder if there is some goal to be won. This year we have established this goal. If a New Boy lives up to our standards, no longer will his efforts be neglected, but he will be rewarded by being separated into a new class of New Boy, one who will be able to live more freely and easily at school. He must have also shown to us that he is capable of this over a period of time and also he must prove to us that his general attitude towards the school is good. These and other factors are all considered before a New Boy gains his new status.

We, the school officers of this institution of learning, support this system for the same reasons we support this school. and, in most cases, will continue to support this school after we have left. The main reason is that in this school there is something that builds men, something we will long look back upon and be proud to remember that we were once a part of it.

School officers are in the positions they are in because the masters and the headmaster have put their faith in these boys to carry out the long-standing traditions and the great name the school has acquired from the Old Boys who once roamed her halls. It is with great difficulty that we try to justify the reasons why we support the system so strongly. It is necessary to live through the good times and the trying times to be able to understand our sincere and strong beliefs about our school.

Looking at today's teenager through the eyes of a newsman it is very depressing to see his stage. It must be remembered that today's youngsters are tomorrow's adults. My fears for tomorrow's adults are greatly nullified when I see the results of our system's work on many of the boys who have graduated.

S. McConnell (Head. Prefect)



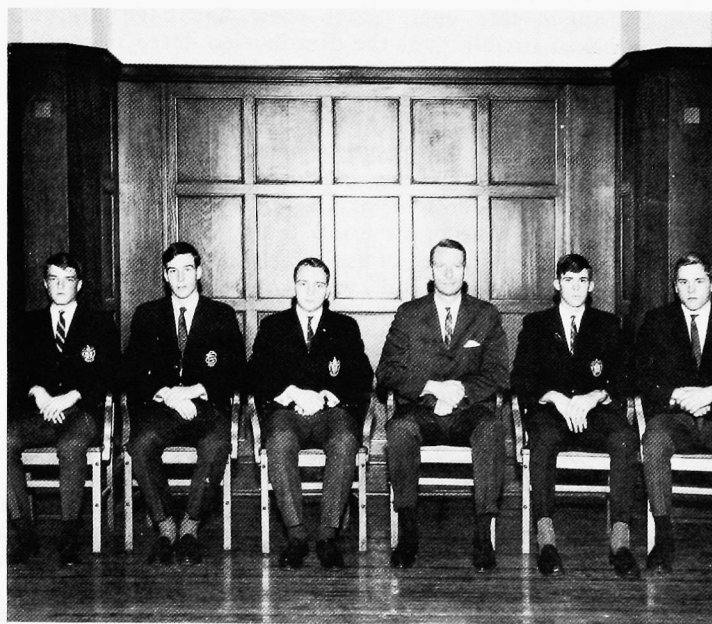
House Officers:

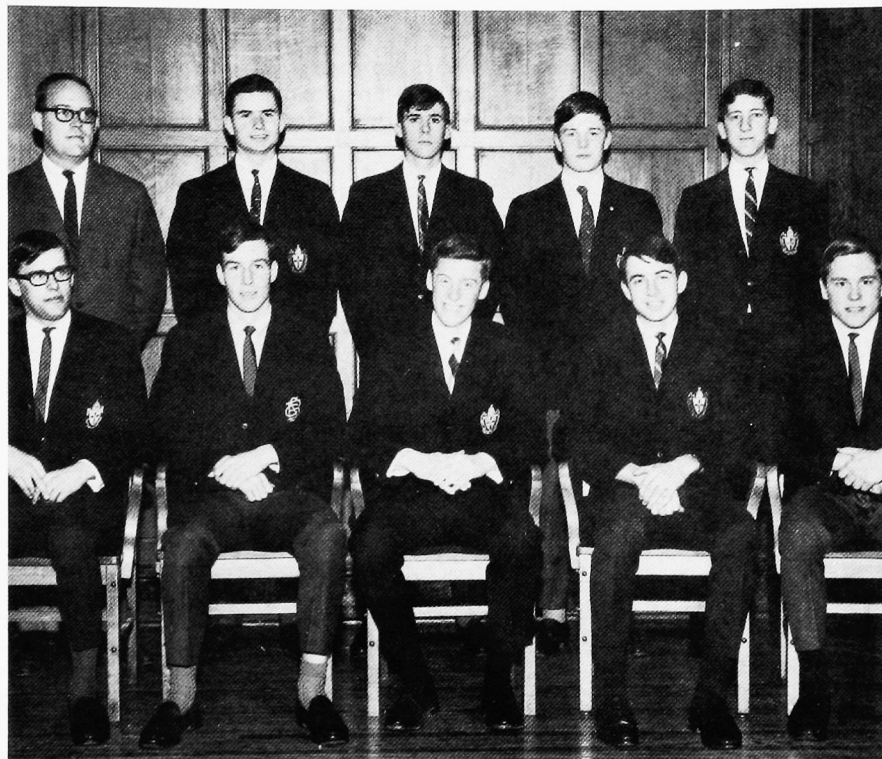
Left to Right:

C. Collin (Chapman), T. Law (Grier), S. Abbott (Grier), The Headmaster, D. Walker (Grier), S. Baker (Smith).

APPOINTED AFTER PICTURE

P. Tetrault





Back Row:

W.H. Ferris, Esq., A. Fleming, D. Walker, G. Bibby, R. Graham.

Front Row:

W. Sutton, T. Law, C. Davis, J. Phillips, S. Baker.

THE EDITORS

Editor-in Chief.....	C. Davis
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Assistants.....	K. Tisshaw
	R. Carmichael
	G. Burbidge
Literary Editor.....	T. Law
Assistant.....	S. Dunlop
Photographic Editor.....	W. Sutton
Senior Forms Editor.....	A. Fleming
Sports Editor.....	S. Baker
Assistant.....	J. Dyer
Exchange Editor.....	D. Walker
Chief Photographer	G. Bibby
Art Director.....	C. Collin
Secretary	R. Graham
Staff Adviser.....	W.H. Ferris, Esq.

THE MAGAZINE

The general format of the magazine has been changed this year. Since there has been a great deal of trouble over the distribution dates in recent years, the staff decided that the magazine should come out on the closing date of school. There will still be three terms covered in the magazine, but the final term will not appear until the next year.

The staff has been fairly efficient in completing the various sections on time. There remains, however, much reorganization to be done, especially in the final lay-out of the publication.

It is the same old story with the magazine as it is with other school activities. There are only a few people who really lend their talents unselfishly.

There are some innovations for this magazine. The Senior Form section now has an individual photo for each prospective graduate. A. Fleming was in charge of this part of the magazine and is to be commended for a job well done. Mr. Grimsdell took the pictures and managed to make the end product resemble the student. An editorial had been included which might develop into a section. The magazine has tried to get people to express their opinions.

The Literary section under T. Law is larger this year. Many were anxious to contribute to this section and the competition was fierce. The Sports section under the direction of S. Baker, with its schedules, statistics, and experienced reporting, is beginning to look like a professional sports magazine.

The hard work of the other editors: B. Sutton and G. Bibby, photography; D. Walker, exchange; C. Collin, art; and R. Graham, secretary, can be seen throughout the magazine. The photography section was especially well managed, although the pictures taken for submission were not of very good quality.

J. Phillips and his assistants, K. Tisshaw, S. S. Dunlop, R. Carmichael, and G. Burdibge are to be commended for the fine job they did in the Advertising section.

Many others, both students and masters, have donated their talents in helping to publish the magazine. Special mention should go to Mr. Ferris, staff advisor, who was most effective in keeping all the editors on their toes.

C. Davis (Editor)

MICHAELMAS TERM

All the floors were waxed to a fine polish as the first day of the new school year began and both newboys and veterans alike paced through the halls of their home away from home. Thoughts were of the days to come and of the memories of the better days of last year.

The new boys were very unsure of themselves at the beginning and often old boys would lead them astray by telling one, for instance, to buy a can of 'elbow grease' at the Sport Shop for his cadet equipment.

The most noticed characteristic of the school this year was the big change it made through many little changes. The most noticeable change was, of course, the absence of the Prep with the substitution of Glass House which acts solely as a residence for the youngest boys. Another change is seen in the inauguration of the weekly 'Academic Progress Report' or 'APR', as it soon became known as, which replaced the old colour board.

Another change was more materialistic, for center hall became lined with green felt as a few new notice boards were put up. During one week we had practically a new notice board every day. The subjects ranged from 'College' to 'Sports' and back again to 'Careers'. At last count there were 13 (count 'em) notice boards in center hall. As Marshall McLuhan says "The medium is the message".

Since Friday afternoons have become devoted to club activities, many new clubs have been formed and old ones rejuvenated. To name just a few there are Gym, Art, History, and Film Study Clubs. It wasn't rare to witness mass migrations of boys from one room to another during Friday afternoons as different clubs held their meetings.

Some of the old clubs were still in swing (pardon the pun), such as Agora (the Debating Society), the Camera Club, and the Mathematics Club. Agora started an interesting system of polls whereby each member of the school answered questions concerning such topics as Birth Control and the Church and the Ministry. Pollsters were asked questions like "Is God white?" and "Do you believe there should be sex education in Canadian high schools?". The answers were analysed and graphs were posted showing the percentage of the school who answered 'yes' and 'no'. The purpose of the poll was to start people thinking. As seen by the private discussions on the topics and on the idea of the poll itself, the idea was successful.

The football season started quickly and the first team worked hard on long Wednesday and Saturday afternoon creases. At first the newboys could not understand why everyone yelled and screamed during football games, but with an incentive provided by the Sixth form the newboys were soon cheering hard and this helped the B.C.S. team to trounce Ashbury 26 - 0 on October 29. After a disappointing season, this victory was well appreciated.

Among the usual visitors to the school were a few Russian students who were on a tour of Canadian Universities and wanted to see a capitalistic private school. They were given the regal tour by the seventh form while most of the younger boys stared at them as if they were from another planet, but they soon found out that communist or capitalist, we are still human.

Another aspect of the school which was soon in operation was the Cadet Corps. The most noticeable change was the addition to the Corps of two more platoons which are made up of Glass House members. Since they are partially separated from the rest of the Corps, they were promptly nicknamed "Kiddies' Corner".

The sixth and seventh formers had, as usual, the dread anticipation of reading the lesson at morning chapel, but as of yet no one has suffered greatly from this ordeal.

Summer had long gone and the effects of the oncoming winter could be felt at the supper barbecues.

The Thanksgiving weekend soon arrived with its usual cavalcade of cars, a sight welcomed by car enthusiasts. Sherbrooke was once more invaded by an unleashed pack of B.C.S. students, but somehow the city managed to survive. The weekend was highlighted by the Old Boys' football game which, as usual, was great fun. After lunch on Monday was an unprecedented event, the first Old Boys' soccer match. The Old Boys, captained by François de Sainte Marie, were defeated in good style.

The term was not without its lectures as on October 18 we had a talk by Mr. Edgar J. Jones who showed us his film on the Canadian Mountain Wilderness. The question period after the film was quiet at first, but it soon picked up and many hands were up in an effort to question the guest. The next lecturer was the first in the school's Centennial lecture series. He was Dr. R.H. Hubbard, Chief Curator of the National Gallery. In his lecture he showed slides of Canadian Art. Both of these lectures were well-enjoyed.

118 seniors were lined up on November 2 when the pistol was fired and this heterogeneous group started running in the annual cross country race. Some were slow and steady, others had a quick burst of energy, while the best used top power and continued at that fast clip for the entire race. In the junior race there was an unprecedented event as both Clarke and Riddiough broke the tape simultaneously. Meanwhile in the senior race, Bradley I of Chapman House ran ahead of Walker I of Grier House to win the Boswell Trophy for the second time, but Williams House had five men in the first eleven to win the coveted Senior House Trophy.

The usually Victorian Tea Dance saw a well-appreciated change when instead of waltz we had watusi, for the school had got a rock group – Bartholemew plus 3 – to supply the music for the annual B.C.S. – Compton get together. The elaborate decorations and the good music fostered many new romances, as demonstrated by the amount of mail that went from B.C.S. to Compton and vice versa.

December 3 saw the VI and VII formers writing their SAT and Achievement exams for University. The exams were real brain drains, and that weekend proved useless for studying for the coming Christmas exams.

The special preacher the school had on December 11, was the Rev. Robert Bryan, Chaplain of the Choate School, Wallingford, Connecticut, and a Summer Flying Missionary in Labrador. He was recruiting volunteers for his summer mission and some of the older boys were interested in this summer activity. Since he is an expert at short take-offs and landings, some people were sure he would land on center field.

Another set of Christmas exams came, and the regular Christmas spirit was suppressed until the Carol Service where the carols and the anticipation of the holidays led to a form of Yuletide happiness which was well-deserved after a good term.

LENT TERM

The cold weather and abundant amount of snow were perfect for the skier, and buses to Hillcrest and Mount Orford often left B.C.S. laden with boys on their way to their favourite winter sport. Mr. Callan showed true efficiency in his 'Ski 67', or Non-Comp ski crease. With races, points, teams, captains, and a massive pile of paper work the only things visible in this crease, I can't help from wondering how anyone got any skiing done.

In the indoor activities we have the Chaplain's Agora having Sunday evening meetings as well as putting out polls regularly, and sending various representatives to competitions. On January 21 a three-man team represented the school at Trinity

College School in Port Hope, Ontario. A four-man team went to the Debating Tournament at McGill University on January 28.

The Lennoxville Players had their annual performance again this year with the play "The Brides of March". Since part of the cast is usually made up of masters or their wives, this group has a definite advantage in that the student audience laughs at anything a master says on the stage since people like to see their friends on the stage doing or saying funny things. All in all the play was funny and very entertaining.

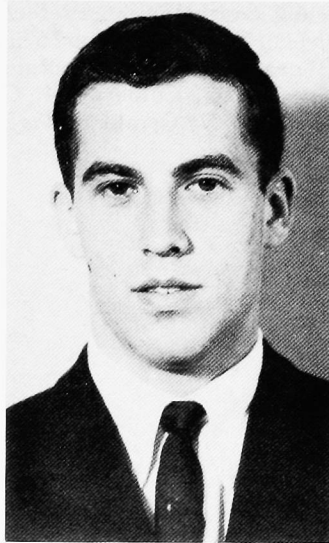
The Fifth Form Club of a few years back organized a small carnival for the school during the second term. Every year the event gets larger and more popular. The week before the Carnival is 'Sculpture Week' at B.C.S. for all houses work on their ice and snow masterpieces. This year the subjects ranged from Sir John A. Macdonald by Smith House to an example of impressionistic sculpture by Grier House. This year the overall Carnival Championship was won by Williams House while Smith House won the best sculpture award. The Carnival also had game booths and a dance with Compton.

The First Hockey Team continued as before Christmas, but this term was highlighted by the annual Ashbury Old Boys Association Cup competition. On February 11 the first team defeated Asbury 4-0 in Ottawa, while on February 25 the team defeated L.C.C. 4-3 on our home ice. Another important game was on February 4 against Deerfield where we were defeated 1-3 to bring the overall game record to B.C.S. – 7 wins. Deerfield – 6 wins, and 1 tie.

The Players' Club had their annual performance on February 17 and 18. Their presentation was Gogol's "The Inspector General", and a memorable performance it was. Although the play itself was not the best, the actors' expressions, gestures, and personalities were so amusing, that it turned out to be one of the most successful of B.C.S. plays.

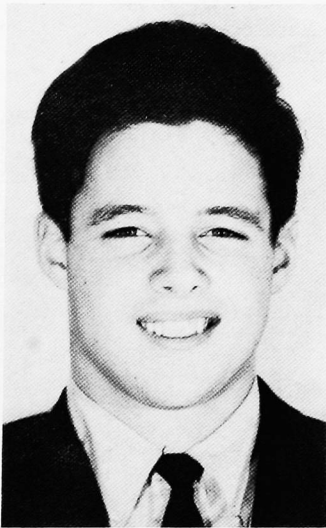
Our third lecture of the year was done by Professor Claude Thibault of Bishop's University who spoke on the role the Church has played on Canadian politics since 1867. One could tell by the number of questions asked afterwards that the subject and the lecturer's ideas had meaning to many people, and this demonstrated a support of the Centennial Lecture series by the student body of the school.

It was a good term, but the time now is to look ahead at the third term at the McGill exams, at College, and at your career. Look to see if what you accomplished this term or any term helps you in the near or far future.

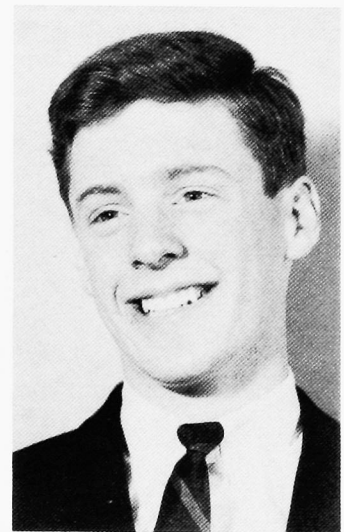


McConnell, W.S. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Head Boy; Head Prefect; Chess Club '64; Stamp Club '64, '66-'67, President '66, Agora '64-'66; Soccer-Junior '64; Captain, First Team '65-'67, Colours '65-'67, Captain '66, '67; Hockey-League '65; Cricket-Junior '64, Captain, First Team '65-'66, Colours; Major in Cadet Corps; B.C.S. Tankard; Fifth Form President '65.

Bradley, Tim. Entered B.C.S. '61; Chapman House; Prefect; Choir '61-'63, '65; Glee Club '66, '67; Astronomy Club '63; Agora '63-'65; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '62, '63, Captain '63, Second Team '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66, Captain '66; Hockey-League '62-'65, Colours '64, '65, Captain '63, First Team '66, '67, Colours '66; Cricket-Junior '63, Under-16 '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66; Boswell Cup '66, '67; Kauback Medal '66; Smith Cup '66; Fortune Medal '66.

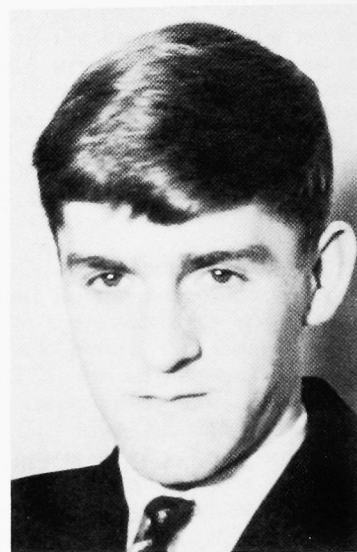


PREFECTS



Davis, Chris. Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; Head Boy; Prefect; Choir '61-'67, Assistant Librarian, Crucifer, Head of the Choir; B.C.S. Magazine '65-'67, Assistant Business Manager, Photographic Editor, Editor-in-Chief; Glee Club '66, '67; Vestry '67, People's Warden; Agora '63-'67, Vice-President, President; Librarian '66, '67, Head Librarian '67; Liberal Club '66; Lieutenant & Adjutant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '62; Hockey-League '62-'65, Manager '61, Captain '65; Soccer-Junior '62, '63, First Team '65, '66; Cricket-Junior '62; Track '64, Colours; Heneker Cup; E. B. Pilgrim Cup.

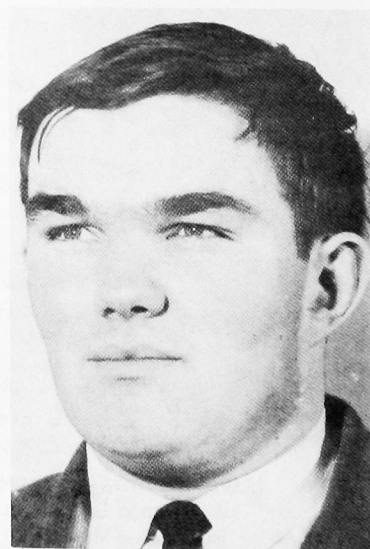
Howson, Rick. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Prefect; Head Boy; House Officer; Player's Club '66; Chess Club '66; Film Study Club '67; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63, Second Team '64, '65, Co-Captain & Colours '65, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '64, '65, Colours '64, Captain '65, First Team '66, '67, Colours '66, Assistant Captain '67, Gerald M. Wigget Award.



Lawson, Geoffrey W. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Head Boy; Prefect; Chess Club '66; Astronomy Club '67; Academic Tie Holder; Football-Second Team '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66, Captain '66; Hockey-League '64, First Team '65-'67, Colours & Assistant Captain '66, Captain '67; Cricket-Junior '64, Captain, Under-16 '65, Vice-Captain; Track '66; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet.

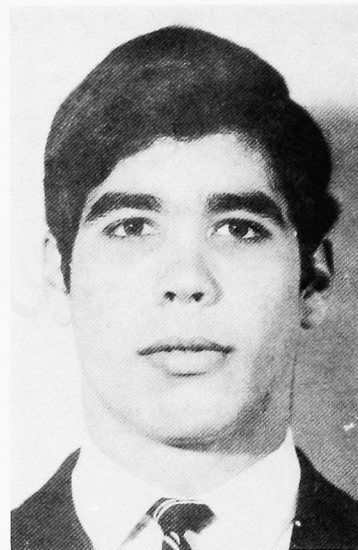
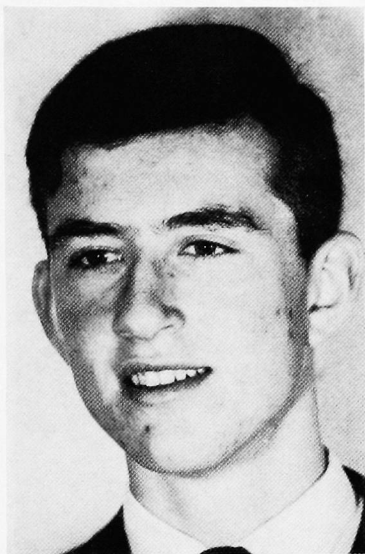
SEVENTH FORM

Abbott, Scott, Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; House Officer; Player's Club '66, '67; Chess Club '64, '65, Secretary-Treasurer '64; Academic Tie Holder; Staff-Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63, '64; Hockey-League '65, First Team Manager '66, '67.



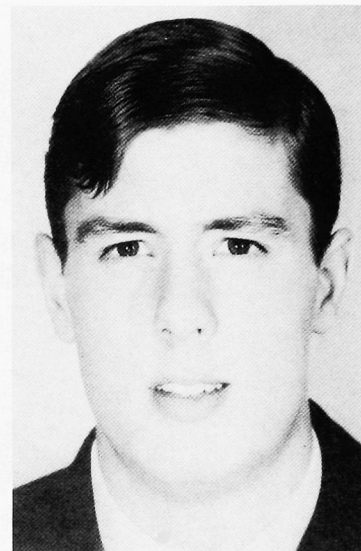
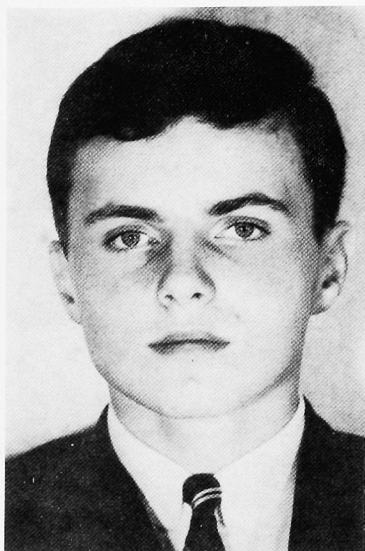
Messel, James. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '66; Film Study Club '67; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63, Second Team '64, '65, First Team '66, Colours; Cricket-Junior '64; Skiing-Second Team '65, '66, Manager '66, First Team Manager '67.

Miners, Ian A. Entered B.C.S. '64; Smith House; Chess Club '65; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Math Club '65, '66; Printer's Club '67, President; Lance Corporal in Cadet Corps; Soccer-First Team '65, '66; Hockey-League '65.



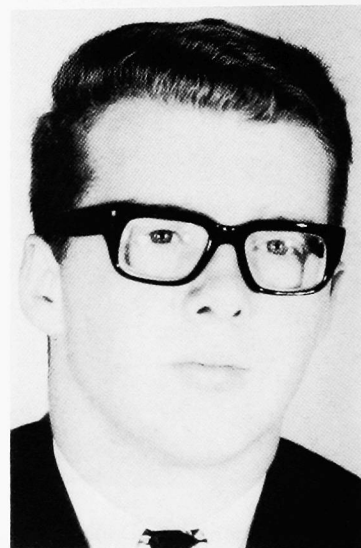
Montano, Danny. Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; Head Boy; Choir '63-'65, '67; Glee Club '65-'67, Organizer '67; Vestry '67; Agora '63, '67; Sergeant Major & W.O. 11 in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet, Most Efficient N.C.O. '66, Football-Junior '62, '63, Second Team '64, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66; Hockey-League '62-'65; Track '62-'66, Colours '63-'66.

Nadeau, Ron. Entered B.C.S. '66; Smith House; Player's Club '67; Film Study Club '67; Printer's Club '67; Football-Second Team '66, Colours.



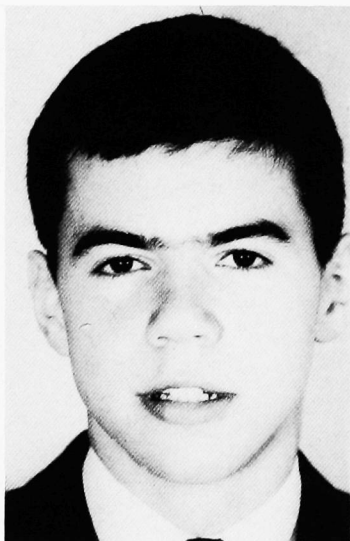
Park, David R. Entered B.C.S. '66; Smith House; Film Study Club '67; Football-First Team '67, Colours.

Shoiry, Edward. Entered B.C.S. '59; Grier House; Player's Club '67; Chess Club '66; Agora '67; Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Soccer-Junior '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66; Hockey-League '64-'66, Colours '66; Track '64; Cricket-Junior '64, Under-16 '65, Colours.



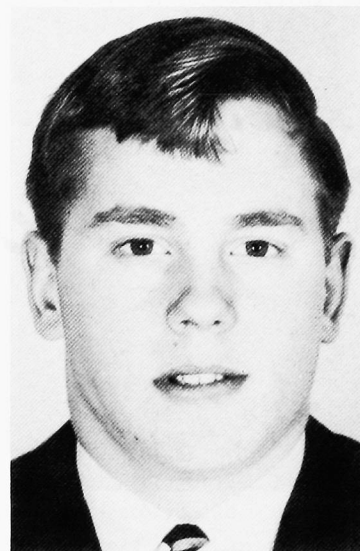
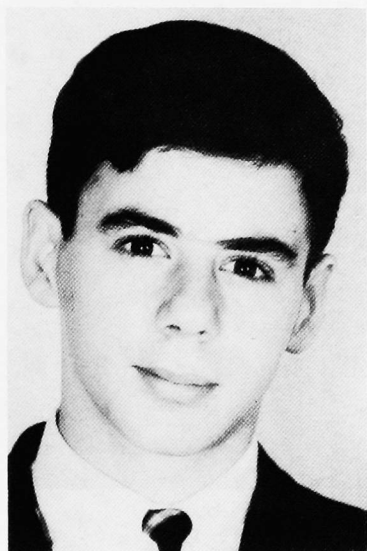
Tear, Elliott. Entered B.C.S. '66; Chapman House; Football-First Team '66, Colours.

Webster, L.I. Entered B.C.S. '63; Smith House; Head Boy; Player's Club '66; Camera Club '67; Stamp Club '63; Glee Club '67; School Projectionist '66, '67; Academic Tie Holder; Staff-Sergeant on Range in Cadet Corps, Rifle Team '67; Football-Junior '63, '64, Second Team '65, First Team '66, Colours; Cricket-Junior '64.



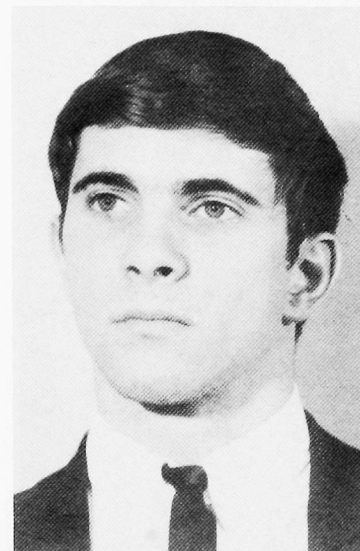
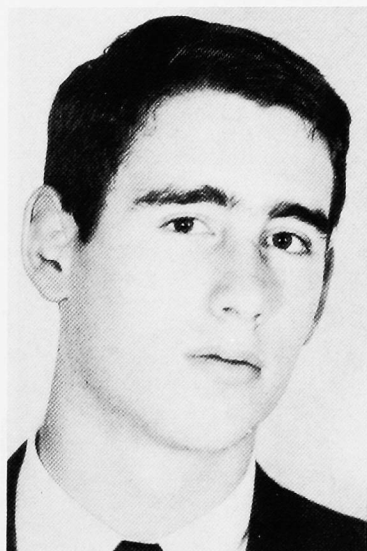
SIXTH FORM MATRICULATION

Abdalla, Bruce. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Player's Club '67; B.C.S. Magazine '67; Camera Club '64; Agora '65; Electronics Club '67; Sergeant in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football-Junior '63; Hockey-League '61-'65; Cricket-Junior '64.



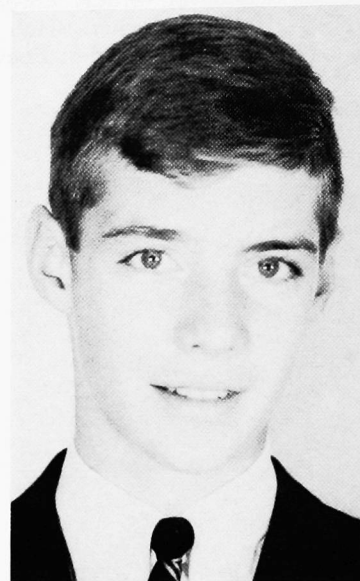
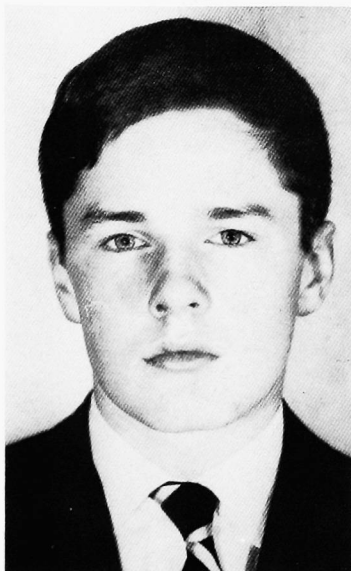
Baker, Steve. Entered B.C.S. '64; Smith House; House Officer; Player's Club '66; B.C.S. Magazine '66, '67, Assistant Business Manager, Sports Editor; Camera Club '65-'67; Glee Club '67; Vestry '67; Agora '66, '67; Football-Junior '64, Colours, Second Team '65, Colours, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '65, '66, Cricket-First Team '66, Colours.

Barker, David. Entered B.C.S. '66; Grier House; Electronics Club '67; Football-First Team '66, Colours.



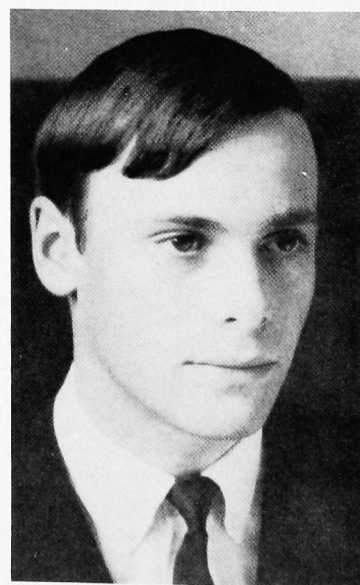
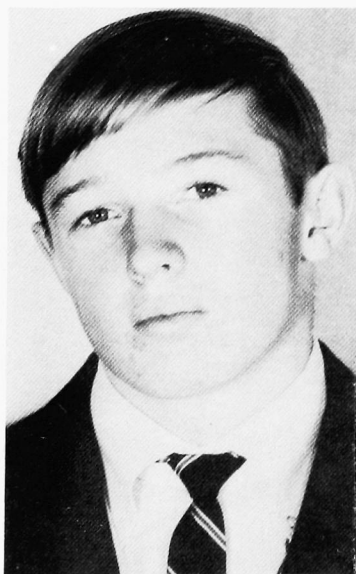
Berg, Edouard. Entered B.C.S. '64; Williams House; Stamp Club '65, '66; Astronomy Club '65; History Club '67; School Centennial Committee; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '64; Soccer-First Team '65, '66, Colours '66; Track '65, '66.

Bibby, George T. B. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Choir '64, '65; B.C.S. Magazine '67, Photographer-in-Chief; Camera Club '64-'67, First Class Member; Chess Club '65; Astronomy Club '65; Football-Junior '63; Cricket-Junior '64; Hockey-League '64, '65, Manager '64.



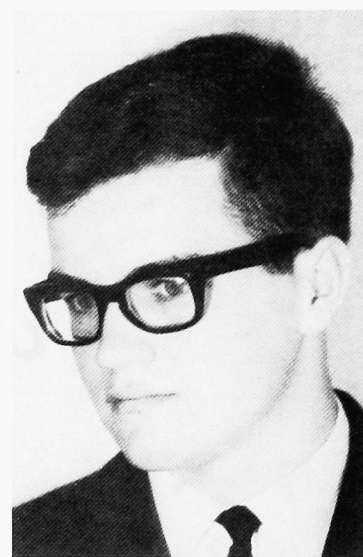
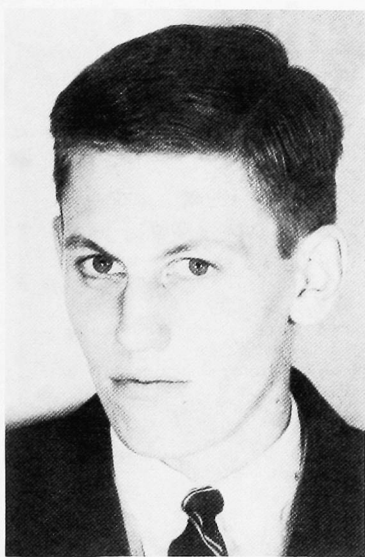
Breakey, Alan. Entered B.C.S. '62; Williams House; Chess Club '65, '67; Stamp Club '64, '66-'67, Secretary-Treasurer '67; Art Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Academic Tie Holder; Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63, '64; Hockey-League '63-'66, Assistant Captain '63, '64; Track '63-'66.

Bridger, David. Entered B.C.S. '65; Williams House; Chess Club '66; Stamp Club '66; Vestry '67; History Club '67, President; Librarian '67; President of Centennial Committee; Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Football-Second Team '65, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '66; Track '66, Colours.



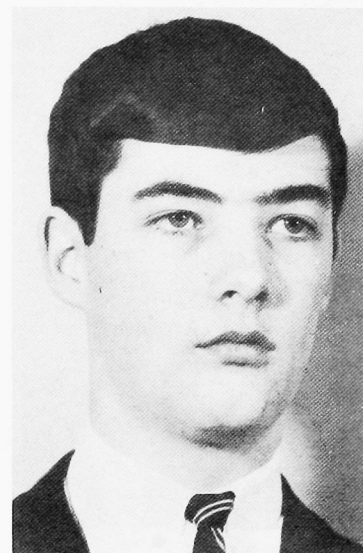
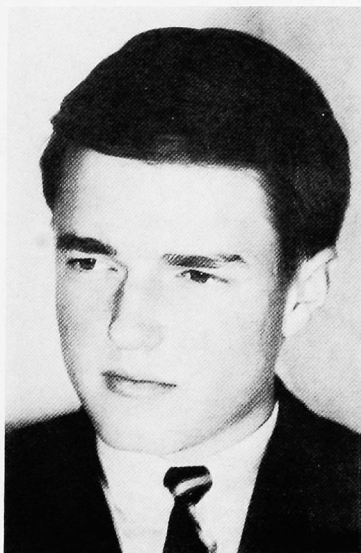
Boxer, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '65; Chapman House; Agora '67; History Club '67; Librarian '67, School Centennial Committee; Football-Second Team '65, '66, Colours '66; Skiing '66, '67, Colours '66; Track '66, Colours.

Cardozo, Robert, Entered B.C.S. '66; Chapman House; Football-First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-First Team '67.



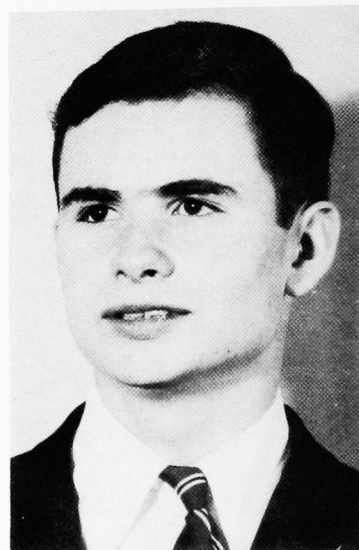
Clifford, Jay. Entered B.C.S. '65; Williams House; Head Boy; Vestry '67; History Club '67, Vice-President; Staff-Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Football-Second Team '65, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-First Team '66, '67, Colours '66.

Collin, Charles. Entered B.C.S. '64; Chapman House; House Officer; Choir '64; Server '67; B.C.S. Magazine '66, '67, Assistant Literary Editor, Art Editor; Astronomy Club '64; Agora '67; Art Club '67; Dance Committee; Corporal in Cadet Corps, Rifle Team '65-'67, Captain '66, Mac'Naulty Trophy; Soccer-Junior '64, Colours, First Team '66, Skiing-Second Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66, Vice-Captain '65, First Team '67; Track '65.



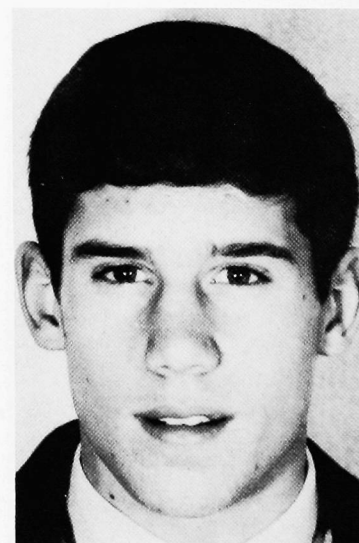
Dixon Thomas J. Entered B.C.S. '65; Grier House; Player's Club '67; Electronics Club '67; Soccer-Junior '65, First Team '66, Hockey-League '66, '67, Captain '67.

Evans, Tom. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Choir '61-'67; Chess Club '64-'67; Stamp Club '66; Football-Junior '63; Hockey-League '61-'67, Colours '66, Assistant Captain '62.



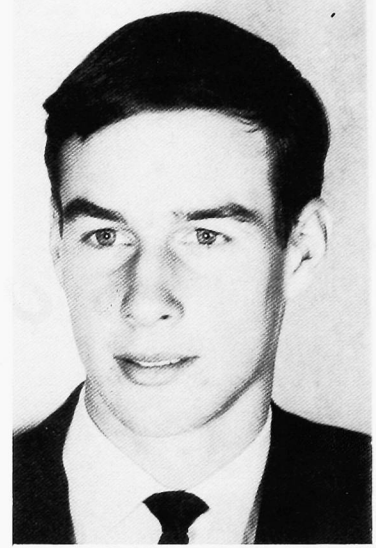
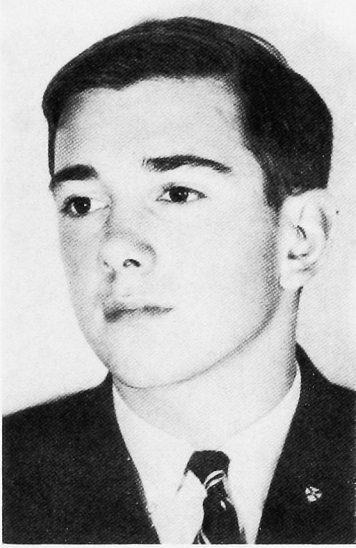
Fleming, Andrew. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Head Boy; Choir '64-'67; B.C.S. Magazine '67, Senior Forms Editor; Camera Club '64-'65; Stamp Club '67; Glee Club '67; Math Club '65, '66; Math Team '66, '67; Agora '64-'67, Tie Holder; President of the Fifth Form Club; Captain in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Academic Tie Holder Soccer-Junior '63, '64, First Team '65, '66, Colours '66; Hockey-League '64-'66; Track Manager '66; Cricket-Junior '64.

Graham, Robert R. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Player's Club '66; B.C.S. Magazine '67, School Record Editor & Secretary; Camera Club '66, '67, Math Club '67; Math Team '67; Agora '64-'67; Sergeant in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Soccer-Junior '64; Hockey-League '61-'65, Colours '65; Track '61, '62; Cricket-Junior '64.



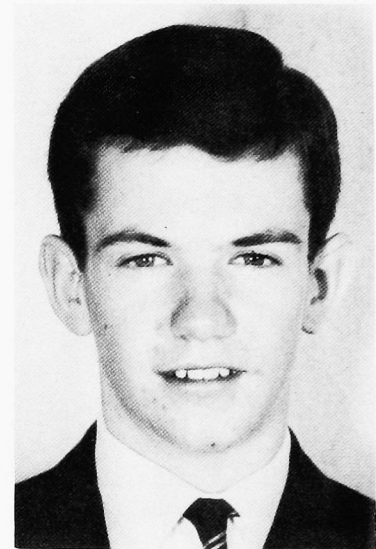
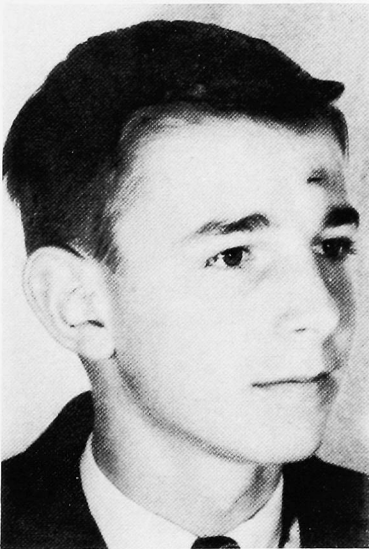
Jessop, Derek. Entered B.C.S. '62; Williams House; Astronomy Club '64, '65, Secretary '65; Agora '64, '65, '67; History Club '67; School Centennial Committee; Sergeant in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football-Junior '64, Colours, Second Team '65, Colours, First Team '66; Hockey-League '64-'66, Colours '65, '66, Captain '65; Track '65, '66, Colours '65, '66.

Jones, Grenville. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Player's Club '67; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Agora '65-'67; Football-Junior '63-'65; Second Team '66; Cricket-Junior '64; Hockey-League '65, '66, First Team '67.



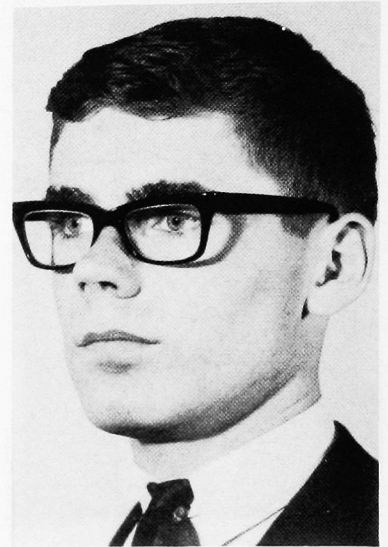
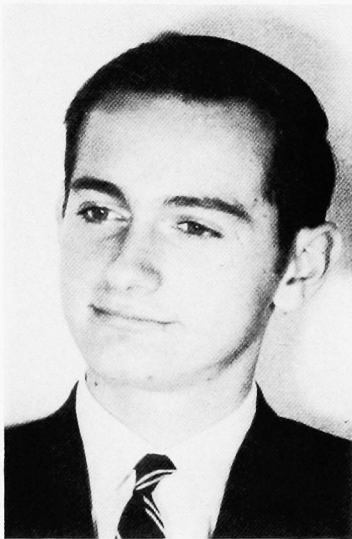
Law, Tom. Entered B.C.S. '64; Grier House; House Officer; Player's Club '67; B.C.S. Magazine '66, '67, Assistant Literary Editor, Literary Editor; Vestry '67; Math Team '67; Agora '67; Dance Committee; Academic Tie Holder; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '64, Captain, Colours, Second Team '65, Captain, Colours; Soccer-First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '65, Colours, First Team '67; Track '65, '66, Colours '66; R. M. C. Cup.

Lowery, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '65; Grier House; Player's Club '67; Camera Club '67; Chess Club '67; Agora '67; Gym Team '67.



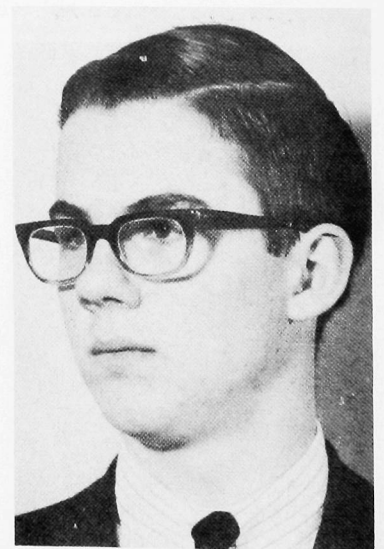
Martin-Smith, Paul. Entered B.C.S. '65; Smith House; Choir '66, '67; Chess Club '66; Glee Club '67; French Club '67; History Club '67; Soccer-Junior '65, First Team '66, Colours; Track '66.

Nicholl, John. Entered B.C.S. '62; Grier House; Chess Club '63-'65; Stamp Club '63-'66, Secretary-Treasurer '66; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Pound Master; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Soccer-Junior '64, '64, Colours '63, '64, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66, Assistant Captain '66; Hockey-League '63-'65; Track '66, Manager.



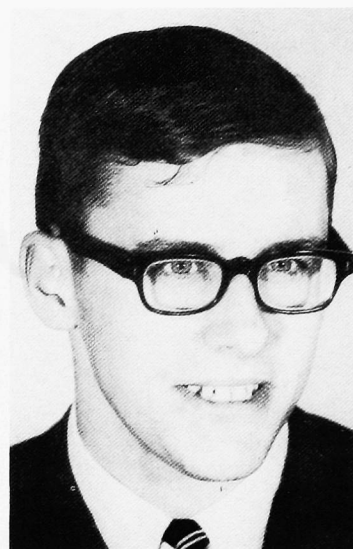
Oughtred, John. Entered '64; Williams House; Choir '67; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Film Study Club '67; Sergeant in Cadet Corps; Football-Second Team '64, '65, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '65.

Saykaly, Mark. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Choir '64, '65; Chess Club '67; Agora '63-'67; History Club '67; Football-Junior '63; Soccer-Junior '64, '65, First Team '66; Skiing-First Team Manager '67; Cricket-Junior '64.



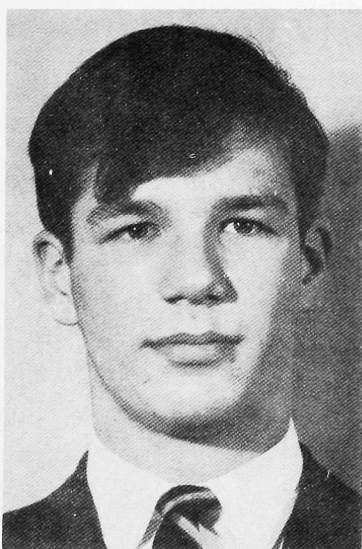
Stensrud, W. R. Entered B.C.S. '62; Grier House; Choir '63, '64; Player's Club '65-'67; Camera Club '63-'67; Math Club '67; Agora '64-'66; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63, '64, Second Team '65-'67; Hockey '63-'67, Assistant Captain '66, '67; Cricket-Junior '64, Colours, Under-16 '65.

Phillips, John. Entered B.C.S. '63; Williams House; Head Boy; B.C.S. Magazine '66, '67, Business Manager; Math Club '66; Agora '64-'67, Secretary-General; Math Team '66, '67; Dance Committee; Academic Tie Holder; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps, Best Recruit Award, Master Cadet; Football-Junior '63, '64, Colours '64, Second Team '65, Colours, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '64-'66, Colours '65, '66, First Team '67; Cricket-Junior '64, Under-16 '65, Colours, First Team '66, Colours.



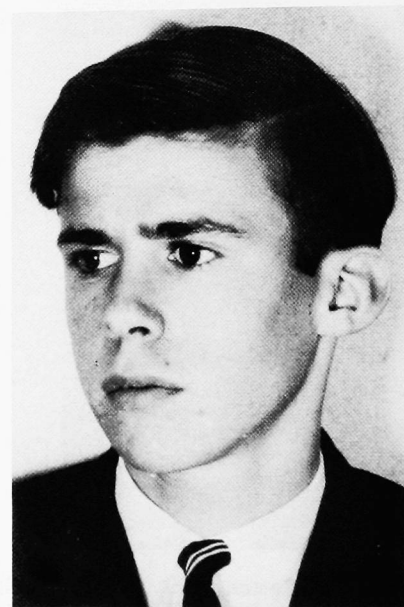
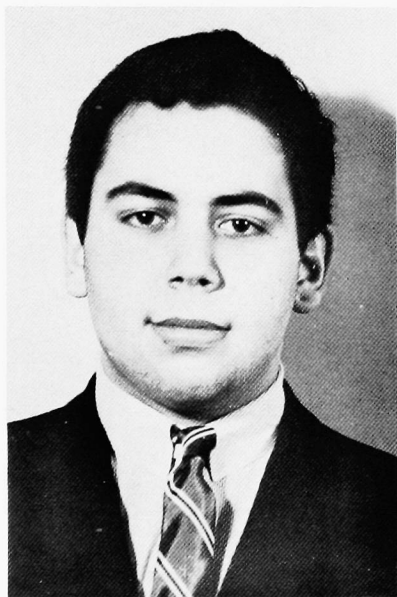
Sutton, Bill. Entered B.C.S. '62; Williams House; Head Boy; Choir '62; B.C.S. Magazine '67, Photographic Editor; Camera Club '62, '63; Film Study Club '67; Agora '64-'67, Treasurer; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '62, '63, Colours '63, Second Team '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66; Track '62-'66, Colours '65.

Tetrault, Pierre. Entered B.C.S. '65; Williams House; Chess Club '67; History Club '67; Football-First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66, James Power Cleghorn Cup; Hockey-First Team '66, '67, Colours '66.



Thompson, Andrew. Entered B.C.S. '62; Smith House; Choir '63-'66; Player's Club '67; B.C.S. Magazine '67; House Representative; Camera Club '63-'65; Chess Club '65, '66; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Film Study Club '67; Electronics Club '67; School Projectionist; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '63-'65, Second Team '66; Hockey-League '64-'66.

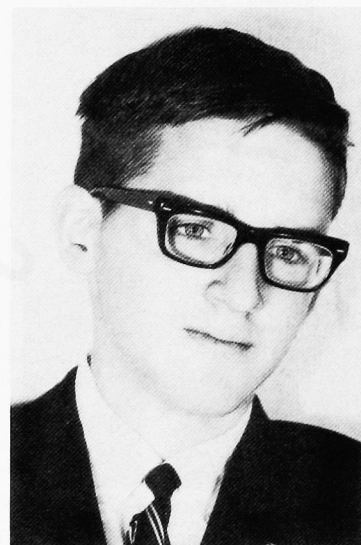
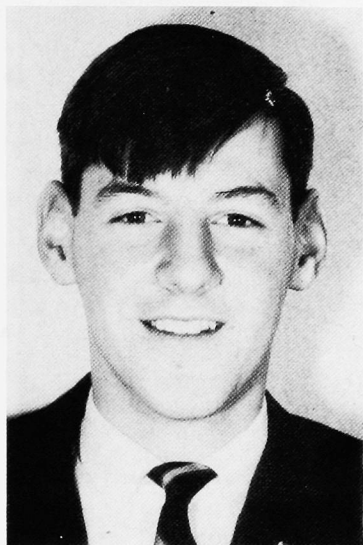
Varverikos, D. Entered B.C.S. '62; Williams House; Choir '62-'67; Camera Club '63-'67; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '65; Film Study Club '67; Math Club '66; Agora '65-'67; Electronics Club '67; Football-First Team '67; Colours; Cricket-First Team '66, Scorer.



Walker, David. Entered B.C.S. '61; Grier House; House Officer; B.C.S. Magazine '67, Exchange Editor; Chess Club '64; Astronomy Club '65; Math Club '65; Math Team '67; Agora '64-'67, Secretary; Dance Committee; Kyrtsis Medal; Prep Sportsmanship Trophy; C.Q.M.S. & W.O. 11 in Cadet Corps, Master Cadet; Football-Junior '63; Soccer-Junior '64, Captain, Colours, First Team '66, Colours; Hockey-League '64-'66, Colours '66; Cricket-Junior '64, Under-16 '65, Colours, First Team '66, Colours First Team '66,

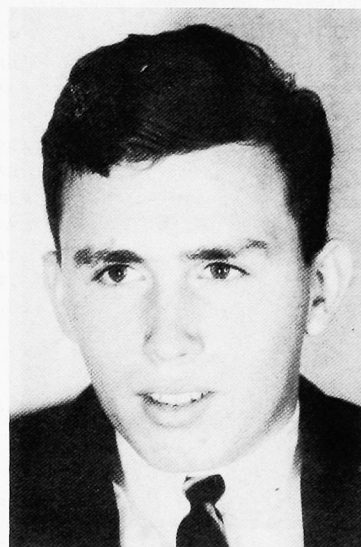
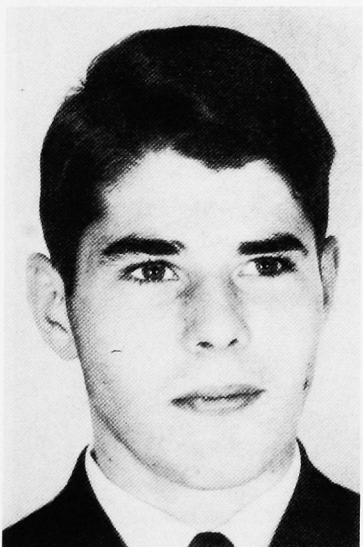
SIXTH FORM CERTIFICATE

Appleton, Robert. Entered B.C.S. '63; Chapman House; Camera Club '64-'67; Chess Club '65; Film Study Club '67; Math Club '66; Electronics Club '67; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Soccer-Junior '63, '64.



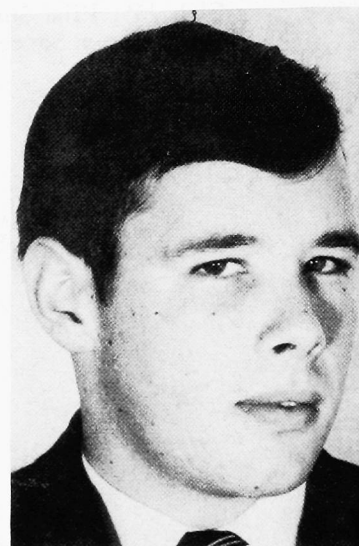
Awde, Tony. Entered B.C.S. '60; Grier House; Choir '62; Player's Club '66, '67; Chess Club '64; Football-First Team Manager '66; Hockey-League '61, '62, '64-'67, Manager '67; Cricket-Junior '64.

Brickenden, Dal. Entered B.C.S. '61; Smith House; Choir '67; Player's Club '67; Camera Club '63-'65; Agora '63-'67; Librarian '67; Drum Major, W.O. 1 in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '62, '63; Soccer-First Team '65, '66, Colours '65, '66; Hockey-League '62-'64; Skiing-Junior '63, '64, First Team '66, '67; Cricket-Junior '63, '64, Under-16 '65.



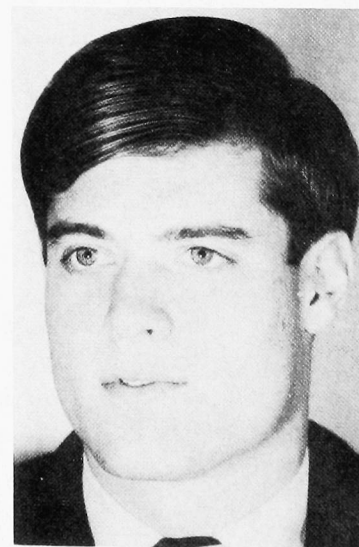
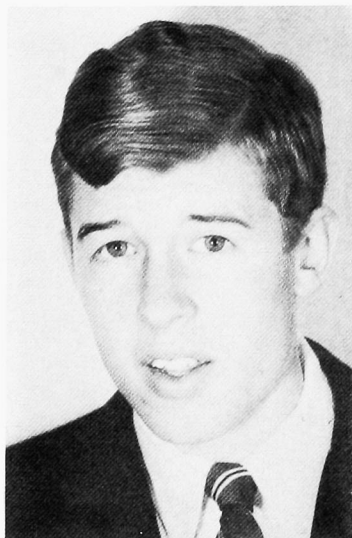
Foord, Chris. Entered B.C.S. '64; Grier House; Stamp Club '66, '67, President; Astronomy Club '65; Corporal in Cadet Corps, Rifle Team '65, '66; Soccer-Junior '64, '65, First Team '66, Colours; Cricket-Junior '65.

Gibson, Gary. Entered B.C.S. '64; Smith House; Player's Club '65-'67, Staff-Manager '67; Stamp Club '66; Astronomy Club '65; Agora '67; Dance Committee '67; Corporal in Cadet Corps; Hockey-First Team Manager '67.



Herring, Neil. Entered B.C.S. '63; Grier House; Choir '64; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '66, '67; Agora '64, '66, '67; Corporal in Cadet Corps, Rifle Team '66; Football-Junior '63, '64, Second Team '65, First Team '66; Colours; Skiing-Second Team '66, First Team '67.

Monk, Carleton. Entered B.C.S. '62; Williams House; Server '67; Player's Club '66; B.C.S. Magazine '67, Glass House Co-ordinator; Chess Club '66, '67, President '67; Glee Club '67; Astronomy Club '64, '65; Vestry '67; Agora '66; Football-Junior '63, '64, Second Team '65, '66, Colours & Captain '66; Hockey-League '63-'66, Assistant Captain & Colours '65, '66; Cricket-Junior '64, Colours and Captain, Under-16 '65, First Team '66, Colours; Track '63; Heneker Cup '64.



Porteous, Peter. Entered B.C.S. '62; Chapman House; Head Boy; Player's Club '65; Agora '63-'67; Chairman of Dance Committee; Lieutenant in Cadet Corps; Football-Junior '62, '63, Colours '63, Second Team '64, Colours, First Team '65, '66, Colours '66; Skiing-Second Team '63, Colours, First Team '64-'67, Colours '64-'66, Captain '65, '66; Track '63-'66, Colours '65, '66; Junior Porteous Cup.

THE PRIZE GIVING

Our luck with the weather during the Thanksgiving weekend did not last, unfortunately, in the football games. Stanstead College won on Saturday after a very exciting match and on Monday the Old Boys displayed their physical conditioning, but won the game anyway.

The prize giving was held on Monday. Many parents attended this annual gathering to honour those boys who had achieved high academic levels in the previous year.

Mr. Large addressed the parents with the headmaster's report. He began by listing many impressive facts concerning the results of the junior and senior matric forms of 1966. To quote some of his statistics, "Twenty-five per cent of our seventh form and fourteen per cent of our matriculation sixth form obtained first class certificates," and "Ninety per cent of last year's group have gone on to higher learning. Fifty-six per cent have gained admission to Universities and thirty-four per cent elected to do Senior Matriculation either at B.C.S. or elsewhere." This clearly showed the achievements of last year's graduates and the standards of B.C.S.

The headmaster spoke of some of the changes in the school this year. He mentioned that the Prep. had been made into Glass House to reduce the number in School House. The introduction of art classes and the acquisition of many new books for the library were noted. Mr. Large was very enthusiastic about the new academic progress report system which replaces the colour board and also the award of a scholar's tie to those students who obtain averages above 75%.

The stress was definitely on progress in the academic side of B.C.S. life, designed to maintain the school's reputation for a high level of education.

W.M. Molson, an Old Boy of 1934-38 and now on the board of directors, was asked to present the prizes. Ending the ceremony on a welcome note, Mr. Molson granted the school a holiday.

B. Abdalla (Form VI-M)



Back Row:

C. Monk, Server, A. Fleming, Choir Librarian, C. Davis, Head of Choir & People's Warden, C. Collin, Server, Rev. F.H.K. Greer, School Chaplain, J.T.M. Guest, Esq., Rector's Warden.

Front Row:

Vestry: D. Montano, S. Baker, D. Bridger, J. Clifford, T. Law.

ST. MARTIN'S CHAPEL SERVICES

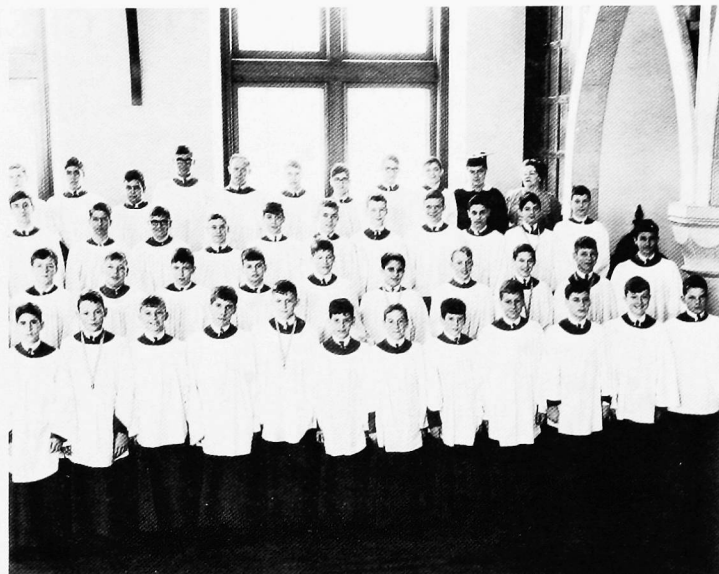
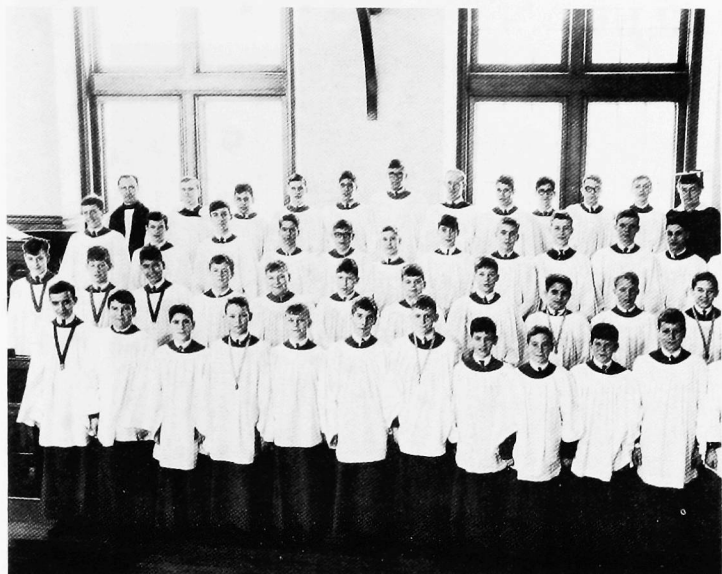
When School opened in September, the obvious and usual change in Chapel arrangements was in the Choir: a number of the older members had become Old Boys, and were hopefully replaced. We had to find a whole new set of Servers too, and discovered that by Thanksgiving all the new hands and voices were working as effectively as anyone could want. The daily and Sunday services continue to be served and said, and sung and read, with the same care and attention as always.

Every year there is an attempt to make some small improvements in the arrangement and facilities of the Chapel, and this year is no exception. We are attempting to have a greater participation of laymen in the services, and fairly often we have had the State Prayers read by the boys. One Sunday, since the Chaplain had to be away, Morning Prayer was taken by the Headmaster and the Prefects, so

that experiment is working as it should. Wardens and Vestry

This year, for the first, time, the Chapel has a Vestry to represent the congregation in consulting with and advising the Chaplain. A nominating committee was elected to represent all the Houses; this committee prepared a list of candidates for the Vestry, and the Chapel's first Vestry was elected at a congregational meeting. Suggestions from the Vestry have been very helpful, and they have undertaken the organization of collections for UNICEF and the Institute for the Blind, with great success. It is expected that this work will increase as the opportunities arise. The People's Warden also was elected by the congregation, and the inter-denominational composition of the Vestry assures its being a representative body.

F.H.K.G.



Choir Director..... D.A.G. Cruickshank, Esq.
Organist Mrs. B. Bell
Choir Mother..... Mrs. L. Brady
Head of Choir..... C. Davis
Choir Librarian..... A. Fleming

CHOIR 1966-67

The year began well, with almost thirty trebles turning out for the first practice, supported by a goodly assortment of altos, tenors and basses. This rather motley crew has, during the course of the year been thinned down to twenty-four trebles, seven altos, nine tenors, and ten basses, an almost perfect grouping in terms of balance and precision.

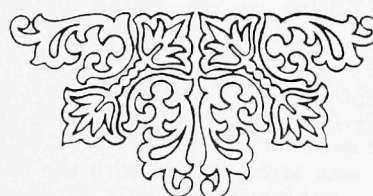
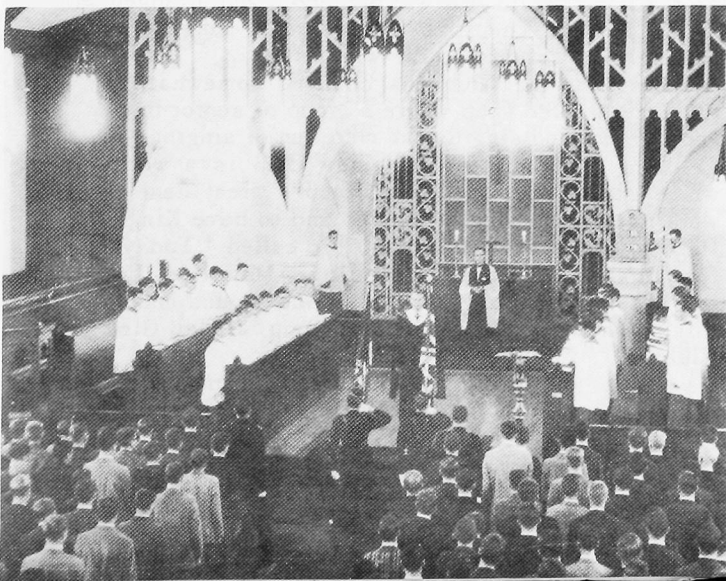
The work begun last year has been continued and the calibre of the choir has definitely improved. The Carol Service this year went very well, and the choir is at present looking forward to a trip to the Cathedral in Ottawa on April 23. Next year it is hoped a Festival of Independent School choirs, consisting of B.C.S., Ridley, the St. George's Cathedral choir in Kingston, and perhaps one or two other schools can be arranged for a weekend in Kingston. This would indeed be a high point in the career of

the choir at B.C.S. and is a project well worth working for.

Every organization has its key personnel, and the choir is no exception, but we have no stars. The choir is a unit, probably the most representative team in the school, and we are proud to have Mrs. Brady, the School Matron, and Mrs. Bell our organist, as part of the team. It is difficult to see how we could manage without the faithful service of these two friends of the school.

The choir has worked hard this year, and we have had our rewards. The after service sessions around the tape recorder have become highly critical, boys are developing a definite "taste" for music, and we all, from the youngest treble to the most senior boy in the choir, know when we have done a good job. We have all learned and are learning a great deal. Let's keep up the good work.

D.A.G.C. (Choirmaster)



THE GLEE CLUB



The Glee Club

Left to Right:

G. Jones, A. Fleming, A. Thompson, C. Monk, D. Montano, I. Miners, I. Webster,
C. Davis, T. Bradley, N. Herring.

The Glee Club, since it was revived four years ago, has been exactly what its name implies. For four years it has been a group of about a dozen boys, backed by one or two guitars, having a riot on Sunday evenings on the stage or anywhere suitable for practise.

In its first year of re-birth, the Glee Club sang at the Cadet Invitation dance in the Spring of 1964 with Billy O'Brien on the guitar. In its second year, 1964-65, the club was headed by Doug Fox. Under his organization and with the help of Mr. J.S. Pratt, then the choirmaster, the club put on a concert for the school. At this time the Glee Club was fairly large and for numbers like the theme from the Sound of Music, it was strengthened with the assistance of the leading trebles in the choir. Throughout this

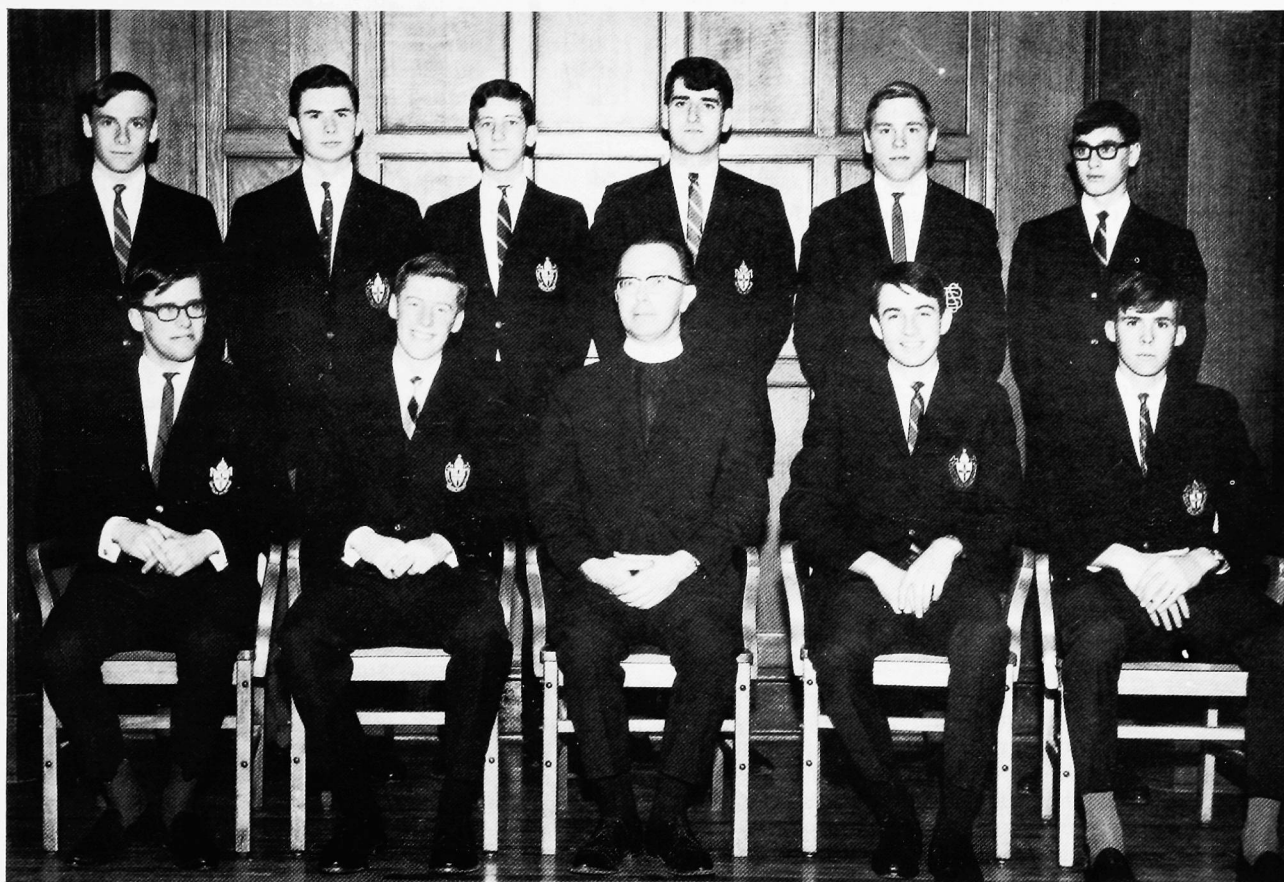
year the Glee Club sang at all the school dances.

The Club's third year was organized and arranged by T. Jansen. The Club succeeded in singing at the dance at Compton in the winter term.

This year the Club has changed somewhat, It is merely a Glee Club where a group of senior boys get together and sing for the mere fun of singing.

Being a member of the Glee Club is a worth while experience. It has involved a great deal of work in order to sing at dances and to have King's Hall go crazy over a 1964-65 hit called "Today" first brought out by the New Christy Minstrels. But the sheer joy of singing and fooling around makes this Bishop's College School group a real Glee Club.

D. Montano, (Form VII)



Standing:

P. Boxer, A. Fleming, R. Graham, G. Willows, S. Baker, M. Saykaly.

Seated:

W. Sutton, C. Davis, Rev. F. H. K. Greer, J. Phillips, D. Walker.

AGORA

The debate, as defined by the Oxford Dictionary, is a discussion of a public question in an assembly. It seemed that this year's question was sex and this year's assembly was a handful of uninterested school boys.

Although more successful than in past years, Agora's meetings still lacked the enthusiasm expected by the society's executive. Before analysing the present attitude of the club and its members, it is first necessary to inform you of the society's activities throughout the year.

The first Agora meeting was held in the second week of the first term, with the purpose of electing the society's officers. Davis, who was elected president of the club at the end of last year, was in charge of the meeting. John Phillips was elected to be the vice-president, and David Walker was elected secretary. William Sutton, elected treasurer last year, immediately started to collect dues.

This year, as in the latter half of the past year, Friday afternoon was devoted to extracurricular activities, of which Agora was not the most important. The club meetings were generally an hour long, their main purpose being to organize material for discussions usually held later in the week.

Every Sunday after supper, members met in the library to discuss different topics. These topics ranged from sex to Vietnam, to Civil Rights and back to sex again. The average attendance at these meetings was twenty people. Some people contributed more than others and Mr. Greer was usually in attendance to offer his valued opinion to the discussions. There were few debates because the executive felt that public discussion and forum were more entertaining and allowed more members to participate.

The debating society had a strong foundation this year because of our new Constitution. This constitution was designed by Gaston Jorré, a past president of Agora, and Chris Davis. The constitution helped unite the society, however, it was not followed as closely as it might have been. Several of the activities were somewhat casual and in the second term they were dropped.

Agora has a new aspect to it this year. Polls were organized to evaluate the school's opinion on two subjects; birth control and Civil Rights. The results of these polls were tabulated by Walker, the club secretary, and were posted in the center hall. There was a definite trend to the polls. It was generally found that the older students were more truthful in their opinions. The opinions of the junior forms were generally in contrast with those of the senior grades.

This year we were again invited by Trinity College School to attend their debating tournament. Andrew Fleming, Steven Baker and John Phillips debated twice for both affirmative and negative on the resolution "that this house considers the current United States influence on Canada to be a threat to sovereignty". They won both debates and finished ninth out of twenty in the overall standing. Next year we hope to do better.

At the end of January two teams represented Agora at the Mobile International High School Debating Tournament. Sutton and Boxer were the affirmative on the resolution "Be it resolved that the Parliamentary form of government is preferable to the presidential form" and Graham and Saykaly debated for the negative. Unfortunately we did not do as well as we had hoped, but the experience gained was valuable.

Although invited, we failed to attend the Bishop's University debating tournament.

Andrew Fleming did very well at the Sherbrooke Rotary Club public speaking contest. Speaking on the topic "Can Canada survive and should it", he missed first place by one point.

As the year progressed and as the subjects became more intellectual how is it that the attendance rate of the meetings dropped considerably? Until the senior forms take a more active interest in the debating at B.C.S., we can see no solution to this problem.

Agora has a strong foundation within its constitution and with it Agora should develop strong debating skill. Although the participation in the society was still weak this year, it was better than in past years and we hope to see Agora develop further in future years.

*Dost thou love life:
Then do not squander time,
for that is the stuff life
is made of.*

Benjamin Franklin

Poor Richard's Almanack

THE MATHEMATICS CLUB

This year the Mathematics Club dealt with the many aspects of the computer. Mr. F.R. Pattison taught the members how to operate the IBM 1620 computer at Bishop's University as well as teaching the students FORTRAN, which is the language of the computer. The visit which we made to the IBM computer at Bishop's University was an educational experience.

With the aid of the IBM 1620 FORTRAN manuals which had been purchased by last year's club, we learnt the basics of computer operation, an important knowledge in this age of data and computers. Many thanks to Mr. Pattison for his instruction in this important field.

R. Graham (Form VI-M)

CLUB FRANÇAIS

Après une interruption de quelques années, le Club Français a repris ses activités.

Avec l'aide du département français, le club a organisé plusieurs discussions et débats concernant: Histoire et Géographie de la France ainsi que divers sujets proposés par les membres.

La création d'un Comité Exécutif a permis d'organiser des sorties à Sherbrooke: conférences, films et théâtres.

Par ses réunions du vendredi après-midi le club a pu élargir le vocabulaire de ses membres en faisant de nombreux jeux: mots croisés, mots contraires, lettres mélangées, phrases brouillées, familles de baccalauréat, etc. . .

Comité Exécutif:

Président G. Francis
Secrétaire-trésorier P. Martin Smith
..... M. McNicoll,
..... A. Lawee

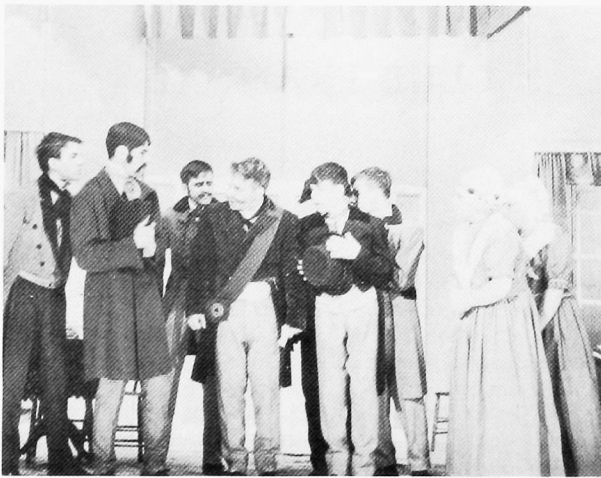
Membres:

P. Beland, D. Campbelton,
R. Dunn, G. Goodwin.
P. Martin Smith (Form VI)

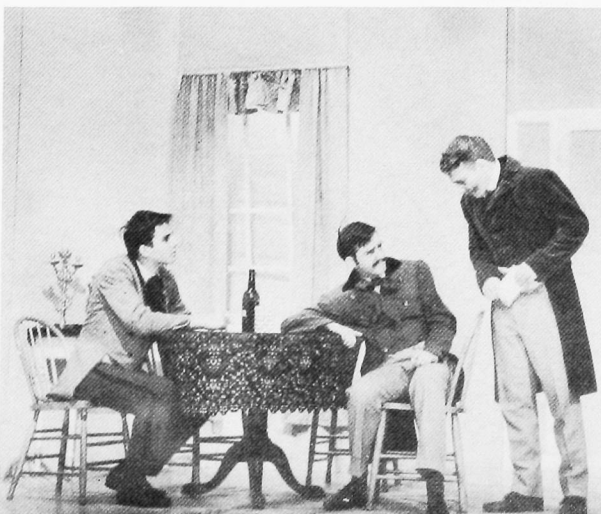
PLAYER'S CLUB

Gogol', *The Inspector General*, B.C.S. 18 11 67

On Friday and Saturday, the 17th and 18th of February, 1967, the Player's Club of Bishop's College School presented *The Inspector General*, by Nikolai Gogol. This has more than once been described as the best of all Russian plays. Without arguing this point, I can say that this was a superb performance. The director, Mr. Lewis Evans, and the whole cast made the most of an utterly delightful play. Without in any way distorting Gogol, without over-acting, without 'ham', Mr. Evans managed from the very beginning to establish the individuality of each character, and yet have them work together as a team.



Scott Abbott, playing the Mayor, gave the impression of an older man, grown gray in the service, with a sense of his own importance, with an eye to the main chance, able to be either domineering or servile, and carrying conviction in either case.



Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky, nineteenth-century Russian counterparts of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, were played by Dal Brickenden and Terry Bovaird. They were deliciously but restrainedly funny, effective, not calling attention to themselves, not distracting from the main action, but adding spice to it.



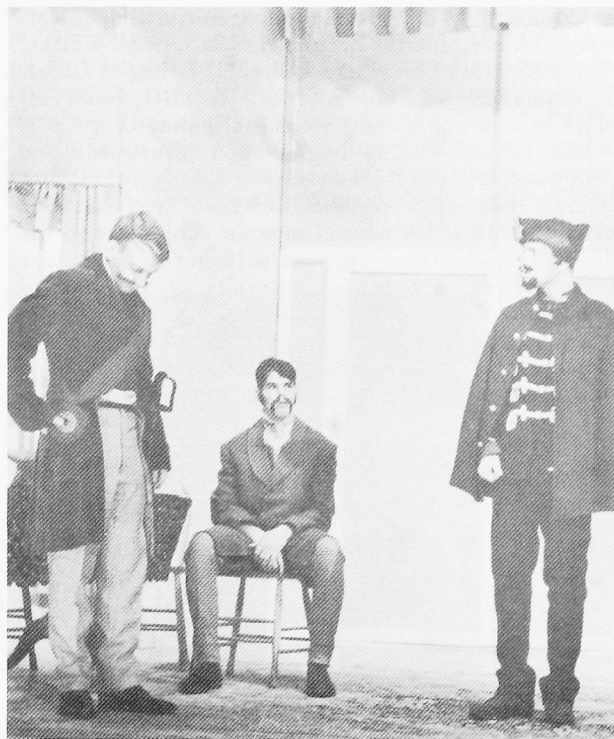
Bruce McCulloch and David Jones played the parts of the only two ladies, the mayor's wife and daughter. It was reasonably clear that they were in fact gentlemen, but they did it with *éclat*, and were great fun, throughout.

CW

This play, written in 1834, was first performed two years later. The Emperor Nicholas I overruled his own censor and personally ordered that it be allowed to be performed. He himself saw it, and enjoyed it as much as anyone. Unlike some more recent rulers and politicians, Russian and nearer home, with all his faults, he still did have a sense of humor. He was not afraid to laugh, even at himself. Whatever its weaknesses, the Russian Imperial government was one of the most self-critical that ever existed. The case of *The Inspector General* was only one of many thousands of cases in point. Russian literature is one of the great literatures of all the world, and it was at its best from about 1820 down to 1917. Gogol is one of the best of Russian writers. Somehow, I suspect that, when all the astronauts are long forgotten, a few Russian poets, playwrights, and novelists will be remembered, and certainly, high on the list, will be Gogol.



Philip Fowler played the (assumed) Inspector General, and played him very well indeed. Together with his servant, played by John Dyer, he gave just the right impression. He played with the sincerity and the simplicity the role demanded. The actor was so intelligent as to convey stupidity without once over-doing it. If possible, his servant was even better.



Your reviewer has no desire to appear as a panegyrist of the Russian or Byzantine type, but in all sincerity, he must say something of what the director did. He is in the happy position of owing absolutely nothing to the director, and of being able therefore to be entirely frank. The director did an inherently difficult job, consistently well, in the best of taste, with a real feeling for the historical context in which it was done. Though I am certain that he would have thoroughly enjoyed it, I shall not presume to speak for His Imperial Majesty. I shall only say that I and the whole audience enjoyed it with all our hearts.

Roderick P. Thaler



THE REPORTER

The Fourth Form newspaper served its second year under the new name The Reporter. The change of name was brought about by the want of a distinctly 1966-67 Fourth Form newspaper. In late September work was begun towards the continuing of the paper. First of all a rather haphazard nomination took place under the direction of Abdalla, the B.C.S. magazine representative, who helped us through the year. Viets became Activities Editor; Mundy, Miscellaneous Editor; Harpur, Sports Editor; Frank, Literary Editor and Walker II, Editor in Chief. Mr. Grimsdell was our adviser. We still, however, only had a newspaper in a nominal capacity.

The actual writing began soon afterwards and a newspaper which consisted mainly of sports articles but also reports on club activities, a survey, a few other miscellaneous subjects and the odd literary Masterpiece, was sold in the final days of September. A touch of curiosity on the part of the buyers, the competitive spirit which was aroused between this year's Fifth Form as to who could compose the best newspaper and, we hope, even due to some journalistic know how, combined to

enable the Reporter to be a successful first try.

During the first term two more issues were brought out. They consisted of much the same material, except perhaps the addition of a Horoscope series. There was a noted lack in advertisements however. During the term we stepped up our number of copies put out to one hundred and twenty.

The second term bringing an abundance of journalists did not bring an abundance of Reporters however. Most of us came back from the holidays with the idea of making a huge improvement in the Reporter, but we became too involved in the second term's sports, hockey and skiing. January passed quickly until finally in February, after a few spasmodic attempts to get things rolling again, our fourth Reporter was brought out. This newspaper had an increase in advertisements. It also contained a new addition which was a set of interesting records. We had regained our self-confidence and were ready to continue the year.

We naturally hope that next year's Fourth Form will continue the newspaper using our name, The Reporter.

J. Walker, (Form) IV



EXPO

At the end of last year, 1965/66, the Third Form, now Fourth Form, lay in a pretty poor state. It had rested the entire year with no signs of spirit or pride — we were described as "apathetic". This year being Canada's 100th birthday, we had no better chance to redeem ourselves. Our Form Master, Mr. Grimsdell, suggested we do our own Expo here with the theme being School History. It was accepted eagerly yet doubtfully by a good part of our Form. It was quickly divided up into groups for each intended display. Research was carried on in all fields from sports records to the Cadet Corps dates. We were given total support and unending assistance in shuttling our necessities from town to school from Mr. Grimsdell. As we had planned, "Expo" was staged on the Saturday and Sunday, 25th and 26th of February in the main floor of the Science Building. All due respect and thanks go to two members of our Form, Mike McGuire and David Fuller, who devoted all Saturday afternoon and the period of time Expo was open on Sunday to defending the colours loaned to us by Major Abbott. This was only part of the Cadet pavillon

which had such things as uniforms, rifles, hand grenades and many other articles of interest.

Also in this room, the Geography Room, was a display of all B.C.S. ties, examples of Magazines over the years and examples of school rules. In the next room, the Mathematics Room, was the sports display with many extremely interesting records, newspaper clippings, and finally a world map showing the convergence of Old Boys around the world on Lennoxville. The final room of display was the Junior Physics Lab., which showed important school dates, photographs of every description and the most impressing topographical map of the School grounds, made of plaster of Paris, showing the contours of the land. I'm sure we would all have liked to have done more on this exhibition, but due to lack of time we were compelled to cut our research short. The Fourth Form extends its thanks, not only to Mr. Grimsdell, for his invaluable work, but also to the fantastic assistance extended to us by both Mr. Patriquin and Major Abbott.

A. Harpur (Form IV)

CHESS CLUB

More than forty chess players convoked together for the club's first meeting. Elections were held immediately. Monk and Newman were elected president and vice-president respectively. Later on in the year Ramirez was elected as the club's secretary-treasurer.

The policy of the club differed somewhat from that of past years. This year, with Friday afternoons laid aside especially for club meetings, the chess club was looking for the keener players who could be counted on to attend the club meetings regularly. Although the club lost a great deal of its members, it still regarded this move as being beneficial.

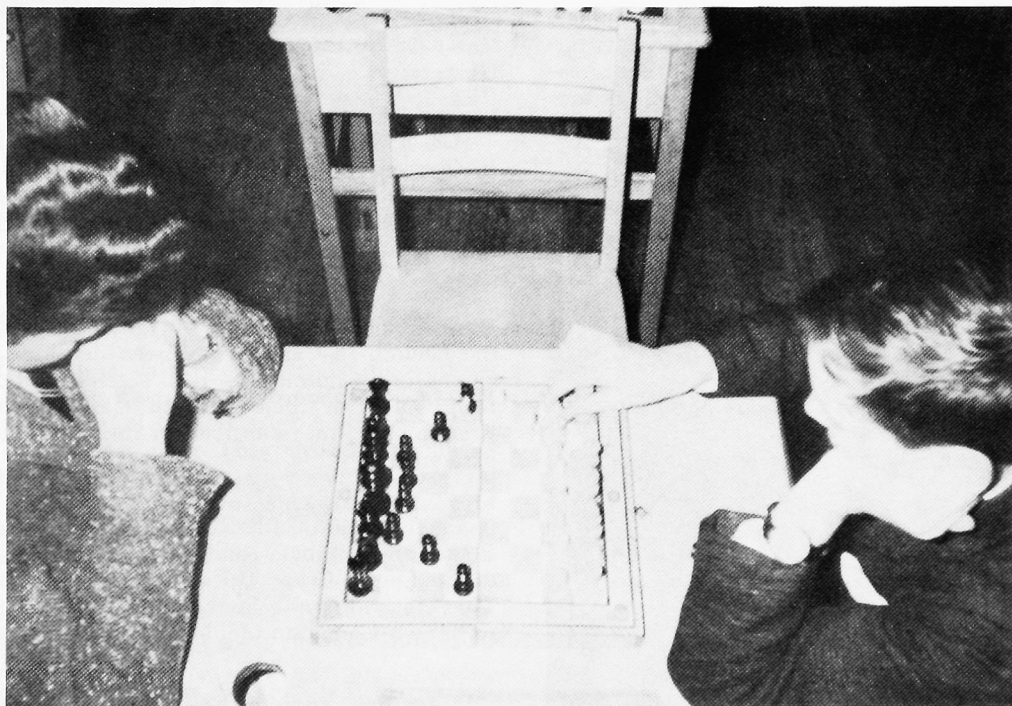
For what the club lacked in quantity this year, it more than compensated for in quality. Every Friday afternoon the twenty members came to Room 11 to match their skill with one another in the 'Game

of Kings'. Aside from these 'fun' games, the club also provided more competitiveness by such means as chess tournaments and a chess ladder (of which Newman was the permanent dominator!). There was consideration given to the idea of opening a chess tournament to the whole school in the final term. This would afford a chance to play for those players who are not chess club members, but who do enjoy an occasional game. For this reason, the club feels that the school participation would be good.

The members would like to express their thanks to Mr. Denison for his guidance. He has been adviser to the club for many years now, and it certainly has incurred quite a debt to him!

The club has a sturdy foundation to build upon for future years with this year's members, and it could easily develop into a major B.C.S. club.

C. Monk (Form VI)



STAMP CLUB

The increased membership of the 1966-67 Stamp Club was the first step towards a very successful year. There were enough members to make enjoyable and interesting evenings. The club met on Sunday nights from six o'clock to seven-thirty in Grier House.

We all thank Mr. Robert Bédard, whose patience and never-lacking interest was a great asset to our club. For this year, the following positions were held: Alan Breakey, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer and Chris Foord, President.

The club has had one stamp auction each month

and all of them have been very worth while, with everyone participating and in return getting something that he wanted. An exhibition was held in the Library and proved to be very interesting. All members took part in this exhibition and entered colourful assortments of stamps for the rest of the school to look at and admire.

There has been constant trading at every meeting, with each person getting new stamps to enlarge his collection. The club was to the advantage of everyone, as we all benefited from it in one way or another.

C. Foord (Form VI)

SIXTH FORM HISTORY CLUB

The History Club was started this year for sixth formers interested in intensive study of the VI form European history course. The club, with Bridger I acting as president, began with elections early in the first term. Paul Martin-Smith was elected secretary and Jay Clifford vice-president. The other members were P. Tetrault, P. Boxer, D. Varverikos, D. Jessop, G. Jones, Ed. Berg and M. Saykaly.

The club was having its meetings in the basement of Williams House at 4.15 on Sunday afternoons but this was found to be inconvenient. The meetings were then held in Mr. Patriquin's basement at 6.30 on Sunday evenings.

The meetings usually consist(ed) of one or more members giving a small talk on part of the course. During the lecture, the others take notes. After the lecture is finished, questions are addressed to the speaker and to Mr. Patriquin. The meetings are usually about an hour long and break up at 7.40. The various lectures are mimeographed later in the week and handed out to the others.



The club, under the surveillance of Mr. Large, has started a Centennial Committee. In the first term this committee organized a list of prominent Canadians, such as Hugh MacLenan, who could possibly come to B.C.S. and give a lecture on some area of Canadian history. The list was given to Mr. Large who is now attempting to get some of them to visit the school. Already we have had two speakers. Dr. Hubbard, from the National Art Gallery in Ottawa, was the first and he gave an interesting talk on the history of art in Canada. Mr. Thibeault from Bishop's University was the second of the Centennial speakers.

The club also started the third formers on a Centennial Notice Board which is now in centre hall, Martin Smith was the main organizer and congratulations go to Mr. Dusoult who did an excellent job in making the notice board in the shape of the Centennial symbol.

The members would like to thank Mr. Patriquin for his efforts and help for we feel that without him, the club would not have been the success it was.

D. Bridger (Form VI)

No. 2 CENTENNIAL LECTURE SERIES

The second centennial lecture was delivered on March 3rd by Professor Claude Thibault of Bishop's University.

Dr. Thibault spoke on the Church and Politics in Canada and began by pointing out that though it is dangerous and difficult to speak on religion, it is sometimes necessary to do so. Society must have sets of rules, and these are set by churches.

The speaker pointed out that the influence of the Church in Canada has been divisive. We have no native Church, as the settlers brought their religions with them. Roman Catholicism for the French and Protestantism for the English-speaking settlers.

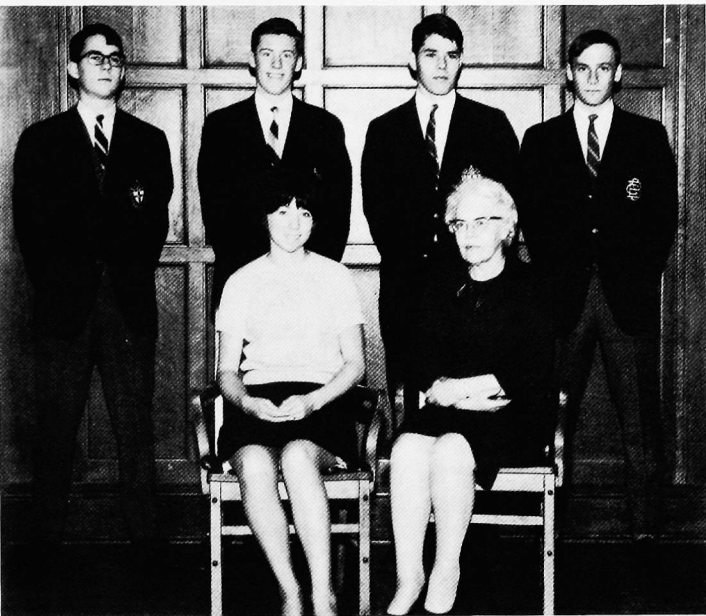
The Roman Catholic Church had its roots in Rome and France, and the Protestant Churches derived from Great Britain and the United States. This international background makes it difficult to have a Canadian ideology.

Canadian society has become identified with race and religion, Roman Catholicism being French and Protestantism English-speaking. This makes it difficult for immigrants of other language groups to be accepted. Moreover, any Canadian problem tends to become a religious question, as in the separate school questions and the Jesuits' Estates Act.

Professor Thibault ended by discussing the great influence of religion on education in Canada.

The number of questions asked after the lecture made it obvious that the school had been deeply interested and attentive.

D. Bridger introduced the speaker, and G. Jones thanked him.



Standing:

W. Stensrud, C. Davis, D. Brickenden, P. Boxer,

Seated:

Mrs. J.L. Grimsdell, Mrs. J.G. Patriquin.

THE LIBRARY

One of the most valuable academic innovations for some time has been the appointment of Mrs. J. Grimsdell and Mrs. J.G. Patriquin to constitute a full-time librarian on duty. This means that during the active day the Library thus provides constant guidance and supervision to make it a place of tranquillity for reading and research. Old Boys, who remember the music room as such, will now see it as headquarters for the librarians for daily work and reparation needs. It is unfortunate that the music room has had to give way to this other more pressing need.

During the current year, a great deal of re-cataloguing has been done as well as the entry of many new volumes in all academic fields. The teaching staff has been most cooperative in providing lists for new books needed for the various courses. This, however, creates its own problems. In the near future there will be a pronounced lack of shelf space.

As in the past, the Library has been used advantageously for special classes, debating and similar activities.

The boy librarians, whose duties include tidying up and evening and weekend supervision are: C. Davis, Head Librarian, P. Boxer, D. Brickenden, D. Bridger and W. Stensrud.

Our combined thanks to them and to Mmes. Grimsdell and Patriquin for their ready assistance and re-organization.

R. Owen
Chairman of the Library.

FIFTH FORM WINTER CARNIVAL 1967

The Fifth Form Winter Carnival was opened this year by Mr. Large with the traditional cutting of the ribbon in front of the student body.

Williams House proved to be the victor in the volleyball after a tense game for the championship with Chapman House.

Grier House was the big winner in the broomball championships and Chapman House once again took second place.

Smith House clinched the snow sculpture contest with a great monument of Sir John A. MacDonald. Williams House was second with their version of "A Voyageur in His Canoe".

In the Junior Competition School House came first with "A Frog on a Rock", and Glass followed with "The Fort".

Immediately following supper the Carnival Booths were opened. They were enjoyed by all and this year many new booths were added. Most of these were built by the boys, however, some were contributed by the Lennoxville Optimist's Club. Our thanks goes out to them for their kind cooperation and help.

After the final points had been calculated, Williams House was victorious over all the other houses by quite a margin.

As soon as the prize giving was over the two senior forms of Compton stayed until eleven o'clock to have a record hop with B.C.S.

The Carnival on the whole was carried out without too many snags. The Fifth Form would like to thank all the masters who helped make the carnival possible, especially Mr. Read, the Fifth Form Advisor. We also want to wish the Fifth Form of '67-'68 all the best in their endeavours next year.

B.E. Duclos (Fifth Form)





CAMERA CLUB 1966-67

In September, the Camera Club was placed under the able leadership of Mr. Grimsdell, an enthusiastic semi-professional photographer.

Unfortunately, as there was only one First-class member (W. Stensrud) at that time, it was decided that the election of officers would have to be postponed. Finally, in February, the election was held, as two members (George Bibby and Robert Morris) had been promoted to First-class status. The results of the vote were as follows: Bibby was appointed president; Stensrud, secretary-treasurer; and Morris, vice-president. Since then, R. Graham has received his First-class membership.

As Friday afternoons have been set aside for clubs and various other activities, we have been able to have a formal meeting once a week. Therefore, by Christmas, every member had been taught the basic fundamentals of photography, along with many more complicated principles.

In the third term we processed colour transparencies, a task which has not been attempted in the club for several years. We had a photography contest, which put all the excellent photographs that were produced to good use.

Once again, we thank Mr. Grimsdell for all the time that he has spent in order to make this year's club the great success that it has been.

G. Bibby (Form VI)



FILM STUDY CLUB

Early in the first term a new master to B.C.S., Mr. Lloyd, posted a notice on the Activities Board announcing the formation of a Film Study Club. Until this year, movies have been no more than a substitute to reading and prep. But who realized the complexity of the movie? Who really considered a movie as, "one of the most expressive arts"? Drawn by curiosity, a large number of boys attended the first meeting. After this, the club was left with a serious group of forty who went on to explore the amazing world of movies.

To begin the club, several meetings were held at which various terms and techniques of the film world were reviewed. Mr. Lloyd helpfully mimeographed a summary of the basic terms, ideas, and methods needed in the study of a film. Film study became an art for some and a hobby for others. Movies were discovered to be a type of literature which involved all the senses except smell.

During the year, several movies were chosen and screened, which best suited the level that the club had attained. (Judgement at Nuremberg, On The Waterfront, Psycho, Nobody Waved Good-bye, The Band Wagon, were a few of the selections). All members approached these movies with the attitude that movies were a combination of many techniques, such as photography, editing, acting, set design, screenplay writing, and musical scoring.

After each film, a discussion was held, at which the subject matter of the movie was related to our world, its problems and our solutions. Also, students gave short critiques on the film, either from the audience spectator's, film critic's, or filmmaker's point of view.

The film study club has begun well under the interesting guidance of Mr. Lloyd. If it repeats the success of this year, the club will certainly continue and perhaps become one of the foremost clubs of B.C.S.

W. Sutton (Form VI)

UNIVERSITY ORIENTATION

On Saturday, November 12th, we were extremely lucky to have three young men from Queen's University give us a talk on university life and problems. These three young men were Doug Patriquin, James Stewart and Peter Milliken, the first two being Old Boys who left B.C.S. after Seventh Form.

The meeting was held informally, similar to a university seminar, and the lecturers didn't mind people interrupting them to ask questions, or to contradict them; in fact, they had quite a discussion between themselves.

Many boys were given answers to questions which would have otherwise been unanswered until they actually reached university.

During the morning meeting, questions on what university life was like, and why so many people flunked out of last year, were asked. Doug answered this and said truthfully that he wasn't quite sure, but it had a great deal to do with how the individual conducted himself at university. He explained how different university life was compared with ours. First, there are no set study periods, and second, attending lectures is not compulsory. He remarked that the student only hurt himself by not attending these lectures or by failing to keep up with his homework.

In the afternoon, such things as outside activities in the way of sports and clubs were discussed, and a pretty good idea of what life was generally like at university was obtained by those who attended this meeting.

He illustrated how lectures were actually carried out. One professor would stand up and babble on about a subject, and if nobody asked him questions, or if something was not clear, he would just carry on. He went on to say how some professors liked to be interrupted, while others would just ignore the interruption and would carry on until they had to stop.

In a rough way, he compared an Arts Course with an Engineering Course, and I must say that he was very pro-Art. He told us what his curriculum consisted of and went on into great detail about his Philosophy course.

All in all, the meetings were very profitable to the boys of this school, and it was appreciated that these young men gave up their weekend to come and give some first-hand advice on university work and life on the campus.

J. Nicholl, (Form VI)



THE VISITING RUSSIANS

On Friday, September 30th, 1966, the school was host to three students from the Soviet Union. The students, S.V. Aleshin, president of the students' council of Moscow State University, V.N. Chostakovsky, member of the praesidium of the Soviet Union students' council, and V.I. Chestakov, a fifth-year language student specializing in French language and literature, were accompanied by a Russian exchange student from McGill, a few students from McGill and Bishop's Universities, and our Seventh Form.

The students were given a complete tour of the School by the Seventh Form, aided greatly by Webster who can understand Russian. They were amazed at the size of our gym, but the thing that impressed them the most was our chapel. During the hour which they were here, the fellow students discussed the differences between the two systems of education.

As they were getting into the car to go back to Bishop's University, Chestakov turned and said, in French, "This is the best for our problems", and on that note of hope, we felt a closer tie between Canadians and Russians.

R. Graham, (Form VI)

THE CRUCIBLE - A REVIEW

On Thursday night the twenty third of February at eight-thirty, the McGill University Department of English presented *The Crucible* written by Arthur Miller. The play was written by Miller in 1953 and was staged on January 22nd 1953 at the Martin Beck Theatre in New York. It was not enthusiastically received but since then has proved itself an excellent play in several successful revivals. The play was written at the time of the investigations of Senator MacCarthy and was meant to emphasize the parallel between witchcraft of the 16th Century and communism of the 20th Century.

The staging at McGill University did justice to Miller's great work. By the ingenious use of one modernistic scenery, all the scenes were realistically created with a certain amount of variety and relatively little inconvenience to the stage crew. The lighting was good, because it in no way detracted from the acting but tended to enhance the atmosphere of sombreness and tension. However, a bit more variety might have added even more to the production. Although the costumes were authentic and, in most cases, a good fit, they failed to give the impression of the 17th Century. Too often one felt that Crown Laundry was being paid handsomely to keep everything bright, white, safe and clean, contrary to historical accounts of this era in American History.

The play got off with a slow start. This, however, was not the fault of the actors, but of the author. Miller used too few characters and Frank Faragon as director made them remain stationary for great lengths of time. The end redeemed whatever defects the beginning had. It was completely natural and realistic and ended just when the tension was becoming unbearable. The last line by Elizabeth, "He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him!" ends the play on the intellectual tone developed during the evening.

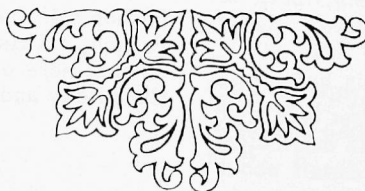
The development of the individual characters by the actors was quite well done. Throughout the play the transition of stage domination was certainly obvious. The play opened with Rev. Parris dominating the action. His actions were not too co-ordinated but his speech was clear and very expressive. When Christopher Burke entered as John Proctor, he immediately became the dominant figure. His voice was striking and his actions were clear and clean cut. He gave the audience a feeling that they could trust him. His impression throughout the play was unmistakable and Burke did much to enhance the tone of the acting. Credit must go to director Faragon for casting Reverend Hale so well. Seldom do you find a character so naturally developed on the stage. The actions and speech of the actor were not exceptional, however, together they created a character of high quality.

The supporting cast, although weak in speech and action, were adequate in that they did not distract the audience from the main action. One actor worthy of mention is Anthony Northey as Giles Covey. He provided mildly humorous interludes between the weighty speeches of the main characters.

The disappointment of the evening was the audience. Although many I am sure professed to be University students, they demonstrated quite clearly their complete lack of sensitivity and dramatic, or even basic, intelligence.

In summation, may I say that the play is a pleasant way to spend an evening, if one enjoys dramatic and perceptive plays.

Andrew Fleming.



MOUNT ORFORD

On a certain Monday in 1966 about fifty students from B.C.S. boarded special buses bound for Mount Orford. The trip was of a short duration and before anyone realized it, the B.C.S. alpinists were at the foot of towering Mount Orford. The buses opened their doors and everybody spilled out with hopes of being the first to start the ascent; or maybe it was just the prospect of being the first at the food. Anyway, as it happened, the food won out and everybody enjoyed the good nourishment provided by the school.

After about fifteen to twenty minutes, this happy pastime drew to a close so the organization of the pairs of boys commenced under the leadership of Col. Denison and Mr. Cruickshank. The latter then gave the instructions on where to ascend and meet, and without further ado let the boys disperse. There was, of course, a scramble towards the easiest way up, as prescribed by Mr. Cruickshank, but many boys tried finding their own short-cuts. Some went up, following a stream that supposedly led to the top, others by the telephone poles which stretched up to the station atop Mount Orford. After an exhausting climb over rocks, bushes and streams, the puffing, gasping couples reached the top. They had done what they had set out to do and now, as they looked over the encompassing country from Mount Orford's rocky top, they had only one more thing to do. This was to descend! With many a grumble of why there couldn't be an easier way down, the boys carefully descended towards the buses and the nearby restaurant.

Once regaining the highway's smooth surface they, with somewhat unsteady limbs, staggered over to the restaurant. It replenished their empty stomachs and spirits, so the trip back through miserable, rainy weather was penetrated with a very jovial 'esprit de corps'.

M. Inman, (Form V)

THE ACADEMIC PROGRESS REPORT

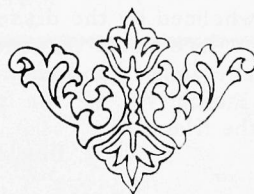
Instead of the Colour Board System of rating a student's effort and work, a committee of masters, chaired by Mr. Campbell, reported their findings and their suggestions on an Academic Progress Report.

Basically, the idea is to set a goal for the student and to help him when he is not attaining the standards set by the school. Any student who does reach and keep a per cent average of seventy five, may wear an Academic Achievement tie. That is, an objective is set for the student as an extra incentive to work.

The school decided to carry this idea out and the second part of it too. The students who were not maintaining the required standards have extra study sessions and tests, to see whether they learnt anything from studying. This is called the Academic Progress Report. A re-test is held for those who fail the first.

Sixth and Seventh Forms are not subject to this procedure. The responsibility is completely on the individual. Fifth Form is not exempt from the Academic Progress Report because they have too diversified educational backgrounds. They are put on usually for more review purposes than for failure to display any effort.

The new system requires the student to study if he is not. There is a reason for his being on the report and the study sessions and the rest resolve his problem usually. The incentive to work is supplied, it is now up to the student to apply himself.



CANADA'S MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS

On Tuesday evening, October 18th, Edgar T. Jones of Alberta came to the school to discuss Canada's Mountain Wilderness with the use of an excellent film which was made by the lecturer himself.

Geoff Lawson, in his introduction of Mr. Jones, showed the school the outstanding qualifications and experience that our speaker had. With about 5,000 hours' flying time as a bush pilot, some arctic experience and much work done in Canada's wilderness (with special emphasis on Alberta's wildlife) we can see the vivid and active life which he leads.

The 45-minute film began in Canada's Rockies. After Mr. Jones pointed out to us that 95% of the people who visit the Rockies miss about 95% of what there is to see, he tried to show us as much as he could of what is generally missed.

In a spring scene some rare and beautiful pictures of ducks are shown. The harbinger duck (male and female) were most noticeable among these pictures.

The beautiful Maligne Lake stays vividly in my mind. This lake, which has five glaciers that empty into it, is often depicted on travel posters.

Perhaps the most remembered part of the movie was that section which showed the blue grouse and his courtship dance. The colour and excitement of this sequence brought some humorous reactions from the audience.

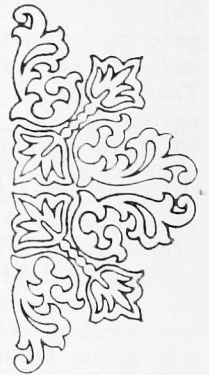
Mr. Jones then brought his audience to the Athabaska region. Here we saw the Rocky Mountain goats, who are capable of climbing cliffs which men need picks and ropes to scale.

A number of calendar and poster type regions of the Rockies were then seen. Our lecturer stopped at the beautiful Lake Louise. After a display of flowers, he headed into the mountains on horseback. This long trip gave a vivid picture of some of the things which most people miss when they visit the Rockies.

There was a "question" period afterwards. At first this went slowly, but as the audience picked up courage, it went faster. The questions ranged from egg colours to why the female blue grouse remains so uninterested in the male's company.

John Phillips stood up to thank Mr. Jones, but he was so overwhelmed by the dissertation that he yelped out a few incoherent phrases and promptly made the audience laugh good-naturedly. Phillips' reaction was indicative of the whole group's enthusiasm for the film.

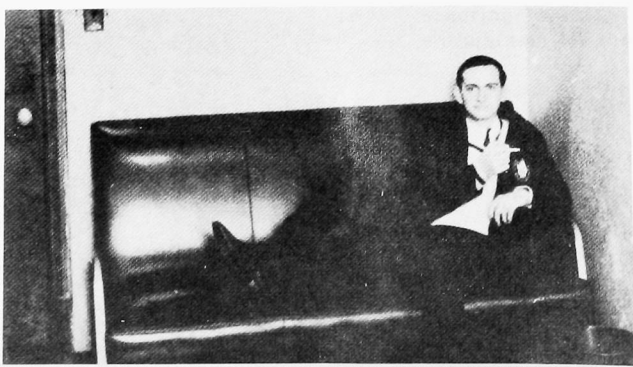
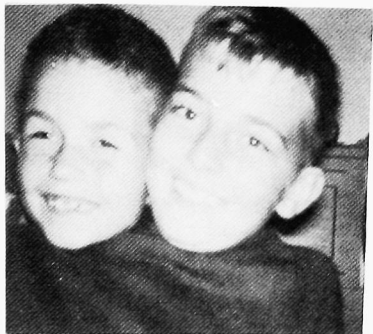
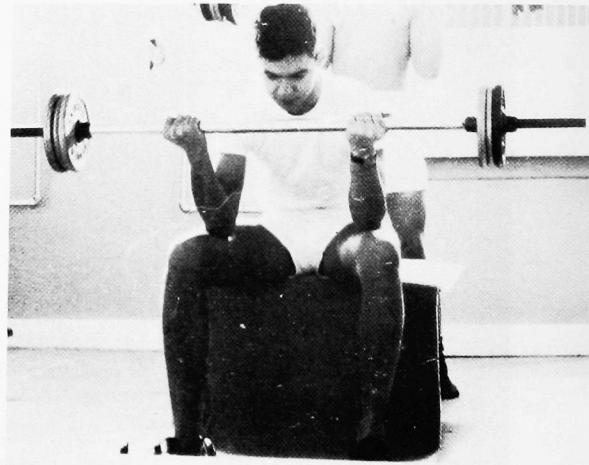
P. Fowler, (Form V)



In Memoriam



Each one of us, in his own way and place, however humble, must play his part towards the fulfilment of our national destiny. To realize how mighty this destiny will be let us lift our eyes beyond the horizon of our time. In our march forward in material happiness, let us not neglect the spiritual threads in the weaving of our lives. If Canada is to attain the greatness worthy of it, each of us must say "I ask only to serve".





THE SPORT IDEAL

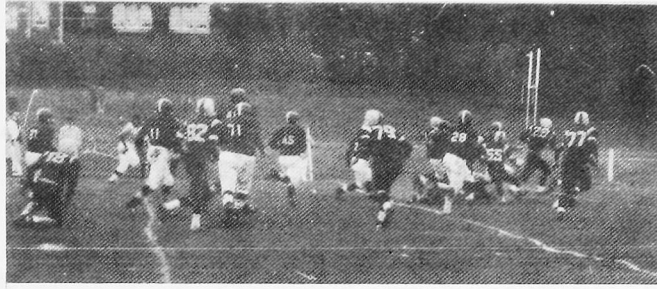
Perhaps the thing that best distinguishes Bishop's from other schools across Canada is its athletic program. Seldom does one find a place where no matter how good or bad or fat or small you may happen to be – there is always a position for you on some team. Here, the emphasis is on physical fitness, teamwork, and enjoyment of sports. A highly competitive instinct is built into each participant, and this instinct is let loose against other teams of all ages and abilities both from within and outside of the school, as well as against squash balls on just about every afternoon.

Naturally, the ideal of good sportsmanship is always present – win, loose, or draw. The "Purple and White" have always fought a clean game, a game to win, and if beaten on the scoreboard, they were never beaten physically. And on this point the merit of the School's athletic program is prepared to stand or fall. Whether the shelves are loaded with trophies, each probably rewarded by a ski holiday, is important, but not essential. What is essential is that each student exercises his physical potential to the highest degree and is proud of that attainment.

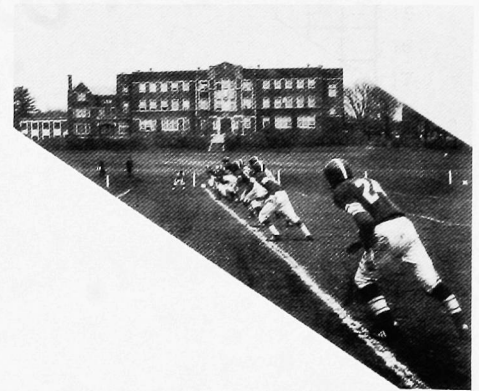
There is no room on a Bishop's team for the person who doesn't want to win or simply doesn't care, for this attitude will carry over into school work. Through its athletic program, this school is able to turnout seniors who are not boys any longer, but men, men who are well-conditioned not only in the classroom but also on the athletic field. These will be the men who succeed in life because they won't give up in the face of tough opposition -- they will have that type of "guts" that Bishop's has instilled in them.

The following pages represent a tribute to each individual in the school for his physical drive and unfailing determination, for everyone takes an active role in the sports program of this school.

S. Baker (Form VI-M)



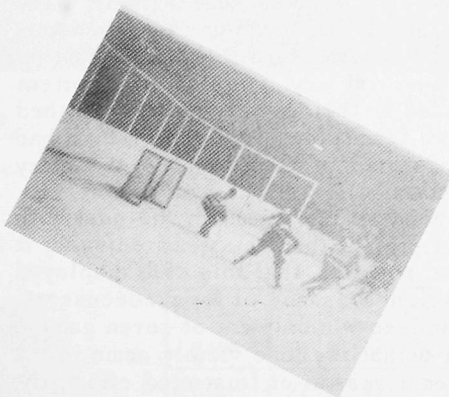
SPORT



'66



'67



FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL



Back Row:

(L. to R.) G. Willows, B. Duclos, S. F. Abbott, Esq., Coach, The Headmaster, D. Cruickshank, Esq., J. Gillis, A. Awde (Manager).

Third Row:

J. Oughtred, R. Cardozo, E. Tear, I. Webster, D. Varverikos, P. Tetrault, J. Phillips, M. Inman.

Second Row:

J. Clifford, D. McNaughton, D. Bridger, J. Messel, P. Porteous, J. Latter, D. Park, J. Donald, J. Dyer.

Front Row:

R. Howson, R. Newbury, P. Newell, T. Bradley (Vice-Capt.), G. Lawson (Capt.), D. Montano (Vice-Capt.), W. Sutton, S. Baker, N. Herring.

FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL

When the First Team Football aspirants trotted onto the practice field for the first time in September, only five from the 1965 team were numbered among them. The newcomers, sixteen of whom were groomed on Second Team in 1965, were willing and eager, however, and the ever-present optimism of a new season promised a good year.

Successive close losses in the first two games of the schedule against Montreal-area schools, John Rennie and Westhill, only strengthened First Team's supporters in the belief that this was a young, quick-learning team which had only to find its groove.

Stanstead's red-clad invaders provided the opposition in the annual Thanksgiving Saturday game before a cheering crowd of parents and Old Boys. Again Bishop's lost a see-saw battle.

The team had now scored three nearmisses and was a determined group during the week of preparation for the L.C.C. encounter. In Montreal, the purple and white displayed an inspired performance. A visible indication of the power the L.C.C. roster boasted is given in the 32-0 final score. First Team was out-classed but proud; this was their best performance to date, truly a creditable showing.

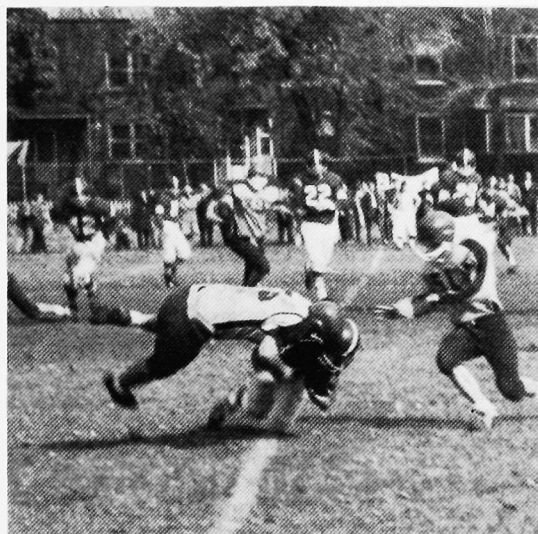
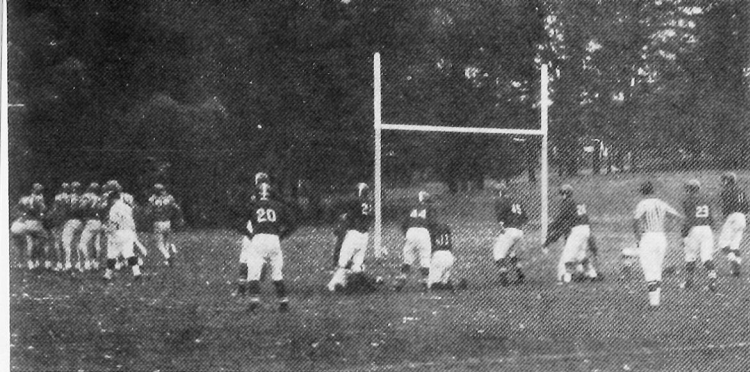
The team desperately wanted to avenge their earlier loss when they travelled to Stanstead. Perhaps an anticlimactic atmosphere set in after the L.C.C. game, but whatever the reason, Stanstead won another squeaker.

Including the Old Boys' Game, the team's record stood at 0-6. This would not seem to be an honest appraisal, however. So many times had the purple squad met with heart-breaking loss in hard-fought meetings.

For such a team, a winless season would have been unfair. First Team, fired-up with consternation at their misleading record, hit top form on home ground against Ashbury. The team's supporters were well-rewarded for their loyalty as they watched this match. First Team played the game which had so long been expected of them. The 26-0 victory was indeed welcome.

There have been B.C.S. teams in the past with a great deal more talent than this team enjoyed; it is the hope here, however, that this club displayed as much perseverance as any of its predecessors. If a football team is to win only one of seven games, it is perhaps best that the lone victory come in the last match; after a season of frustrated effort, the 1966 First Team Football left the field as winners.

C.S. Abbott (Form VII)



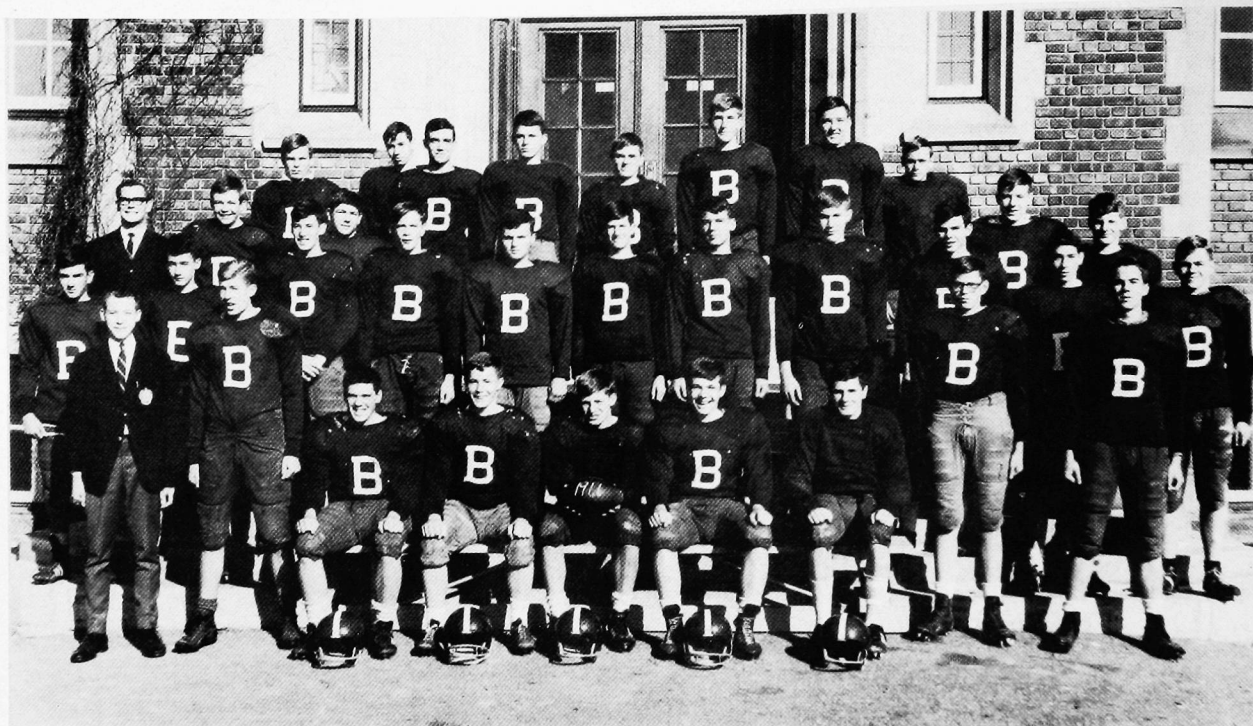
STATISTICS:

Team Played Won Tied Lost Goals For Goals Against
Jun. XI 9 4 2 3 8 8

TEAM	RUSHING (Yds.)					PASSING (Yds.)					Atts.	Comp.	Fumbles Lost	Intercept. Made	Pen.	Yds.	1st Downs	Punts	SCORE				
	1	2	3	4	T	1	2	3	4	T									1	2	3	4	T
B.C.S.	20	14	2	19	55	0	0	0	23	23	3	2	3/1	0	5	40	10	6	0	0	0	6	6
J.R.H.S.	33	98	53	12	196	11	7	8	33	59	10	5	1/0	0	2	15	20	6	1	6	12	0	19
B.C.S.	22	27	43	3	89	0	23	0	25	48	10	2	0	1	4	30	9	7	0	6	0	0	6
Westhill	23	1	28	35	85	0	1	0	0	1	4	1	0	0	2	15	7	5	0	0	0	7	7
B.C.S.	81	22	60	23	186	0	0	15	8	23	7	2	0/0	0	3	20	9	9	6	0	7	0	13
Stanstead	107	46	24	45	222	50	0	0	25	75	9	4	1/1	0	4	55	12	6	13	1	6	6	20
B.C.S.	82	68	43	33	226	0	2	5	65	72	8	6	1/1	1	5	47	15	6	6	6	1	13	26
Ashbury	52	27	18	23	120	0	0	11	18	29	14	6	0/0	0	5	60	8	7	0	0	0	0	0



SECOND TEAM FOOTBALL



Back Row:

(L. to R.) A. Stephen, A. Stewart, G. MacCarthy, D. Fisher, D. Finlayson, M. Kenny, A. Black, P. Boxer.

Third Row:

J.L. Milligan, Esq., Coach, R. Ritchie, P. Balharrie, R. Newman, G. Hulme.

Second Row:

G. Jones, G. Gurd, S. Dunlop, D. Eddy, R. Nadeau, J. Eddy, W. Palmer, S. Daily, J. Fraas, G. Burbidge, K. Olive.

Front Row:

E. Frosst, C. Monk, B. Ferguson, A. Harpur, T. Lawson, J. Hackney, R. Milne, J. Angel, W. Stensrud.

Absent:

J. Guest, Esq., Coach.

SECOND TEAM FOOTBALL

In previous years Second Team Football has been known to have a successful record and this year was no exception, as the squad was undefeated. At the beginning of the year we went through our basic training and then we prepared for our first game with John Rennie. In this game a long pass to end Jim Fraas set up the winning touchdown. Our next step was Beaconsfield and we knew this was going to be stiffer competition. In this game, costly fumbles and stalled marches lowered our score very much and a late run by fullback Art Harpur provided the margin of victory. Then Stanstead proved to be somewhat of a pushover, with halfback Bruce Ferguson having a field day behind the blocking team of end Scott Dunlop and halfback Rob Milne. The trip to Montreal came next and a hard-contested game against Selwyn House with a last-minute touchdown by them forcing a tie. The rest of the day was spent in Montreal and the trip itself certainly was a success. At Stanstead's grounds, again we handled the game quite neatly with fullback John Hackney supplying the power up the middle behind the great blocking of guards

Eddy I, Nadeau, Henderson, Palmer and centre John Eddy. Coming into our last game of the season against Ashbury, the superb offence led by quarterback Tim Lawson, combined with the flawless play of the defense inspired by Ken Olive and Henry Monk helped the team to complete our season undefeated. In this game, backs Ferguson and Milne both had good days and end Fraas was on the receiving end of two touchdown passes.

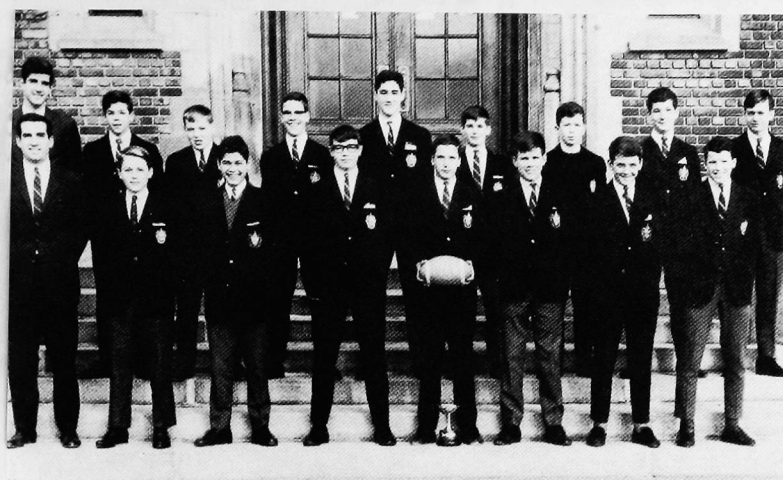
So, all in all, Second Team Football had a very successful season, with many thanks owed to Mr. Milligan and Mr. Guest for their hard work put in for the team.

SCHEDULE

John Rennie.....	6	B.C.S.....	14
Beaconsfield	6	B.C.S.....	8
Stanstead	6	B.C.S.....	44
Selwyn House	26	B.C.S.....	26
Stanstead	0	B.C.S.....	19
Ashbury	0	B.C.S.....	56

Leading scorers — Bruce Ferguson, Jim Fraas — 32 points.

T. Lawson (Form V)



Back Row:

L.D. Rogers, Esq., Coach, J. Carstoniu, D. Jones, J. Cleghorn, A. Lawee, J. Dunn, D. Williams, P. Dowbiggin, K. Riddiough.

Front Row:

J.D. Cowans, Esq., Coach, A. Kenny, A. Montano, K. Bridger, R. McLernon (Capt.), P. Bradley, P. Beland, D. Miller.

THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL REPORT

Last fall, as the leaves of autumn were turning colour, the crash of helmets and shoulder pads could be heard across the Third Crease Football field. Messrs. Cowans, Rogers, and Read were conditioning the sixty-five members of the crease in order to prepare them for the hard-hitting schedule of games which lay ahead. The basic fundamentals of blocking, tackling, running, and pass-receiving were instilled in the unseasoned players, many of whom showed much promise as future football players.

After the pre-Thanksgiving training period, Bovaird, Carmichael, Doucet, and McLernon, were selected to captain the four teams on the basis of their experience and leadership ability.

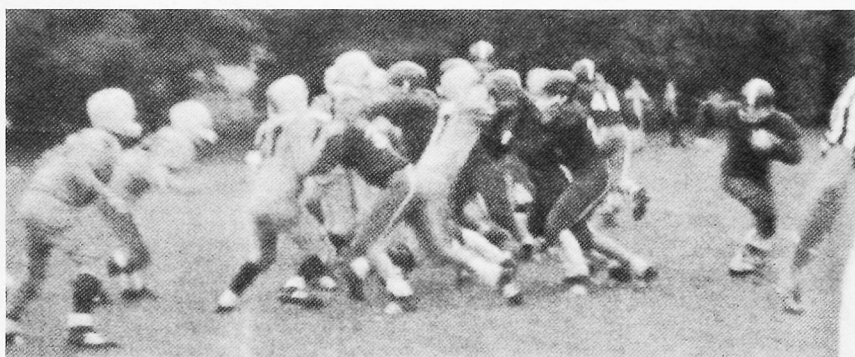
An All-Star team was selected to play Selwyn House on October 29th in the annual inter-school game. The twenty-four players were chosen according to their ability, good sportsmanship, and

desire to win as evidenced during the league games. As the exciting game began on the cold rain-soaked field, it was clear to all the spectators that B.C.S. had decided to play their very best, and as a well-knit team. The All-Stars moved downfield time and again with hard running plays and steady pass-receiving to win the honours with a 13-6 victory.

The season came to an exciting end as Carmichael's team battled McLernon's team for the league championship. Even after two periods of overtime, the score remained a 12-12 tie, and finally, the game had to be terminated due to the late afternoon darkness. As a result, both teams have shared the Third Crease Championship title this year.

After a very rewarding and successful season, Third Crease colours were awarded to Carmichael and Viets for their contributions to the crease.

D.C.R.



Back Row:

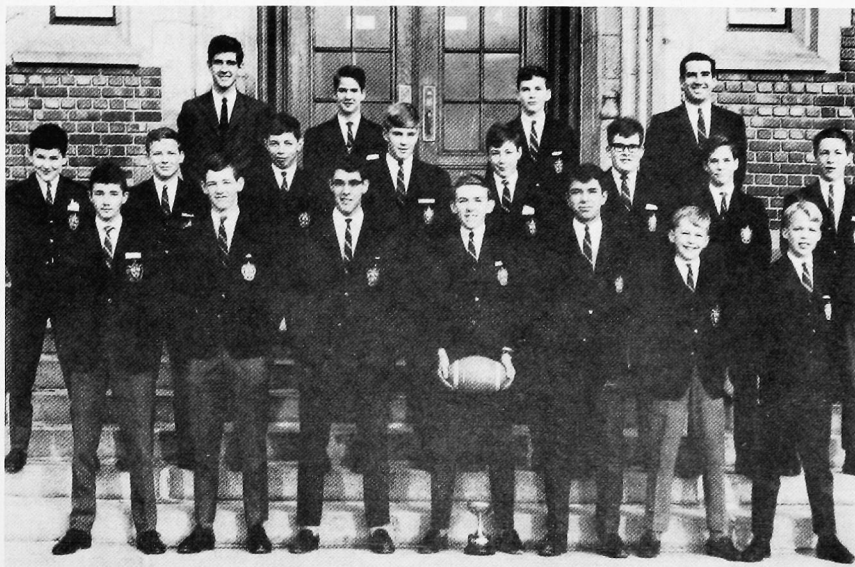
L.D. Rogers, Esq., Coach, R. Morris, D. Lyman, J.D. Cowans, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

P. Setlakwe, D. Kredl, N. Speth, D. Languedoc, A. Jessop, B. Nickson, D. Reardon, A. Mann.

Front Row:

R. Pfeiffer, I. Dowbiggin, M. Zigayer, R. Carmichael (Capt.), R. Ramirez, R. Marchuk, D. Outerbridge.



FIRST TEAM SOCCER



Standing:

J.F.G. Clifton, Esq., Coach, C. Davis, C. Foord, T. Creaghan, M. Saykaly, D. Walker
A. Fleming, The Headmaster.

Seated:

E. Berg, K. Tisshaw, J. Nicholl, S. McConnell (Capt.), T. Law, E. Shoiry.

Soccer

After the last two years of high achievement in B.C.S. soccer, it might have been expected that this year we would not be able to keep up the pace — but we did. The First XI, coached by Mr. J. Clifton, had another excellent season, as the statistics show. Edged out of the League play-offs in unfortunate circumstances, they nevertheless swallowed their pride and went on to play three fine exhibition matches, narrowly losing to arch-rivals Ashbury College 1-2, and producing a tie and a win against Sterling School, Vt. These last three matches were played in leather boots and it is hoped that in future many more matches will be played thus.

Even more encouraging were the Junior XI results. No more did they languish at the lower end of the League. Coached by Mr. C. Cloché who played soccer for his army unit in France, the team established their most impressive record yet. They were runners-up in the League play-offs to St. Pat's losing 3-2 and 0-1 and, despite being a whole year younger than Ashbury College's Junior XI

they held them to a gripping 1-1 tie.

So many boys elected to take soccer this year that two other creases were formed. The Senior Reserve crease, coached by Mr. T. Callan, although unable to claim a win in any of their four matches, nevertheless enjoyed themselves immensely. Similarly, the Junior Reserve Crease, coached by Mr. J. Grimsdell, had a great deal of fun. The fact that exhibition matches were arranged for these reserve creases helps to explain the tremendous enthusiasm throughout the four soccer creases.

Apart from the most enjoyable new double fixture with Sterling School, another new event appeared on the list; an Old Boys' soccer match. Played on the Monday morning of the Thanksgiving weekend in weather conditions distinctly less than ideal, the School 1st XI demonstrated clearly how teamwork paid off against a side of able, but less coordinated players. B.C.S. won 4-0. A third new fixture against the Bishop's University Freshmen resulted in a 1-0 win for B.C.S. Finally, in the annual "fun" match, the boys beat a powerful Masters' team 1-0.

S. McConnell, captaining the team for his second successive year, demonstrated enormous power and stamina at centre half, and he was flanked by the strength and agility of S. Shoiry and D. Brickenden, both of whom were often seen also in the forward line. C. Foord, the regular left half-back, broke his leg during a match – the first really serious injury in the history of B.C.S. soccer. The full-back team of T. Law and A. Fleming, with the extremely capable E. Berg in goal, presented a formidable defence, while the forward line of Vice-Captain J. Nicholl, D. Walker, K. Tisshaw, T. Creaghan and P. Martin-Smith, although failing to score many goals, were usually able to better their opponents' efforts by at least one.

The Juniorteam, led by a powerful M. Torres and an agile and clear-thinking J. Walker, also included the safe hands of D. Campbellton, the really tricky footwork of P. Smith, and the pure tenacity of B. Barwick, G. Clarke and C. Stuart.

J.F.G.C.



	We	They	Scores
Bishop's University	1	0	Nicholl
Notre Dame	0	3	—
St. Francis	3	0	Shoiry (2), McConnell
A.D.S.	0	0	—
Notre Dame	1	2	Martin-Smith
Old Boy 1st Annual	4	0	Martin-Smith, Walker Saykaly, McConnell
St. Francis	0	0	—
A.D.S.	3	1	Walker, Nicholl, McConnell
Masters	1	0	Martin-Smith
Sterling School (away)	1	1	McConnell
Sterling School (home)	1	0	McConnell
Ashbury College	1	2	Tisshaw

TOTALS:

Won — 6

Lost — 3 Leading Scorer — McConnell (5)

Tied — 3 2nd Top Scorer — Martin-Smith (3)



First Class Colours were awarded to:

E. Berg, T. Law, S. McConnell, J. Nicholl,
K. Tisshaw

Second Class Colours to:

D. Brickenden, T. Creaghan, A. Fleming, C.
Foord, P. Martin-Smith, E. Shoiry, D. Walker.

JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM



Standing:

S. Pidcock, A. Francis, D. Lalonde, B. St. Amand, D. Barden, E. Mac-Gillivray, E. Dawson, J.L. Grimsdell, Esq., Coach.

Seated:

P. Morton, R. Landell, A. Evans, P. Kenwood (Capt.), O. Jones, J. Apostolides, R. Glass.

1
2
3
4

Junior Colours were awarded to:-

B. Barwick, D. Campbelton, G. Clarke, P. Smith, C. Stuart, M. Torres, J. Walker.

. . . AN IN CAME THE RESERVES



Standing:

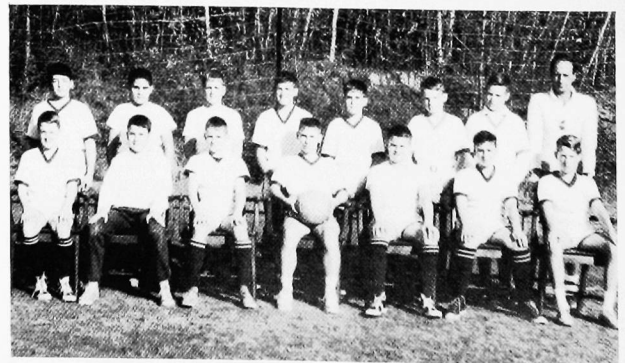
C. Freeman, T. Evans, S. Chiang, W. Barry, P. Wright, A. Breakey, P. Kseizopolski, T.J. Callan, Esq., Coach.

Seated:

T. Dixon, R. Appleton, B. Abdalla, P. Lowery (Capt.), M. McNicoll, K. Black, S. Abbott.

Front Row:

B. Herring, G. Gibson.



Standing:

C. Cloché, Esq., Coach, P. Morton, C. Bishop, T. Frank, M. Warwick, R. Moffat, A. MacDonald, C. Stuart, C. Hencher.

Seated:

D. Campbelton, B. Barwick, J. Walker, M. Torres (Capt.), G. Clarke, P. Smith, R. Beveridge.

CROSS COUNTRY

The school ran its annual cross-country race on Wednesday, November 2nd. Cool, but sunny weather, and dry ground made conditions ideal. The junior race was a deadheat between Clarke and Riddiough at 23:32, the first tie since the competition began. In the senior race, Bradley I, last year's winner, again swept the field of over a hundred runners, clocked at 28:36. The senior race was just as close as the junior race. Bradley I and Walker I were tied at the Infirmary, but Bradley surged ahead to rip Walker by a second. Williams House won the Inter-House Shield for the fourth consecutive year, while in the junior race School House was the winner.

SENIOR RACE:

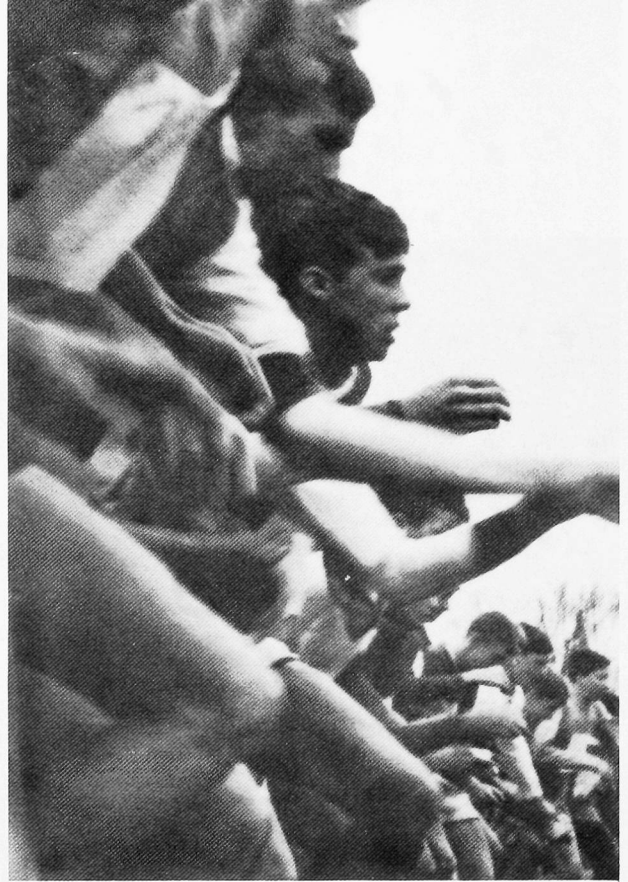
Boswell Cup — Bradley I
House Shield — Williams, Grier, Smith, School, Chapman

JUNIOR RACE:

Heneker Cup — Clarke and Riddiough
House Shield — School
Martin Cup — "E" Dorm
Glass House — "F" Dorm

JUNIOR RACE:

Riddiough	School	23:32
Clarke	School	23:32
Torres	School	23:57
Stuart II	Grier	24:10
McLernon	Smith	24:32
Bradley II	Williams	24:50
Reardon	School	25:02
Pfeiffer	Glass	25:11
Laurier	School	25:17
Kirkwood	Glass	25:26



SENIOR RACE:

Bradley I	Chapman	28:36
Walker I	Grier	28:37
Howson	Smith	28:55
Davis	Grier	29:14
Jessop	Williams	29:32
Monk	Williams	29:56
McConnell	Williams	30:01
Martin-Smith	Smith	30:09
Outerbridge	School	30:26
Breakey	Williams	30:38
Palmer	Williams	30:41
Baker	Smith	30:51
Tétrault	Williams	30:56
Law	Grier	31:08
Phillips	Williams	31:35

The B.C.S. Old Boy's Invitation Squash Tournament

Instead of hearing the recessional hymn resounding from the walls of St. Martin's Chapel at 12:30 p.m. Sunday, November 20th, one could hear, upon listening closely, the noise that two men, a squash ball, and an enthusiastic audience of students, masters and guests made as the final game of the B.C.S. Old Boys' Invitation Squash Tournament came to a close.

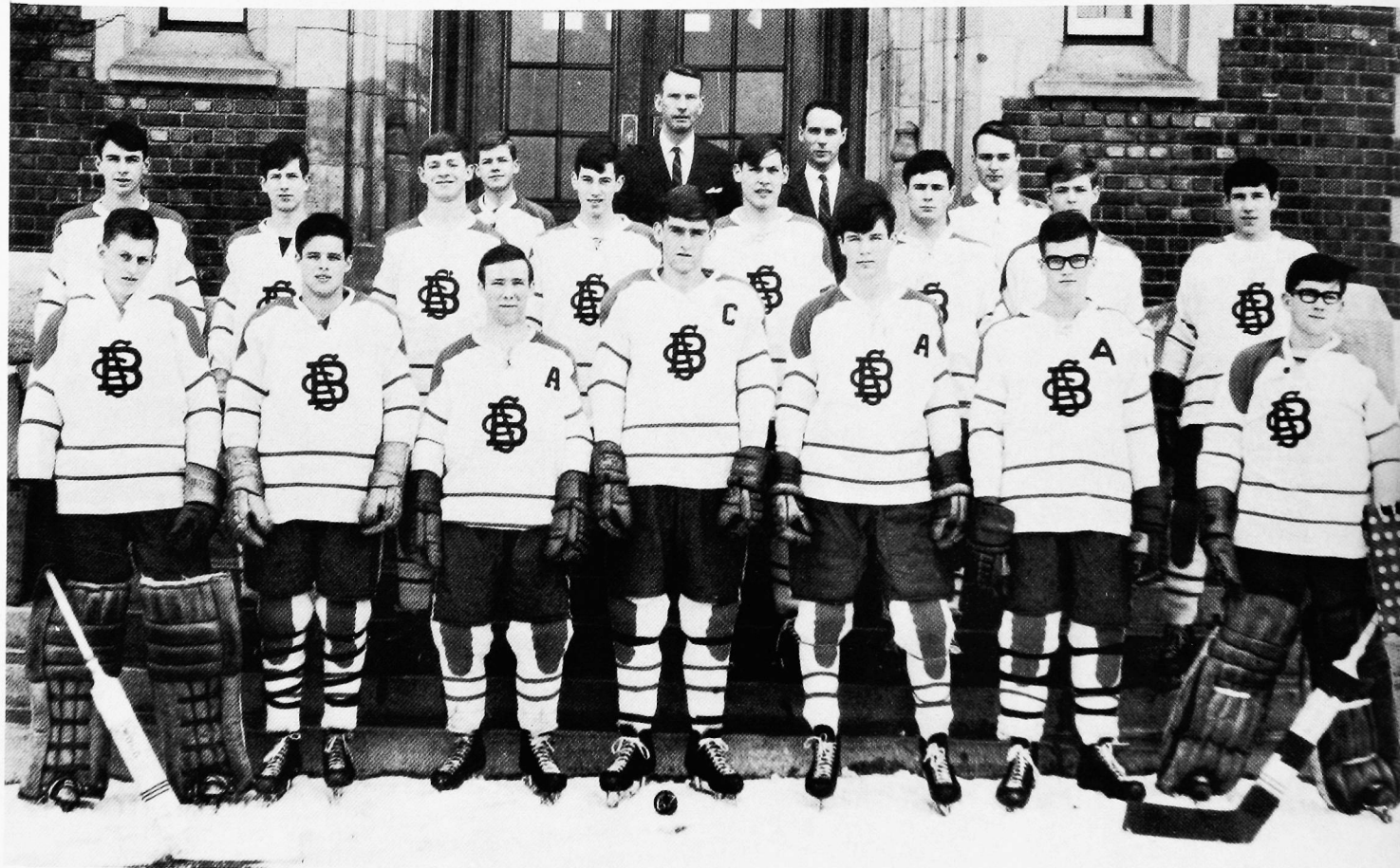
Once again, as in the past four years, the Adair brothers, Ross and Colin, monopolized the tournament, giving a show of both athletic ability and sportsmanship.

On Saturday morning and afternoon, the sixteen entries, including one master and five Old Boys, ran off the first games of the tournament, and on Sunday morning the final games were played.

Winning all of his earlier games 3-0, Ross Adair didn't have any trouble until the final round of the tournament, while Colin had faced stiffer competition. In the final tilt Colin, the number one ranked squash player, and the younger of the two brothers, lost the first game to Ross, nosed him out in a very close second game, and came on strong in the final two games to win the tournament and the Malcolm S. Grand Memorial Cup, for the third consecutive year.

J. Dyer (Form V)

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY



Back Row:

G. Gibson (Mngr.), The Headmaster, R.P. Bédard, Esq., Coach, S. Abbott (Mngr.).

Second Row:

J. Phillips, J. Eddy, T. Lawson, S. Dunlop, P. Newell, R. Milne, R. Newbury, D. Jessop.

Front Row:

R. Cardozo, T. Bradley, R. Howson (A/Capt.), G. Lawson (Capt.), P. Tetrault (A/Capt.), J. Clifford (A/Capt.), G. Jones.

THE RIVALRIES

The First Team fared well in games against opponents in the Ashbury Old Boys' Association Cup series, winning the trophy on the strength of 4-0 and 4-3 victories over Ashbury College and Lower Canada College, respectively. The purple-and-white split with Stanstead, winning 3-0 there and losing 4-2 at home, and lost to Deerfield by a 3-1 count on Bishop's ice.

Howson proved to be the clutch performer in these all-important games, scoring five goals and four assists in the five outings. His two goals in the first Stanstead game proved more than enough for the victory, and he also fired the opening-period

markers which gave Bishop's a 2-1 first-period lead against L.C.C.

Tetrault was second in scoring against the traditional rivals, counting three goals and the same number of assists. He scored the only Canadian goal in the 3-1 loss to Deerfield and was the only Bishop's player to beat the Stanstead goaler in the second game, a 4-2 defeat.

Other goal scorers against the other private schools were G. Lawson, who netted two, including the winner against L.C.C. and one against Ashbury, Newbury, the winner against Ashbury, Law (L.C.C.), Dunlop (Ashbury), and Newell (Stanstead).

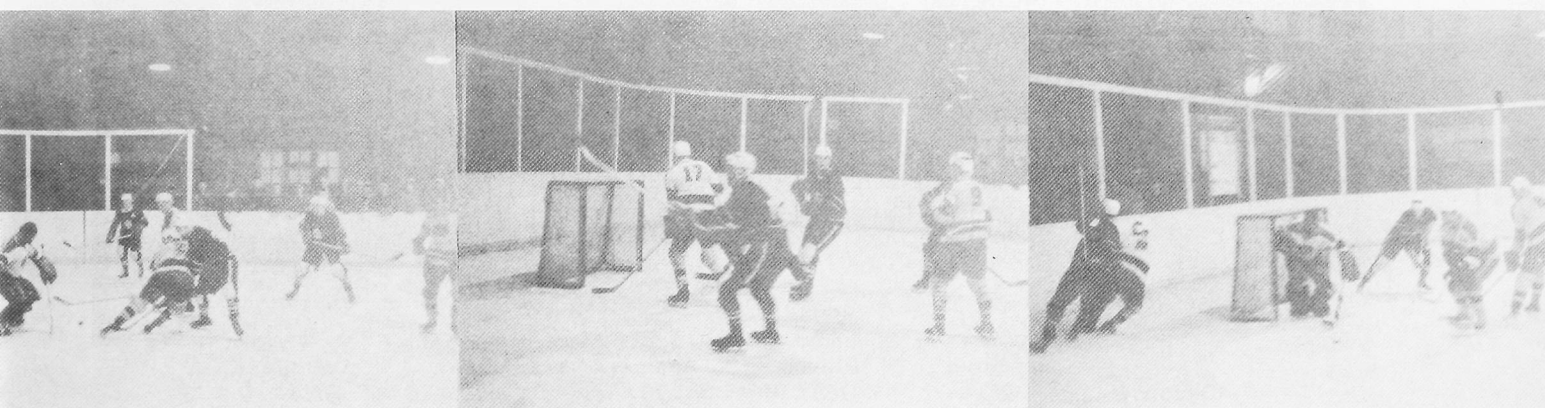
COACH'S RATING SYSTEM

With a view to keeping a better check on each player's progress throughout the season, a game-by-game rating of players was recorded during the year.

Each competitor was given a rank from one, the best, to sixteen. At the end of the season, the ranks were totaled and the average mark for each player determined. To give greater importance to the games against other private schools, the L.C.C. game counted as three units and each player's rating was multiplied by three. In the same way, the Ashbury and Deerfield games counted as two units and each Stanstead meeting as one-and-a-half. All other games were one unit. Thus a good performance in any of these games would improve the player's record.

First team Colours were awarded to Bradley, Cardozo, Clifford, Dunlop, Eddy, Howson, Law, G. Lawson, Jessop, Newell, and Tetrault. Second Team Colours went to Jones, T. Lawson, Milne, Newbury, and Phillips.

The Wiggett Trophy was awarded to team captain G. Lawson for his sportsmanship and able play. His steadying influence and experience calmed jittery nerves and instilled confidence in the entire team at crucial times.



L.C.C. DEFENCE STYMIES EDDY BUT NOT LAW RAT ON THE DOORSTEP (AGAIN)

GAME RESULTS

Record

First Team 1966-67	Games Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals For	Goals Against	Winning Percentage
	22	10	9	3	81	74	.526

SCORES

Date	Opposition	Result	Venue
Nov. 15	St. François	Tied 4-4	B.C.S.
Nov. 19	Old Boys	Won 8-3	B.C.S.
Nov. 22	Ecole Normale	Won 7-4	B.C.S.
Nov. 26	St. François	Won 7-4	B.C.S.
Nov. 29	Bishop's University	Tied 3-3	B.U.
Dec. 3	Séminaire	Lost 1-3	B.C.S.
Dec. 6	Technique	Won 8-5	B.C.S.
Dec. 10	Ecole Normale	Won 7-4	B.C.S.
Jan. 14	Ecole Normale	Won 7-3	B.C.S.
Jan. 17	Séminaire	Tied 1-1	B.C.S.
Jan. 21	Stanstead	Won 3-0	Stanstead
Jan. 24	Bishop's University	Lost 3-4	B.C.S.
Jan. 28	Technique	Won by default	B.C.S.
Jan. 31	Séminaire	Lost 1-3	B.C.S.
Feb. 4	Deerfield	Lost 1-3	B.C.S.
Feb. 7	Stanstead	Lost 2-4	B.C.S.
Feb. 11	Ashbury	Won 4-0	Ashbury
Feb. 14	St. François	Won 5-4	B.C.S.
Feb. 21	Séminaire	Lost 1-3	B.C.S.
Feb. 25	Lower Canada College	Won 4-3	B.C.S.
Feb. 28	Séminaire	Lost 3-4	B.C.S.
Mar. 4	Old Boys	Lost 4-9	B.C.S.

STATISTICAL RECORD

PLAYER	GP	G	A	Pts	1P	2P	3P	W	T	PPG	SHG	GAWP	PIM
Bradley	21	2	8	10	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	20
Cardozo	21	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Carmichael	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clifford	19	6	9	15	2	2	2	0	0	2	0	4	54
Dunlop	21	10	11	21	4	2	4	2	0	4	0	1	4
Eddy	20	3	5	8	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	4
Howson	21	13	12	25	5	4	4	2	1	3	0	0	11
Jessop	20	1	6	7	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
Law	20	8	12	20	4	0	4	0	1	1	0	0	4
G. Lawson	21	7	7	14	1	2	4	2	0	1	0	1	10
T. Lawson	21	2	3	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Milne	18	4	1	5	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	4
Monk	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Newbury	21	3	5	8	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Newell	21	1	3	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	10
Phillips	19	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2
Tétrault	21	20	21	41	7	5	8	1	1	6	1	0	20
Walker	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
TEAM TOTALS	22	81	105	186	26	24	31	9	3	17	2	10	163*

*—bench penalties served by T. Lawson and Jones

KEY

GP — Games Played	1P — First-Period Goals	T — Tying Goals
G — Goals	2P — Second-Period Goals	PPG — Power-Play Goals
A — Assists	3P — Third-Period Goals	SHG — Short-Handed Goals
Pts — Points	W — Winning Goals	GAWP — Goals Against While Penalized
	PIM — Penalties in Minutes	

Goalkeepers

	Games Appeared	Minutes Played	Goals Against	Shutouts	Average
Cardozo	21	1187	70	2	3:54
Jones	4	73	4	0	3:29

LEAGUE RESULTS

Final Standings

	Games Played	Won	Lost	Tied	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
Séminaire	14	9	2	3	53	34	21
Bishop's University	14	7	4	3	58	43	19*
Bishop's College School...	13	6	4	3	51	45	17**
St. François	14	5	5	4	59	60	14
Ecole Normale	15	4	10	1	43	75	9
Technique	14	4	10	0	45	52	8

Statistical Record

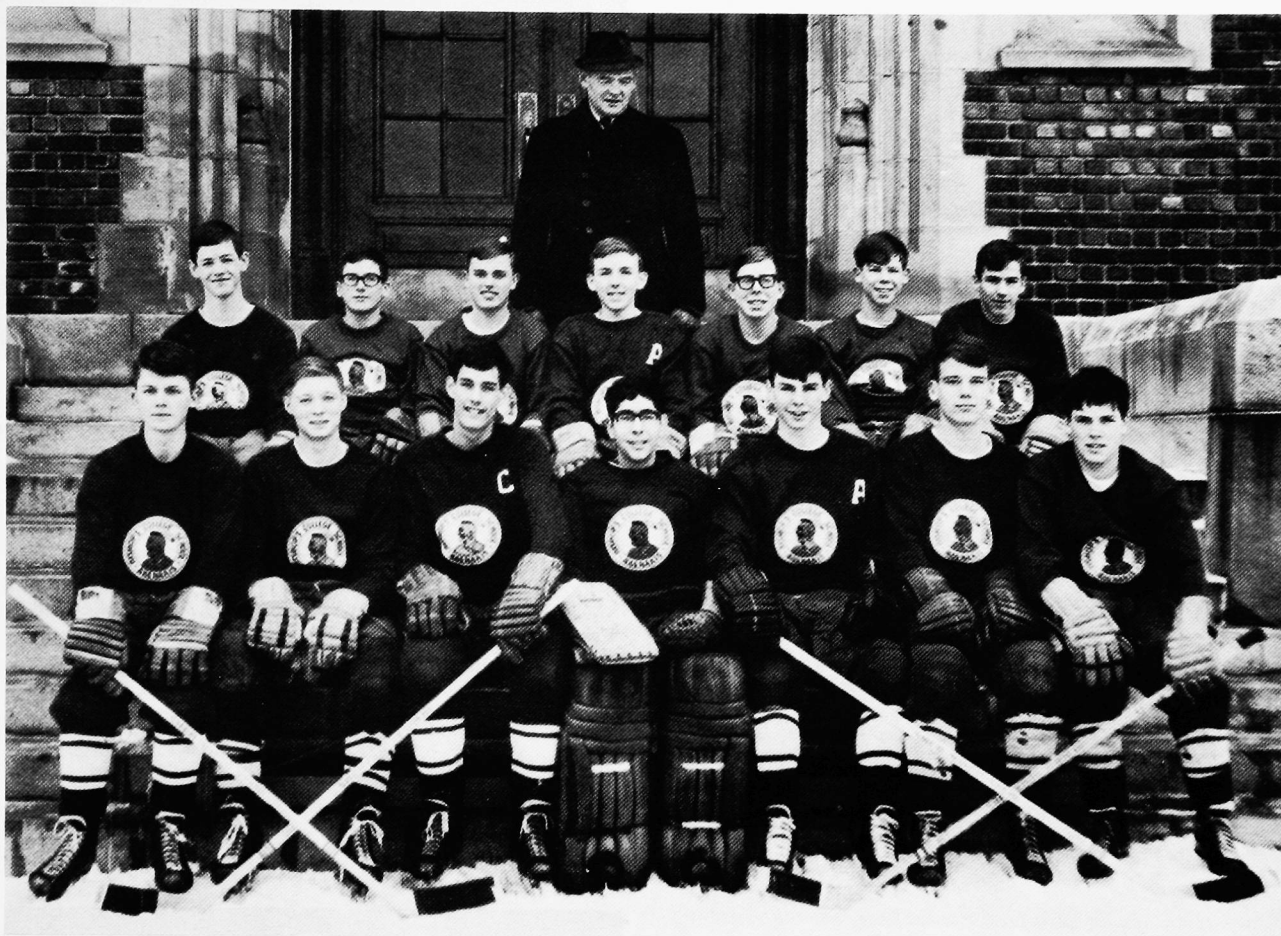
Following are the complete team statistics:

- * — won four-point game against Bishop's College
- ** — won four-point game against Technique; won another game against Technique by default.

After a third-place regular-season finish, B.C.S. faced First-place Séminaire in the semi-finals, a best-of-three series. The Séminaire squad scored a 3-1 victory in the first game and took a 3-0 second-period lead in the second. Facing elimination, Bishop's rallied to score three goals in the final twenty minutes and force overtime. Séminaire scored the winner after 1:58 of sudden-death play to advance to the finals.

Tétrault won the league's scoring championship with a total of seventeen goals and fourteen assists for thirty-one points in twelve games. Seminaire's Larochelle, who counted all three of the winning sides' markers in the first playoff game, was runner-up with a 15-9 record for 24 points. Law was the second Bishop's College School scorer in regular-season play with six goals and eight assists for fourteen points and nineteenth place in the League rankings.

C. Scott Abbott



Back Row:

S. F. Abbott, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

I. Dowbiggin, J. Bagnall, D. Finlayson, R. Carmichael (A/Capt.), M. Loeb, A. MacDonald, T. Creaghan.

Front Row:

D. Fisher, J. Gillis, B. Duclos (Capt.), R. Kishfy, J. Fraas (A/Capt.), W. Palmer, B. Ferguson.

B.C.S. ABENAKIS 1967

The Abenakis had a very good year in 1967, winning all but four of their games.

In the first game of the season the team did not look too promising – losing to Stanstead by a score of 4-1.

This was however not to be the case. From that time on there was no looking back. The Abenakis were soon first in the league standings in this district.

The only real competition in the league came from the Sherbrooke Team. In their first encounter with us they won, 2-1.

The Abenakis were looking forward to the all important game with the great rival of the school – Deerfield. The whole school was to be present on this occasion and this in itself helped the team considerably. The year before had not been too successful with Deerfield. This year, playing on home ice, the Abenakis came out on top after a close and exciting game with a score of 4-2.

On the very next day the Abenakis had to once

again face their chief rivals for the league championship. Although tired, they pulled through with a 2-1 victory over Sherbrooke.

The next encounter with Stanstead turned out to be better. After quite a game the Abenakis once again were the winners.

L.C.C. was the next big game of the season. The team seemed to have a good chance of winning. The Abenakis did not play in their usual good form, and the score confirmed this, with L.C.C. winning 1-0.

In the play-offs St. Pat's fell to the Abenakis in two swift games. It was not to be so easy with Sherbrooke. Both teams were tied in games going into the third and decisive game. It was an exceptionally tight game. With five minutes left Jim Fraas put in the goal which broke the tie and won the game and District Championship for the Abenakis.

This report could not be complete without mentioning the exceptional coaching of Major Abbott which did so much to spur the team on to victory.

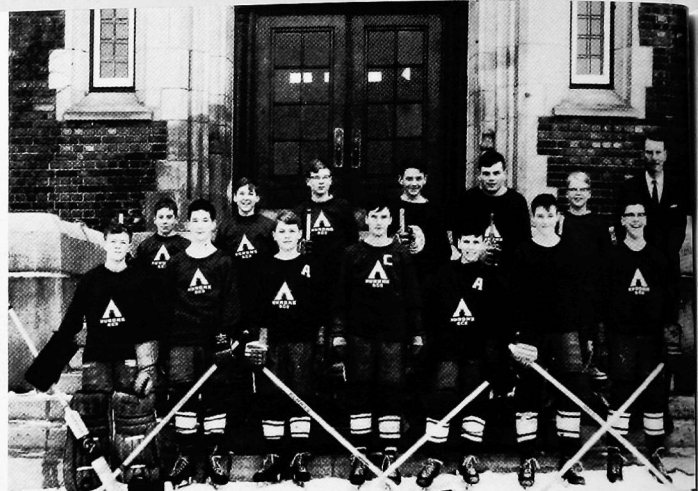
B. Duclos (Form V)

Back Row:

P. Smith, C. Bishop, C. Hencher, P. Béland, J. Henderson, N. Campbell, The Headmaster.

Front Row:

D. Campbelton, P. Dowbiggin, M. Kenny (A/Capt.), R. McLernon (Capt.), Laurie (A/Capt.), C. Stuart, J. Cleghorn.

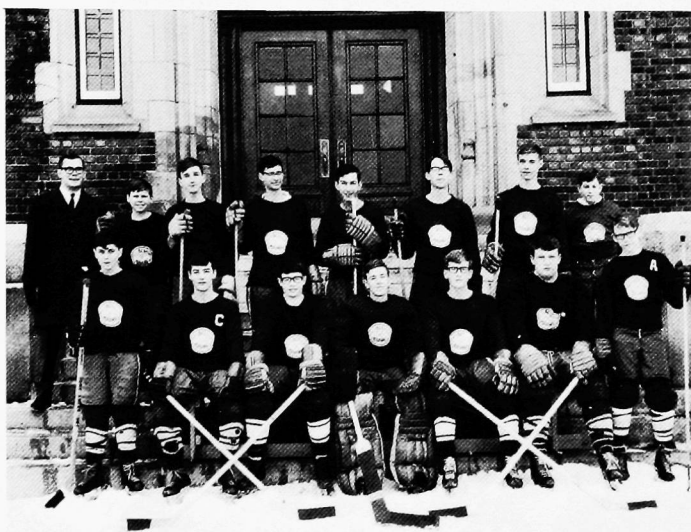


Back Row:

J.L. Milligan, Esq., Coach, J. Walker, T. Evans, J. Seveigny, M. Torres, W. Stensrud, A. Breaky, R. Beveridge.

Front Row:

T. Skutezky, T. Dixon (Capt.), K. Bridger, K. Tisshaw, M. Kenny, J. Latter, W. Vipond (A/Capt.).



Back Row:

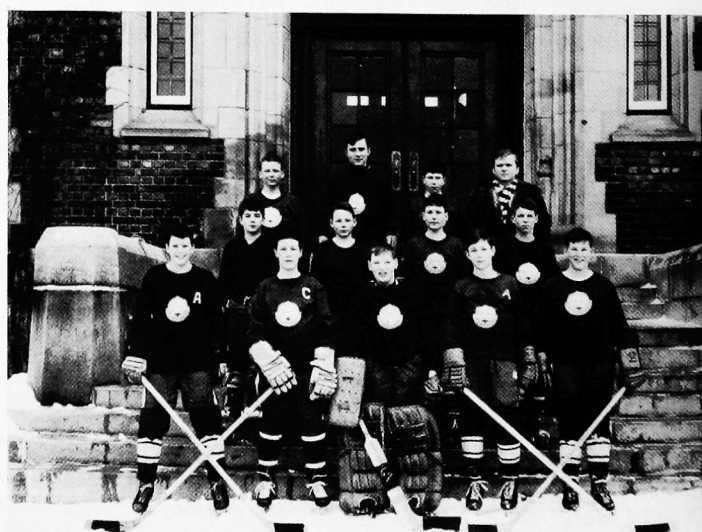
D. Kredl, T. Stapley, J. Pudden, D.A.G. Cruickshank, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

S. Pidcock, P. Jess, R. Landell, S. Dowbiggin.

Front Row:

D. Miller (A/Capt.), A. Mann (Capt.), D. Jones, A. Jessop (A/Capt.), D. MacDonald.

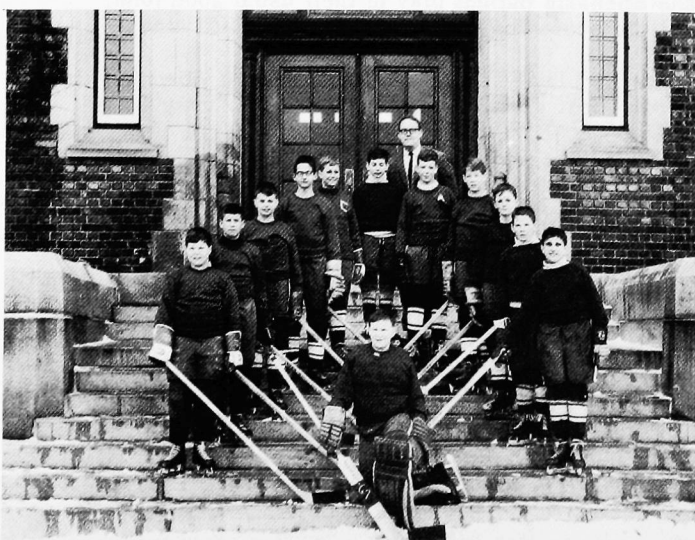


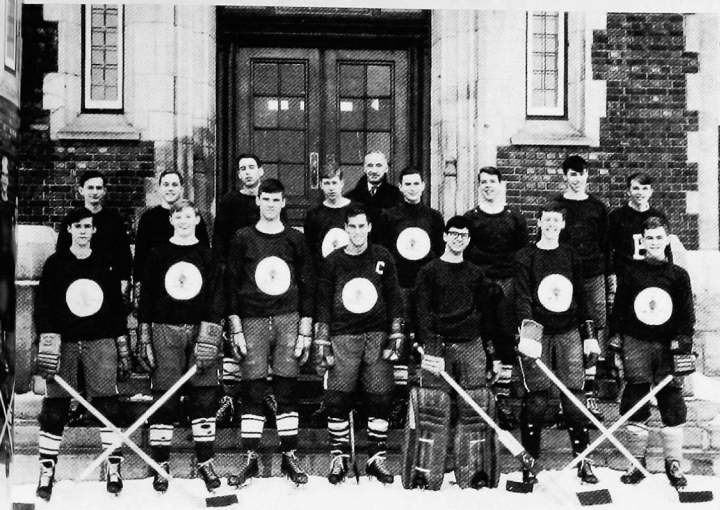
Left to Right:

C. Simpkin, B. St. Amand, O. Jones, M. Kirkwood, D. Lalonde (Capt.), E. Bornstein, W.H. Ferris, Esq., Coach, E. Dawson, R. Glass, A. Evans, E. MacGillivray, A. Francis.

Kneeling:

C. Stuart.





Back Row:

R.R. Owen, Esq., Coach,

Second Row:

E. Mooney, G. Burbidge, E. Berg, D. Barker, S. Baker.

Front Row:

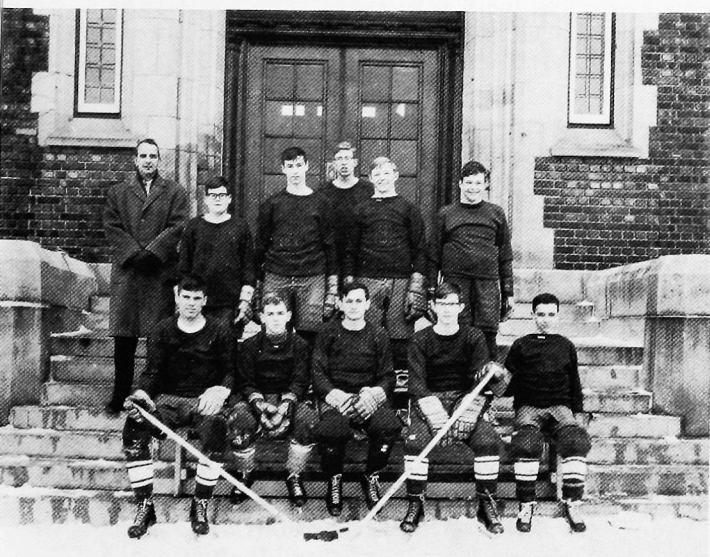
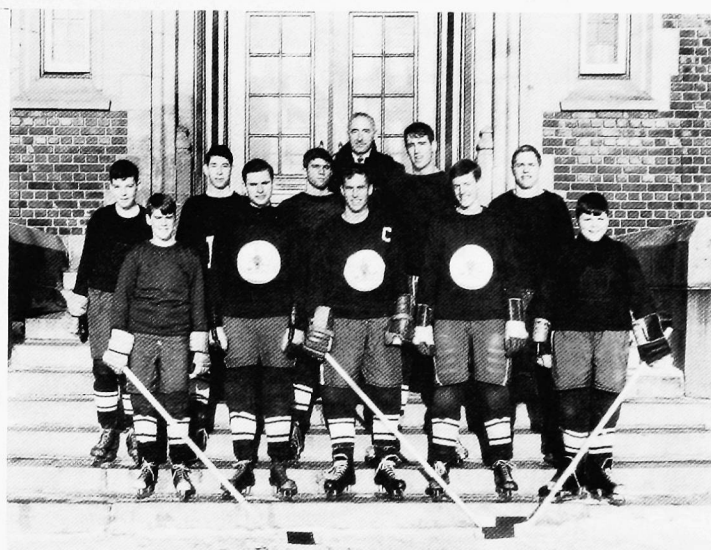
I. Anderson, A. Fleming, S. McConnell (Capt.), C. Davis, B. MacCulloch.

Back Row:

J. Nicholl, S. Baker, D. Barker, C. Monk, R.R. Owen, Esq., Coach, A. Fleming, R. Moffat, A. Stewart, A. Thompson.

Front Row:

D. Walker, D. Bridger, J. Oughtred, S. McConnell (Capt.), E. Shoiry, C. Davis, K. Olive.



Back Row:

A.P. Campbell, Esq., Coach, B. Nickson, A. Stewart, C. Monk, D. Bridger, R. Ritchie.

Front Row:

J. Oughtred, K. Olive, J. Nicholl, R. Jamieson, D. Fuller.

Back Row:

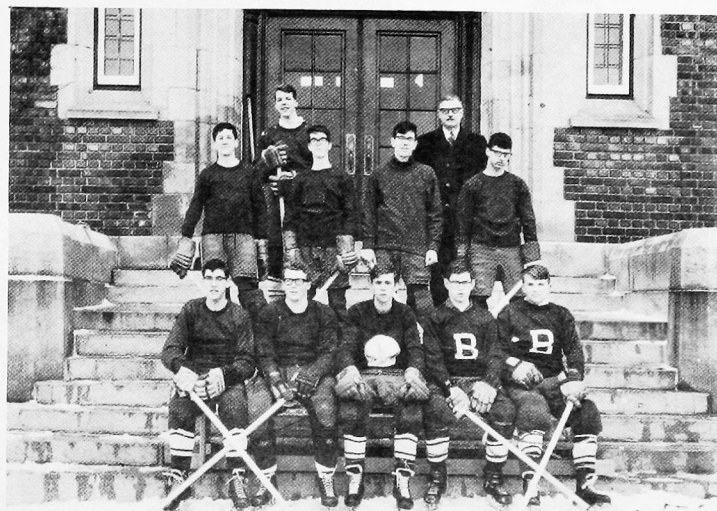
R. Moffat, E.E. Denison, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

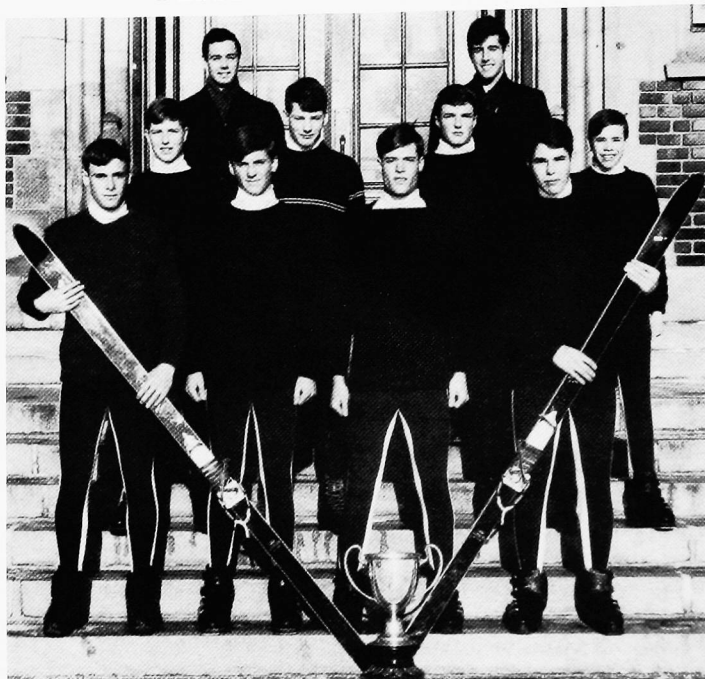
R. Graham, R. Thorpe, P. Jackson, E. Shoiry.

Front Row:

M. Zigayer, E. Tear, D. Walker (Capt.), J. Angel, A. Thompson.



FIRST SKI TEAM



Back Row:

D.C. Read, Esq., Coach, L.D. Rogers, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

R. Viets, G. Hulme, C. Collin, G. Clarke.

Front Row:

P. Boxer, J. Dyer, P. Porteous (Capt.), D. Brickenden.

SECOND SKI TEAM



Back Row:

D.C. Read, Esq., Coach, L.D. Rogers, Esq., Coach.

Second Row:

P. Setlakwe, A. MacDonald, R. Dunn.

Front Row:

I. Doucet, D. Reardon, A. Harpur.

Skiing

This year the ski crease got an early start on training. Despite the lack of snow, the crease began in the first week of the second term. The crease was under the supervision of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Read and it showed good potential right from the beginning of the season.

Our training program consisted of exercising and playing various games such as soccer and Bordenball. There were thirty people on the crease, although only fifteen are needed to form the combined junior and senior ski teams.

As was the case last year we received racing instruction from Mario at Mount Orford. Our cross-country training consisted of races held every afternoon after classes. The final ski teams were not chosen until just prior to the Stanstead College Ski meet in February.

The senior team along with some of the juniors was able to beat Stanstead College, the host of the cross-country meet. The margin of forty points by which we won the meet was enlarged when the team took six out of the first eight places in the Slalom held at Mount Orford the following week.

The ski teams participated in two Eastern Township Zone races this season. In the first race held at East Angus the team was not able to take any of the first three places. However, later on in the season, at the Eastern Township Zone Championships Grant Hulme took first place for B.C.S. in the Class C combined event and Dal Brickenden took second place in the Class C Giant Slalom.

This year the annual triangle ski meet was held at St. Sauver. This is a senior meet only, and is always the biggest and toughest competition of the year. Again we were unable to defeat L.C.C., our toughest opponent. Although not victorious, we came closer to winning than we have in the last eight years. Out of the first five top places in the overall event, consisting of Slalom, Giant Slalom, and Cross-country, Bishop's took three.

The junior meet was again held at St. Marguerite, and our team was able to win the slalom event: we failed however to win the giant slalom and cross-country and were defeated by L.C.C.

Although neither team was able to win its most important competitions, this year's teams still had strong spirit and plenty of drive. The attitude of the senior and junior skiers is changing as they realize that both teams are highly specialized racing machines. This year's teams were keener and more eager to race than they have been in the past. We hope this will continue.

P. Boxer (Form VIM)



A PAGE FROM THE PAST

OLD BOY'S FOOTBALL GAME

Old Boy's Football Game

On Thanksgiving Day, Monday October 10th, the 1966 version of the Old Boys vs. First Team Football game was played.

The vast majority of the Old Boys' squad was composed of ex-First Teamers of recent vintage. These gridiron stalwarts of yesteryear were determined to provide evidence that they had not lost the skills they displayed while playing for B.C.S.

The First Team was equally resolute in their search for their first victory of the season, a hunt which was not to be concluded successfully on this day. First Team was to be stymied by an exceptional all-round performance on the part of their predecessors.

The outcome of the encounter did not remain in doubt long. After Gib Drury shuffled his defensive alignment and quarterback Bill Anderson began threading the needle with his passes, the red-sweatered assembly took the play away from its younger opponents.

The Old Boys' side scored almost at will while posting a 34-6 triumph over an ever-improving School team. The School is confident of gaining revenge next year, even though many of this season's purple and white squad will have transferred their allegiance.

C.S. Abbott, (Form VII)



1950 (AT FORUM) BCS 5 LCC 5

1959

The Annual Cross Country Race was held on November the 4th, 1959. M. Dixon of School House won the Senior Race and the Boswell Trophy. He also won the Ottawa Cup for breaking the School record, his time being 27 minutes and 45 seconds for the four and a half mile course. The old record, held by F. Wanklyn, was 27.53.

1964

The Annual Cross Country Race was held on the 4th of November 1964. In the Senior Race Doug Reynolds of Williams House finished in first place to win the Boswell Trophy for the second consecutive year. He also won the Ottawa Trophy for establishing a new School record. The new mark of twenty-six minutes and thirty seconds is thirty-one seconds faster than the old record set by Reynolds last year. S. Newton of Smith House was second and J. Law of Grier House was third.

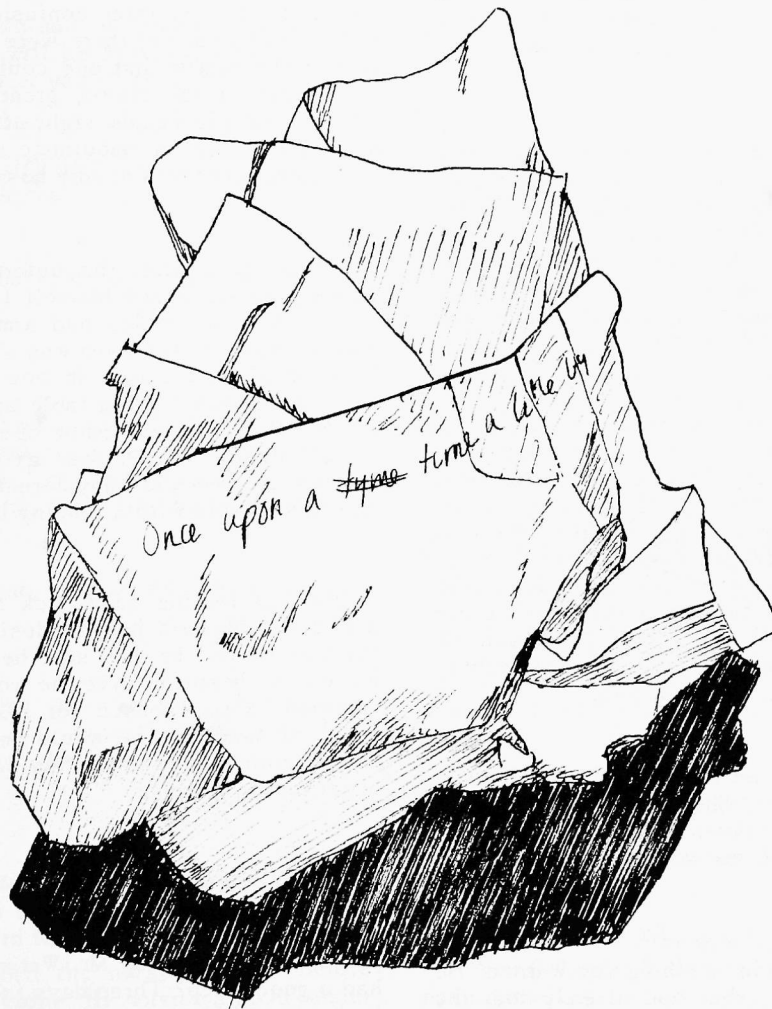
1963 CHAMPS

The Third Crease League was won by the 'Panthers', a team captained by Sutton II, who proved himself to be a good leader. Porteous deserves mention as a backfielder capable of fine running and sportsmanship. The other captains were Bradley, Eddy I, Goldberg II, and Montano II.

Individual Scoring: 1953 FIRST TEAM

	Games	Goals	Assists	Penalties in Minutes
Mitchell, l.w. and def. (Captain).....	6	1	5	12
Badger, r.w.	10	12	12	6
Southward, c.	10	23	11	11
Turnbull, c.	10	1	3	0
MacLean, r.w.	10	3	2	0
Williams, l.w.	10	2	1	6
Hart, r.d. (Vice-Capt.).....	10	0	2	8
Peters, l.d. and l.w.	10	6	12	4
Price, r.d.	10	0	2	2
Ashworth, l.d. & fwd.	8	0	0	0

THE OPEN BOOK



THE LADY WAS MAD

It is most probable that the empty beer can that was lying on the sidewalk wasn't placed there to be kicked, but Charlie Watson pictured it as a perfect target. Without bothering to look up, or even draw his hands from his trouser pockets, he brought his right leg back, took a step with his left and hit the can squarely with the toe of his right boot.

He didn't even take the trouble to watch the graceful parabolic path the missile took as it sailed through the air; the old lady walking along the sidewalk towards the can didn't take the trouble to watch the path it took either. In fact she didn't even see the can and one can almost excuse, but not venture to write, the few short words she uttered when it finished its flight by landing in the old lady's left eye.

It wasn't until after he had heard the crash that the lady, her one hundred and ninety seven pounds, her groceries and working utensils and the dented beer can made as they hit the sidewalk, that Watson looked up. On the sidewalk, lying flat on her back, with cabbages, apples, potatoes, a hard mop and a pail scattered on and about her, was the irate lady. She looked ready to kill Watson.

Quite taken aback at the catastrophe, Watson acted in a way not unnatural to him. He bent over towards the lady outstretching his hand towards hers and plucked an apple off the woman's oversized stomach. He took a large bite from the partially bruised apple, stepped over the lady's prostrate body and continued on his unknown route; hearing curses and threats resounding from the old lady's mouth, "You little.....The least you can do is help a poor old lady up after you've almost killed her." The lady was mad!

"Why should I help an old bag who can't even stand on her own two feet? She's never done nothing for me. Nobody's never done nothing for me. So I hit her with a can. It's no worry to me." Watson was angry.

Nobody had ever done anything for Watson. He was born into a family that had already lost the war against poverty. In his childhood it had been a struggle for him to live, but he had fought for himself and lived. He had gone to bed every night hungry and awakened to find, if he was lucky, a stale piece of bread for his breakfast.

Having just been discharged from his third job in two weeks, he was far from pleased. "So I made

a mistake. It wasn't my fault. Anybody could have done it. Why did it have to happen to me?"

Watson had been so engrossed in his thoughts, he had failed to notice he was walking through a red light. A taxicab made a desperate attempt to miss him, but its efforts were in vain. The taxi hit Watson and sent him spinning through the air. His whole body was wracked in pain, but he felt no more as he was overpowered by faintness and nausea. He passed out.

On the street, utter confusion reigned. Traffic had ceased to move; there were people crowded all around the victim and one could hear, rising from the centre of the crowd, great Oh's and Ahs as different people caught sight of Watson's mutilated body. Presently an ambulance arrived, and Watson was transported to a nearby hospital.

Three days after the unfortunate accident occurred, Watson found himself lying in a large bed with both his left leg and arm in casts. Looking around, he found his room was shared by no one and it seemed quite large. In one corner of the room was an armchair with a table and telephone beside it. A large picture window opened to gain access to a balcony, which was a distance of thirteen storeys up from the busy street below. Beside his bed was a table with a reading lamp and a radio.

He was feeling quite sick and his whole body ached terribly. He had no desire to live and from the way he felt he was sure he wasn't going to. If he left the hospital alive, he would have no money, no food, a park bench for his bed and with his physical handicap, he would be unable to work for many months. He was waiting patiently for his hour of reckoning to come.

From behind the open door to Watson's room came a tall thin man dressed in a white hospital coat reaching to the knees of his charcoal coloured pants. "Good morning Mr. Watson. I trust you have had a good sleep? Three days is quite a long sleep, isn't it now?"

"Uh? Who are you?" mumbled Watson as he painfully turned over on his back to eye the intruder.

"I'm Doctor Rice and you have the good fortune to be my patient."

"I don't want your help," protested Watson.
"Get away from me, you butcher and let me die in peace."

"Now, Mr. Watson. . ."

"Get the . . . out!"

"If you say so, sir. But I'll be back presently."

Watson let out a slight groan as he rolled over on to his side again, trying to get to sleep, a sleep from which, he hoped, he wouldn't wake. To his great disgust, he woke the next morning, only to find Doctor Rice standing by his side, with a big smile on his face. Watson was consoled though, when he realized the pain in his leg was worse than yesterday. He rubbed his eyes with his right hand and said to the Doctor, "The pain's worse, Rice. Maybe you'll be rid of me today, eh?"

"Come now, Mr. Watson, we can't have any of that. Your breakfast will be here soon and I'll be in to see you again after you've finished."

"Does that mean if I don't finish it, you won't be back?" queried Watson.

"No. I shall be back whatever the outcome of your breakfast."

Watson grumbled a short curse as the Doctor left, subsided on the bed and fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened from his sleep once more by an old haggard cleaning lady and a smartly dressed young nurse who was holding a tray full of breakfast.

"What the . . . Oh, uh, excuse me," bumbled Watson. "I thought you. . ."

"That's all right, Mr. Watson. Here's your breakfast and there is a letter here for you. This lady has come to clean the room. . . ."

"A letter?"

"Yes. It came in this morning's mail."

Watson waited until the nurse had left before he tore open the envelope. He wasn't a good reader and, along with the noise of the vacuum cleaner, it took him considerable time and effort to read the letter.

Dear Sir,

I was greatly shocked to hear of your almost fatal accident last week and I wish to extend my hopes and wishes for your speedy recovery.

While you are recovering from your accident and for one month after you leave the hospital, the Industrial Insurance Company will be sending you a weekly compensation cheque for three hundred dollars.

Although you were discharged the day of the accident, the insurance policy taken out on you by your employer did not expire until twelve midnight on the day of your dismissal. Because you were injured during working hours, you were covered by the policy.

I trust that you will.

Watson was so elated, all he could do was scream for joy. This, of course, brought Doctor Rice running into the room. Watson showed the letter to the Doctor who, after reading it, congratulated him but reminded him not to scream anymore unless it was absolutely necessary, as it was hard on the nerves of the hospital staff.

"I'm gonna live, aren't I, Doc.? There's no chance of my dying, is there?"

"No. There was one time when I wasn't sure about you but you don't have anything to worry about now," reassured the doctor. "There will be a nurse in here in a few minutes to help you into a wheel chair and since it's such a nice day, you may wheel it onto the balcony."

Watson was pleased with the idea and said that the chair would be a pleasant change from his bed. Once in the wheel chair, Watson stayed in the room for a few minutes to read his letter over again, but was again disturbed by the noise of the vacuum cleaner starting once more. "I'm sorry, sonny," apologised the old lady. "I'll be finished in a few minutes. It will all be over shortly."

This time the scream was absolutely necessary. Why shouldn't it be when you fall thirteen storeys to your death, strapped into a wheel chair?

"Suicide," said the doctor, "is a terrible thing,"

"Yes," agreed the old lady, "He shouldn't have done it."

The vacuum cleaner was no longer running but the cut above the left eye of the old lady had started to bleed again. It was a big gash and she has lost the sight in her left eye. "I hope you feel better now, old eye. He has paid well for your death." The lady was mad.

John Dyer (Form V-A)

ROMANCE IN MY LIFE

She was a divine creature. Her long blond hair hung down to her shoulders. Her big, blue eyes gleamed with joy, her dimpled cheeks were as smooth as satin and tiny freckles spotted her pretty nose. Every time she smiled shivers went up and down my spine. She was irresistible to any debonair eight-year old male.

Yes, it was true love. I needed her badly. I fought hard and long to get a few sweet glances from her dazzling eyes. I paraded, strutted, and even walked on my hands to get her attention. But it was to no avail. I was being shunned and ignored.

But being eight years old already, I knew my masculine powers could cope with the situation, so I became even more determined than ever.

I proved my love and admiration for her in every way possible. I pulled her pigtails, chased her with garter snakes and even swore to her face. At last my charms began to pay off. She was constantly hitting me with her purse or kicking me. Once or twice she even stuck her tongue out at me. Then after weeks of solid courting she was mine.

My love had proved misleading, however, for it was a doomed romance. A couple with nothing in common cannot last. She never wanted to play Cowboys and Indians and I just detest playing "House."

K. Bridger (Form V)

THE DEJECTION

What is the apex of dejection? Failure!
When nothing goes right, nothing progresses,
A standstill.
Time flies by but I slow down,
Treading the same footsteps morn after morn.
A standstill.

Eagerness wants, initiative contracts,
Courage seeps into far-off cataracts.
Apathy.
There are no more cares, no more ideals,
No more ambition, nor is there zeal.
Apathy.

Dreaming of progress; what a nice thought,
But lying back disturbed, letting ideals start to rot.
Doing nothing.
Wishing and hoping I had the ambition
To make the great plunge into decision; but
Doing nothing.

What is needed is less self-pity,
Some self-inspiration, some foundation of stability.
Act now.
Get ride of this laziness, get up and try.
No more of this apathy, no more for to cry.
Do something.

A. Breakey (Form VI)

THE RED CURTAIN

A mist
Veils the eyes.
Its kiss
Does not lie.

The Red Curtain
is pulled.

An anger
Calls out now.
The player
Knows not how.

The Red Curtain
is strong.

Its fingers
Grip the soul.
They linger,
Get their dole.

The Red Curtain
Conquers all.

C. Davis (Form VII)



TWO WOMEN

They used to live beside us when I was young. One was very old and the other much younger. I only really got to know them during those long days of loneliness which came into my life when my older brothers both went to school and my younger brother was just learning to talk.

We lived on the outskirts of town, and so I had no chance to make friends. One day when I was especially bored I crawled under the hedge that separated our houses. Mrs. Park, who I learnt later was the younger of the two, was in her garden. When she heard my rustling she turned and motioned for me to go to her. I was extremely shy at the time and my only answer was to scuttle back through my hole.

The next day I plucked up enough courage to have another look. This time when she beckoned to me I advanced slowly across the lawn, and stopped in front of her. She did not say anything and merely bent down and began to weed. I followed suit, for I had been taught to weed the summer before, and knew which ones to pull out. She only talked after I started to work. She did not talk to me like a baby but almost as an equal. I had long been told by grownups that I would hate school, but I secretly wanted to go. This she guessed, and simply said "I bet you can't wait to go to school." I nodded my head in surprise, for I had thought that all grownups thought alike. She did not talk much after that, and when we had finished our job she took me inside.

The house was very dark, and although it had modern heating it always seemed to possess a chill which cut into me as I stepped through the door. We went into the kitchen and I could see an old lady sitting beside the stove. Mrs. Park introduced me to her mother, and then gave me a glass of lemonade and some cookeis. She seemed to know already that I hated milk. We talked together that day and for many days afterwards.

I used to crawl through my hole in the hedge right after lunch every day and only go back when I heard the school bus coming up to road.

I asked my mother about our neighbours, and she told me that the young one had been married to old Mrs. Park's son. He had been killed in the war and now she took care of her husband's mother. It seemed that they had both been school teachers once upon a time, but the old Mrs. Park had to retire because of her heart and the younger had to look after her.

As time passed I grew to love both of them. They became my special friends, and I was jealous of that friendship. I never told my brother of what I did, and my mother respected my secret and kept it for me.

I think they gave me more of an education than I could ever have learnt at school. When I first crawled through the hedge in the afternoon, I would go for a walk with young Mrs. Park. During these walks she explained about nature and God's love for all small things. She would listen to my questions, and answer them all seriously. When I was with her on these walks I felt older, because she always seemed to treat me as an equal, not as a small naive boy.

After the walks we used to go inside, and I would sit in front of the old Mrs. Park while she talked of life. While she talked, her daughter-in-law would leave the room so that we would be alone. I loved these talks almost as much as the walks, for again, I was being treated as an equal.

As winter came and went and the seasons changed I never missed a day of "my school". When it was spring we talked about spring; when it got close to summer our talks were about summer.

I was going to start school in September, and when June came I knew our classes would soon end, for we would be going away for the summer.

Old Mrs. Park was getting visibly weaker and weaker, and our talks began to get shorter. Finally she stayed in bed all day, and I would go upstairs to sit with her. I think I gave her strength in those last days of her life. I think that she felt if she could give me all her knowledge, her life had not been wasted.

Two Women

The last day came, and as I crawled through the hedge the younger Mrs. Park came out of the house and beckoned me to her. She was dressed in black and was weeping softly to herself. I tried to comfort her, and during our last walk together she thanked me for making the last days of her mother-in-law joyful.

We went away for the summer and when we returned she had left. I don't know where she went, but I hope she went to some place where she could teach again, for I realized that was her one love. All I know is that I will be forever indebted to those two wonderful women for filling those days of boredom with so much happiness.

D.C. Walker (Form VI)

A LESSON IN REINCARNATION

Where am I? It's all dark. A complete blackness is surrounding me. It's hot also. Where am I? It's hot and dark and I'm all curled up. I can hardly move. I can move my legs a bit but that seems to be all I can do. Where am I?

I can remember something about being in a car, and travelling very fast and the road was slippery and I was out of control and I crashed through the guard rail! Everything went black then. I guess I blacked out. I must be in a hospital somewhere.

Dad's going to be furious. It was a brand new car. I can see the car now with its fender smashed up and lying upside down in some ditch. I guess I'll be paying for it for the next ten years. It's just typical of my luck that I would crash up a new car.

I've had bad luck all my life. I can remember the time I had my first cigarette, when I was ten years old. I was sitting out there behind the garage puffing on this cigarette and good old Dad appeared. Wow! I couldn't sit down for a week.

Another time was when I was sixteen and I went to this party and they served beer and I got drunk and so I walked out on the sidewalk yelling and screaming and this cop came by just at the right moment to bring me down to the station since I was, of course, under legal age.

So my life continues this way. I'm always getting caught doing things I'm supposed not to do. Will it ever end?

I bet I catch it for cracking the car up. Dad always told me to drive slowly when the roads were slippery. But no. I went ahead and drove fast and here I am in some hospital bed.

Why is it so dark around here? Why is it so quiet? Why can't I move very much? I can kick a bit but only a few inches. I have no feeling. I seem to be all curled up in a ball. I must have been badly hurt in that crash.

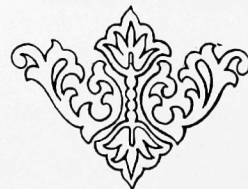
This sure is strange. Well, at least I'm not dead. Am I? Oh my God, am I dead? Is this death? Oh no, I don't want to be dead! I can't scream. I'm kicking hard. I want to live. What's this? A light above my head! I'm trying to move toward the light. I can't! My God, I'm blacking out. Things are getting darker. The light is fading.

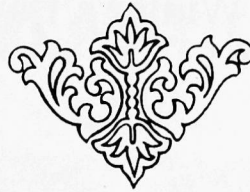
"Well, here he is," said the doctor, as he fondled the new-born baby. He held the baby by the feet and slapped him. The infant started crying immediately.

"Hey Fred! Come here for a second," said the doctor who was holding the baby. "You are looking at a real fighter. At the end he was really fighting to be born."

"Yeah! Some of them really want to live."

R. Graham (Form VI)





UNTIL YOU'RE YOU

Now sitting here, I think,
Wondering
How, when, why,
And for what reason we should die.

Treason?
Knowledge?
And when will it be?
Soon?
Right now?
No, it's not in me.

It's death's railway.
The tracks are all one width.
Expanding, contracting,
Demanding, reacting
With the heat of day,
Putting eyes and arms
And rusty charms
In stillness.

In stillness,
On the side of death,
With people outside watching,
Peering, lolling round,
We seem dead, but they are bound for somewhere.

It's a gift of light,
And of the wanted
That fills in the gloom,
Removes the haunted (may they be called).

Tomorrow is no better.
The schedule remains the same.
Route I
And then to breakfast,
From there you go on down,
On down, Until you meet it,
On down, Until your dark's lit,
On down, Until you're you.

P. Boxer (Form VI)

L'ENIGME

Un jour, un homme en blanc visita un homme en noir qui était en prison. C'était la dixième fois en deux semaines que l'homme en blanc venait voir l'homme en noir. Comme l'homme en blanc sortait, le garde lui demanda, "Etes-vous parents?" "Oui!" répondit l'homme en blanc. "Comment êtes-vous parents?" demanda le garde. L'homme en blanc répondit, "Je n'ai pas de frères ni de soeurs, mais le père de l'homme en noir, est le fils de mon père."

Comme le garde pensait à la réponse, l'homme en blanc partit et le garde ne trouva jamais la bonne réponse.

Savez-vous la bonne réponse, messieurs? Devinez.

Mark Saykaly (Form VI)

SALVATION

Sitting
In the sombreness of midday,
Thrashing heat, heavy warmth,
In the white, and yellow-streak'd rays,
Thrashing heat, heavy warmth
of Death.

In a hurricane, a grotto,
Spouts, and whorls, twirls, inflict
in the fathomless abyss: so
Spouts, and whorls, twirls, inflict
rash Death.

The resynthesizing agent
Masked from view, steeped in bile,
The unwanted, yet needed tenant,
Masked from view, steeped in bile,
brings Life.

C Davis (Form VII)



A "Now" (A Winter's Day at B.C.S.)

Now the cold of winter has come to us. Now, people linger in the warmth of their beds one minute longer and dress much more quickly with double the amount of clothes. Now less hot water is used in the morning by the boys living in outer houses, as fewer boys wash, hoping to stay warmer on the long walk to the main school building. Now, there are fewer people late out of their Houses and fewer people misbehaving, for they are reminded of the results as they pass the outdoor skating rink where the boys on detention have frozen to their shovels. Now the boys walk slowly so as not to trip and fall.

Now the boys are in the dining hall, half frozen and half asleep. Now the food is brought to the tables where it is hardly touched. Now more boys drink tea in an attempt to defrost; the coffee is too bitter. Now the grace has been said and off the boys go to the boiler room to try and get warm before chapel. Now the boys are in chapel where it is relatively warm. Now the boys are singing to try and keep from dying. Now the lesson is read and a boy's hands are frozen to the golden eagle. Now the Chaplain prays as boys laugh at the poor Sixth Former still stuck to the golden eagle.

Now classes have begun. Now the students wish they had stayed in bed as they see classmates turn blue, starting from those close to the windows, finishing with those near the door. Now masters give many spare periods as they sit in the warmth of the Masters' Common Room. Now it is time for lunch.

Now the school has sports. Now students freeze all over the campus as doors open, letting cold air out, for the sun is shining outside warming the air somewhat.

Now fewer boys take showers after sports for it is hard to wipe off the water before it freezes. Now the boys are getting more depressed as the evening meal draws near. Now the time has come for the boys to go to their Houses to do prep and spend the night.

Now it is night. Now less work is done for pens and boys have frozen to their desks.

Now Housemasters worry about parents calling to speak to their frozen child. Now the school is in trouble for all the students are in suspended animation. Now the writer must stop and run away before he too is frozen stiff.

W. Sutton (Form VI)



To the Simple Life

Do we have peace
And quiet any more?
There is always a struggle,
Or cold-blooded war.

There was such a thing,
Oh, so very long ago,
It was called silence,
Which no more do we know.

Towns were small,
The countryside still,
With many a forest
And many a hill.

Life was simple,
People were carefree.
That is the world,
As it should be.

Now we're kept tense,
Like a pin on a knife,
To hell with this world,
And this way of life.

Why can't we be free,
Like the whistling wind,
Free from sorrow,
Free from sin?

One day we will realize,
One day it will come,
To the simple life
We'll have to succumb.

Get rid of war,
Get rid of strife,
And turn our ways
To the simple life.

A. Breakey (Form VI)

NORTH ATLANTIC ESCORT

The dark grey bows of the destroyer slice through the icy North Atlantic waters with monotonous regularity. The sea was cold, harsh and black against the night cloud cover. The waves had been swollen to monstrous heights by the recent gale. The temperature was sinking steadily. Soon the captain would start the futile battle against ice already spreading over the bow and superstructure. A merciless wind whistled through the thickest parkas and chilled the marrow of every man above decks.

† The ship was the destroyer H.M.C.S. Oliquon. Since its construction in the spring of 1942, the Oliquon had been a member of the 10th Escort Squadron, whose task it was to protect convoys travelling from Halifax to Murmansk. Today, late in November of 1942, the convoy was steaming NNE towards the Norwegian Sea. The ships were well within possible enemy striking distance and all escorts had remained on semi-alert since the start of the dawn watch that morning. Men were sleeping at their stations, if they could ignore the wind and the cold. Others waited in silence for their watch to end.

The crew of No. 1 starboard pompom was more active than most. Leading seaman Green, the crew's captain, could occasionally be seen giving the two other hands a shake to keep them awake.

"Come on laddies, keep awake. You can't fight a war in your sleep you know. Rise and shine it's mornin' time. Open your eyes to see the fine South Pacific sunrise."

This speech he repeated over a dozen times that night. The fact that they were in the overcast North Atlantic didn't seem to upset his dreams of a tropical dawn. Usually, though, these few lines were successful. One of them would open one eye optimistically to see if it really was dawn. Just before dawn, Green was getting desperate for ways to keep his boys awake and alert. He was only thirty-three, though he looked as old as the fifty-six year old captain himself. He was a veteran of this desolate convoy run and rarely philosophised on war. Green realised this but ignored it when he kicked the sailor on his left.

"Come on Connor, stay awake unless you want to wind up like the port side loader, with a cannon shell between your shoulder blades. You know that

crew didn't have a hope in hell of firing a single shot 'cause they were all asleep like you. The only thing that woke 'em up was the whine of the Stukas as they started to dive. Next thing you know, the port pompom is spread all over the North Atlantic and the loader dying with a shell in his chest."

Rusty Connor, the target of this discourse, opened one, then both eyes. He was only eighteen and, like Green, was a Canadian. He was the loader of No. 1 starboard pompom and had been ever since he had joined the Navy. He was impressionable and the obliteration of the pompom next door, two mornings before, had left a lasting mark on his mind.

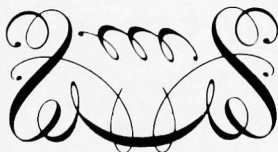
He grumbled, "You're right, they didn't stand a chance. This is a hell of a war. We sit and freeze up here all night long and don't even get a chance to see a bloody German. If you shut your eyes a second... bang..." He nodded with his helmeted head toward the twisted and burnt remains of the portside pompom.

Green followed his glance, then turned away sharply. "That means there are only three guns left. Oh, No. 2 starboard is frozen solid and the barrel is cracked. That leaves two. Two guns to fight off waves and waves of Stukas, if and when they come. It's not a pretty prospect."

A silence followed, and the three of them sat still and dumb. Edgeworth, the third member of the gun crew, removed his headphones, which connected him to the gun control tower and, shaking his head, spoke for the first time. "It's dawn, boys."

If it was, one really couldn't have been too sure. Edgeworth was an Indian from New Brunswick. He was well known for his razor keen eye sight. If he said it was dawn, it was dawn. That is why he filled the dual posts of starboard lookout and No. 1 pompom communicator.

Green was the first to hear his ear phones crackle. "Edgeworth! Your ear phones. Don't keep the good Lieutenant waiting. It's just not polite."



"Number one starboard pompom. Edgeworth here."

"The Gun Room suspects a flight of Stukas anytime now. Keep your eyes peeled. They're probably keeping below the radar."

"Aye aye, sir," responded Edgeworth. He peered into the rising sun and tried to find the set of black specks that would be the German dive bombers. He peered for a few minutes, then he saw it.

"Gun Control?"

"Yes, Gun Control here."

"Sir, this is Edgeworth. I think I can see something at about 55 red, right in the sun. I think there is only one."

There was a pause. The officer said, "Yes, Radar's got it now." Edgeworth stared again at the growing spot. The cloud cone was moving quickly west, away from the sun. The red globe hovered a moment on the horizon as it threw its orange and pink light across the jagged seas to the convoy. Looking into it was nearly useless. The pilot had been using the usual out of the sun approach.

Action Stations, was sounded. Green hopped into his trigger seat and checked the sights against the spot. Connor pushed the ammunition belts into the two pompom barrels. Edgeworth sat still and watched the spot grow. He blew into his 'phone, "No. 1 pompom here. There is definitely only one sir. I don't think it's a Stuka, it hasn't started to climb yet."

"Fine, carry on Edgeworth," replied the Gunnery Officer.

Green was used to dry runs like this. He muttered to himself, "This is the hun's way of playing games. That crate is bound to be an old joe come to take a look and see that we're on course. I hope 'e's satisfied."

Connor was not so pleasant. "I bet you the hell comes at noon, when the sun is good an' high. Damn, I wish these clouds 'ld stick. All this God forsaken convoy needs is a clear afternoon."

The Control Tower interrupted his speech. "Hold fire. Unidentified 'plane is presumed to be an observer."

Green piped up, "Just as I said. And no fireworks either."

The drone of the 'plane's engines could be heard. Edgeworth did not waste any time. No. 1 starboard pompom here, sir. It sounds like Charlie." The headphones crackled loudly from the Control Tower, "Who the hell is Charlie? Can you read the pilot's name tape?"

Green chuckled loudly so the mike could catch what he had to say, "Oh, it's that new Gunnery Officer. He's bloody raw ain't 'e!" Maybe we ought to formally introduce the filthy hun to him."

Edgeworth sympathetically informed the Lieutenant, "Sir, Charlie is a Luftwaffe observation 'plane, a Heinkel number 436 with unsynchronised props. It flies from Oftseegen, on the Norwegian coast, and usually picks the convoy up as we enter the Norwegian Sea. Sir, we should see him every morning for the next five days or so. He's no harm, sir. just keeping tabs on us."

"Allright, allright, carry on sailor." The officer cut him off. Edgeworth signed off then faced Green. "I don't think he appreciated your bit, chum. Maybe he'll learn."

Connor smiled and said, "There goes Charlie. He's making a sweep of the convoy."

Green was a little perturbed at not having a chance to take a few shots. He was in the mood for impressing Connor. "Y'u know, once Charlie got lost and he. . . ." the loud-speaker above his head crackled and a bugle played "Stand Down". Green climbed off his seat and continued his story, "Anyway, Charlie once got lost and he didn't know how to get home. One of the frigate captains signalled him, asking him why he was circling so often and shouldn't he had better be off to lunch? Charlie replied that he would like to know the position of the convoy. The genial captain obliged and off flew Charlie. Connor was sceptical at first, "How do you know if it's always him?"

"Ah, ha," laughed Edgeworth proudly, "just before he gets out of sight, he gives us a wave with his wings. Look, now." Edgeworth was right. Just before Charlie entered the clouds, he tipped his wings.

J.H. Phillips (Form VI)



A Speech to the Sherbrooke Rotary Club

CAN CANADA SURVIVE AND SHOULD IT?

What part of Canada can and should survive?

There is the mountie guarding the Parliament Buildings; the Eskimo making a soap-stone sculpture the Western farmer bying goods at a Hudson's Bay store; the French Canadian reading "La Tribune"; and the Haligonian listening for the 12 o'clock gun. Is this the Canada which can and should survive?

Actually, Canada is a country with a tremendous potential. She has an area of approximately 3,800,000 square miles, and only 20,000,000 people to develop it. She is in no way cramped by natural boundaries.

Wood, water-power, copper, gold, and uranium are only a few of the valuables Canada has, and can sell at any time. Canada's economy is backed up by an enormous wealth in exploitable land and resources.

In 1867 Canada decided that a constitutional monarchy was the best form of government to adopt, and for the last century has seldom had occasion to regret her decision. Today, Canada has a strong governmental system which can be depended upon to give her effective leadership at home and a forceful representation abroad.

Canada's situation is not completely advantageous, however. Like any other country, we are faced with many problems, the main one being our survival as an independent people on this continent. The United States of America exerts a continual pressure on Canada to become simply a Canadian expression of American ideal. Many pessimists affirm that this has already happened. Let me assure you, it has not. By our confederation in 1867, and the Statute of Westminster in 1931, we became an independent nation, formulating our own policies, making our own treaties, and settling by ourselves the issues of peace and war. Although the American may control some of our economy since they are a powerful neighbour, they have yet to dictate the policies of meetings on Parliament Hill, and never will, if Canadians determine in their centennial year to maintain their sovereignty.

Thus you see Canada can survive in the modern world as an important and upstanding nation.

However, the question still remains, - Should Canada survive? Have you ever stopped to think what Canada has to offer the world? I don't mean hockey players, bilingual books or cans of Atlantic Sardines. I don't mean tourist trap mounties and Eskimos, or propaganda-poster farmers and historical monuments. I do mean such things as action in the United Nations, and British Commonwealth, NATO and the Colombo Plan. Canada can assure the smaller powers an effective representation in the General Assembly of the United Nations. In the Commonwealth, Canada, as the oldest member, provides an example of stability and success for the young member-nations.

Canada has always had to cope with a problem that many African nations are facing for the first time: Bilingualism. These younger nations have a conflict between the native languages and the new European ones brought in during the 19th Century. They look to Canada as a country that has learned to live and prosper with this problem.

As Canadians, we should be proud of our country and the part it has played in shaping the free-world, and if we are proud enough, that is the best reason why Canada should remain. Canadianism has grown to nationhood in the last three centuries through a successful struggle with a hard climate and more than a century's successful political adaptation and inventiveness. Canadians and Canada have such distinctive benefits and attitudes that a void would be created in the world if Canada were not to survive.

Canadian pride in our country and everything it represents will assure us when we look back on what Canada has done and has the power and talent to do in the future.

Look around you - see in this city, in Montreal, in the small towns, and in the little villages of our country what we have done. Think what we can build in the future. Then you'll know that Canada can and should survive.

A. Fleming (Form VI)



LA VÉRITÉ

Monsieur X était debout devant le magasin d'où il venait de sortir. A la main, il portait un fusil qu'il avait acheté tout à l'heure.

"Ah. . . ." pensa l'homme, "à la main je porte mon camarade avec ce que vais je me venger de lui. Il va souffrir."

Il retourna chez lui et commença tout de suite à pratiquer à décharger et pendant trois semaines il pratiquait sans cesse. Il avait abandonné son emploi. Il oublia sa femme et ses enfants. Le monde lui semblait immatériel, mais il pratiquait. Et vraiment, à la fin de trois semaines, il pouvait abattre quelque chose à cent verges. Oui, il pouvait bien viser.

Le jour approchait. Au milieu de toutes les festivités, son ennemi allait mourir.

"Demain," pensa M X, "Je serai content. Il m'aura payé sa méchanceté. Après demain, je serai libre. Il ne pourra démolir ma vie, et tout le monde me connaîtra."

Le lendemain, il se lève de bonne heure. Il ne pouvait rien manger, il était trop inquiet. Portant son fusil dans une caisse de violon, il quitta la maison pour peut-être la dernière fois, et les enfants dans la rue le regardaient tout inquiets. Ils pensaient qu'il portait une mitrailleuse comme à la télévision.

Monsieur X s'approcha de l'édifice d'où il tuerait son ennemi, s'arrêta et regarda le sixième étage, mais il y entra immédiatement. . . .

A un mille de là, la procession avait déjà commencé. Toutes les personnes importantes y étaient toutes heureuses. La procession avançait lentement mais tout à l'heure, elle passera devant l'édifice. . .

Deux coups de feu éclatèrent et un homme dans la première voiture tomba en avant. . .

Cette ville était Dallas. Monsieur X n'était pas Lee Harvey Oswald, mais le vrai meurtrier du Président Kennedy.

T.B. Law (Form VI)

A PROLOGUE TO "THE MASSACRE"

Everyone was quite unaware of the unexpected event that was taking place in the peaceful and desolate little town. The air was fresh and cool. The monstrous death-like smile of the full moon was partly hidden by the mountain peaks protruding far into the sky. The small community was completely engulfed by the massive shadows cast by the protruding finger-like peaks of death.

Satan himself must have been lurking in these shadows because all was silent and ghostly-looking. Even the wind was hushed as by some evil spell. There were very few people walking the streets of this small town and there were but a few police officers on duty.

Besides these few officers, there was but one man in sight. He was very short and heavily built. His thick black hair was neatly combed but the rest of him was a disorderly mess. He couldn't even pass as a tramp. His few clothes stuck to him like glue even though the night air was cool. His wide jaw moved up and down rhythmically and every once in a while a dark dirty bubble of gum would appear between his thick black lips.

Walking along peacefully, looking absent-minded, he bumped into a police officer.

"Watch where y're standin'"

B. Cuthbert (Form IV)

NOW

The following essay is an attempt to formulate man's position in the world in conjunction with the fourth dimension factor Time, by relating all action to mathematics. It does not necessarily represent the writer's viewpoint, but I hope it does provide an insight into the problem. The reader is forewarned that all of his beliefs of his own existence may be shattered but with this in mind, he may proceed at his own risk.

Now is a senseless. Now is neither the past, the immediate past, the immediate future or the future. Man incorrectly calls now the present, when now is really the meeting point of the two time zones, past and future, much as the origin is the meeting point of all positive and negative numbers. The present simply does not exist.

Anything which is to happen imminently is the future. As these words are written, they jump from the future into the past, where they are forever captured by Time. The time which it takes the words to do this jumping, you will say, is the present, but it is only the meeting point of the time zones. We can always get close to doing the action within the position called the meeting point, but it must be realised that since time may be infinitely subdivided, all action occurs in the past or future.

There will be many who will argue that the statement, "I am going," denotes a present action. I disagree, for as one walks down a road, the steps already taken are in the past and those to be taken

are in the future. Those that argue that the time while the steps are being taken is the present are also wrong, for the time required during the step may always be infinitely subdivided until there is no action. The meeting point must have no action but that of Time, which changes from future to past without any present. Time, like the rational numbers of the number line, may always be infinitely subdivided, so never can man's actions reach the meeting point. Hence, all of man's actions or inactions occur in the past or future.

Man does not live in the future, or in the past, so consequently he must be living on the meeting point, even though all of his actions or inactions take place outside the meeting point, a concept which is very similar to the domain of cosecant or secant functions. The position of the meeting point is uncertain, much as is the position of Π but we do know that like Π it has a very definite position somewhere on the line of future and past.

The conclusion from all of this is simple. Since time can be so subdivided that everything man does is either past or future, and since man is on the meeting point, that infinitely small interval between past and future, man does not exist! Nothing can exist both on the meeting point of past and future and also in the future and past and hence man cannot exist.

He who said, "I think, therefore I am", was incorrect as what he thought was past and what he will think is future; he lived on the meeting point called, Now.

S.C. Baker (Form VI-M)

MODERN ART

"From a pulsating ball curves emanate
In translucent yellow waves.
Concurrent scarlet rings
Flash . . . intermittently on
A pale blue background.
The living mind."



"No, No.
You've got the wrong idea.
It's a man smoking a pipe
While sailing.
The Simple Life."

"A torrential gushing forth
Of violence,
Unleashed on the apathetic
Selfish masses.
That's it, supremacy."

"I think it's simply awful impurity.

"I told you my son was a genius.
He's got everyone believing something
Different.
Imagine, a five-year old painting a
Reflection of people's
Minds."



C. Davis (Form VII)

ON AN INSTITUTION

Rap is one of the most predominant features of a private boarding school. It has been an institution in B.C.S. for many years, and I feel that it will continue to exist here for many years to come. What do I mean when I say "Rap"? Rap, or grief, is that verbal malice or persecution which many people in schools feel is correct and justified. It is that vicious criticism given by one person (always the larger of the two) to another. It comes in many forms, but usually in sarcasm, indirect insult, direct insult, or mockery. It cannot be noticed, for no external scars are left. In some cases it is given in jest and no harm is done, but in most cases it is intentional persecution. This verbal abuse, although the harm cannot be seen on the surface, can be worse than a physical abuse, for it can give a person an inferiority complex so bad that he will stutter or simply crawl back in his shell and remain silent for the rest of his life. The extroverts become stronger extroverts and the introverts become still weaker introverts. There is no chance for aurea mediocritas – the Golden Mean.

Rap is given to many people for many things. For the most part it is given to those people who don't fit into school society. The person who is picked on is the person who has different likes and dislikes, a different ambition, and a different set of hopes and aspirations. He may rather visit an art museum than go to a football game. He may rather read Scientific American than Mad magazine. He may prefer Brahms to the Beatles. He may want to read "Vanity Fair" more than "Lady Chatterley's Lover". He may want to speak to a master about something, just in passing as friendly conversation. He may be ambitious and hard working and get high marks. Are any of these bad characteristics? Are any of them worth continual criticism? Since these characteristics are different from those of the ordinary B.C.S. student, the person is immediately labelled a queer or a fink and the wrath of the whole student body is let loose on him. He is now open game for the year.

Another person who is always getting the bad end of the deal is the one who is short, shy, maybe fat, quiet, stupid, uncoordinated, and absent of any desirable characteristics. He is a poor, lost ship in a sea of people who rush about him getting things done and leaving this abandoned soul to sink. He is a nothing. He does no harm to anyone, and yet many people feel that he deserves eternal

criticism, degradation and generally speaking, a rough time. Verbal and physical abuse is piled on him with great force. Why? Why is it that people cannot leave these pathetic products of life alone? It is with this type of grief that people start feeling so vastly superior to other people that bigotry, segregation, and anti-Semitism settle in.

John Dryden once said, "If all the tyrannies on human kind, the worst is that which persecutes the mind."

I realize that nothing can be done about this situation. A group of people cannot live together in a society without the experience of friendships and hatreds – it is only human nature. This part of human nature will continue as an institution in B.C.S. and in any other group of people, and neither I nor anyone else can stop. Jean Baptiste Molière described the problem quite neatly when he said, "There is no rampart that will hold out against malice." I am afraid I would be disillusioned if I hoped for an end to the nagging, screeching, frustrating and usually cruel voices of the omnipresent "rap" givers.

R. Graham (Form VI)



TRAGEDY AT SEA—A TRUE STORY

Five men sat drinking beer at a table in the old tavern. They had already unloaded their two weeks' catch of fish and were now discussing their voyage. They were happy, because in the winter it was not often that they made such a good catch. Outside, the temperature was below freezing, and snow had started to fall in the late afternoon.

Inside, it was crowded, and the group rose from their table. The eldest man led them out into the cold.

"John and I should be in Liverpool tonight. Mr. Pierce is sending the cheque in the morning mail, so we'll have our pay well ahead of Christmas. We'll be cleaning her up and checking the lines tomorrow, I'll be on board for most of the day", he said. His voice seemed to crack in the coldness of the air.

"Okay, Bill, we'll be down around ten."

"Goodnight."

The group broke up, and three figures walked through the snow towards the bus stop on the main street, while John and Bill walked along the pier to where their longliner lay.

"I hope for our sake that the trip isn't too rough, Mr. Levy", said John. He was just a young boy, nineteen years old, and already he was earning his living from the sea.

"It shouldn't be too bad unless there's fog", Bill replied.

They came alongside and boarded the boat. She had been christened two years ago by Bill's wife, Claire. The captain loved every inch of his seaworthy vessel, and he was proud of her good condition and tidiness. He did his best to keep everything in order. The other liners lacked these qualities, he thought, and it was for this reason that there was no comparison between his ship and the rest of the fleet. The others were still at sea, riding out the storm.

Bill entered the wheelhouse and turned on the radio to hear the weather report. The announcer gave gale and storm warnings for the South Shore area. The storm was moving up the coast. He would be travelling with it, but it seemed like nothing out of the ordinary, so he put all thoughts from his mind. He had never been troubled by storms before, and he had been in them many times.

John came on board and opened the cabin door. A chilly gust of wind blew in with him as he entered.

"Get ready to cast off when I've got the engine running. We should leave now", Bill said.

He pressed the ignition and the engine roared into life. He eased back the throttle and the big Rolls idled down. John waved from the deck, signalling that they were ready to leave the wharf.

Bill shifted the engine into reverse and the boat slowly moved off, away from her berth. He cut the wheel hard right, gunned the throttle, and she swung around with a forceful churning of water.

John came inside as the skipper shifted into forward and gave the engine half throttle. The water around the propeller swirled as they throbbed away into the darkness. The lighthouse blinked at them as they rounded the point and hit the swell of the running sea. The liner was built to plow into the sea and that she did, cutting the waves so that the spray pounded over the bow and splattered on the cabin windows.

The two were silent as the engine propelled the vessel onwards. The visibility was getting lower from the thickening fog and Bill had to rely more upon his knowledge for direction. The engine was set at three-quarters full ahead, which gave them a speed of nine knots against the wind. Then they reached the end of the harbour and there the open sea was even more turbulent. Bill checked his chart and headed north by north-west. Liverpool was twenty sea miles away. He could see almost nothing, and every few minutes he gave a blast on the foghorn.

He could see his running lights, glowing in the fog. In the silence, Bill was thoughtful. His other three men were safe in the bus while he and John were plowing along the wild sea. He thought too of his family, sitting at home anxiously waiting to greet him as he walked in the doorway. A few years ago his eight brothers would have been there too, but they were dead now. They had been fishermen like himself. They all experienced shipwrecks and drownings. Not many families had to bear such grief as that of his own when the news of their deaths had come. For that moment he was sad. Most of all he wanted to feel hard ground under his feet and know that he was safe. Perhaps they should not have left Lockeport, but it was too late to think about turning back for Liverpool was closer.

According to the chart they were near Heneom's Point, off which lay a great reef, a menace to all. The place was unmarked, and there was no indication of where they were. He steered his boat onwards towards home. He wished that there was a light there, for it was a dangerous place in storms.

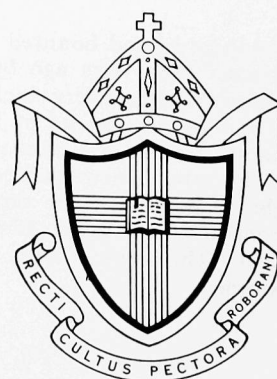
John had been standing nearby, all this time. His eyes were fixed on the sea, and he was lost in thought. Then he stirred and reached for a lunch pack that was resting on a shelf behind him. From it he took two sandwiches and handed one to his skipper. Once Bill had finished his, he felt better, and tried not to let his mind wander.

The salt spray had frozen on the rigging and the gunwhales. There were places on the deck that lay coated, too. A bedding of ice would make the liner heavier as well.

He looked at his instrument panel and stared in disbelief. The light for the depth finder was on. John shouted at him. He looked up and saw the breakers pounding the reef. He cut the wheel and as he did so the hull hit the rocks, splitting the bow. The ship shook in frenzy with the waves. John grabbed the radio and sent out an S.O.S. He called three times, giving their position. Then the two of them ran through the door and reached for the dory. The shock never left Bill's mind. His brother had gone and now it was his turn. John got the dory unfastened and they lowered it to the deck. Just then a gigantic wave rolled over the boat sweeping Bill over the side. John saw his head go under and he knew it was the end. Another was coming. He pushed the dory frantically over the side and jumped into it. He was helpless without any oars and there was no hope of him saving his skipper. Tears blurred his eyes, for he knew that only God could rescue him, and in his peril he prayed.

But John's message was heard. In the town of Port LaTour a ham radio operator received his faint calls. He called the Mounted Police who in turn notified Search and Rescue Headquarters. All ships in the area were alerted to proceed to the disaster at once. Early the following morning John was found. His dory was on the shore and he was lying in the bottom of it, hands clasped together, and dead. They searched the sea for traces of the captain. There was little hope that he would be found alive. His liner was totally wrecked, and lay in a few fathoms of water off the reef. For his family it was a terrible happening. A few months later a fisherman was hauling traps in Liverpool harbour. He started to haul one, but found it to be quite heavy. The trap came to the surface and with it came the mutilated corpse of someone who had once been a living human being. It all goes to show you what the sea is really like.

G. Jones (Form VI)

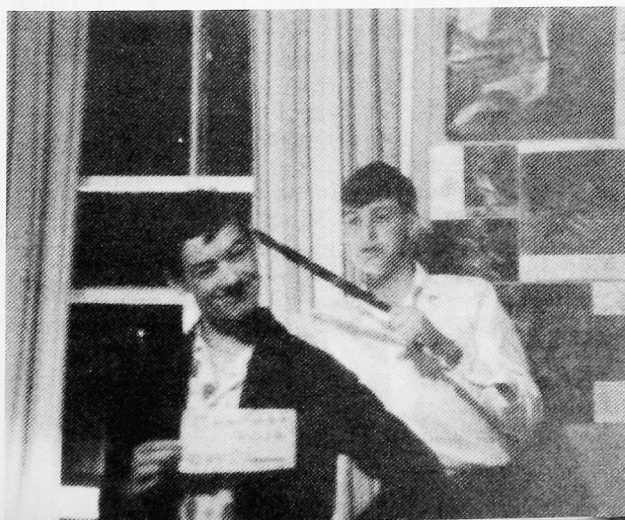




This year, as in other years, our stay at Chapman House was highlighted by many interesting events. Although we did not do extremely well in the cross-country and the carnival games, the house showed much spirit in both. At the beginning of the year there were many newboys in the house and there was also a new assistant housemaster, Mr. Rogers. Tim Bradley was our house Prefect, and Peter Porteous, Head Boy, aided by Charles Collin and Peter Boxer, House Officers.

The year progressed and mid-way through the first term we were pleased to have Frank Ritchie come down to the house from School House. The term ended very pleasantly with a house party.

As in previous years, a house project was taken up. We decided to have a house bank which would be opened every Sunday morning, and a record would be kept of the donations. By the end of the First



Term, when the money had reached a sizeable amount, we decided to purchase rugs for the stairs. We received them by the end of the Second Term. A work of thanks from the whole house goes to Mr. C.D. Duclos for his donation of a television set which has helped greatly in passing the leisure time.

The House thanks Mr. Cowans, our Housemaster, and Mr. Rogers, our Boys' Bank master, for their much appreciated work throughout the year.

T MINUS 5 with apologies to John Glenn and Frank

It is now five minutes to P. hour, as the inhabitants (that's because we're not all of us boys) of Chapman House complete their final before-prep tasks.

Passing the House Officers' bathroom, we find Timmy Bradley admiring himself in the mirror. Across the hall, we find Alsey Black smearing on acne cream.

In his room, we find Charlie Collin reproducing pictures from the latest installment of the daring and exciting escapades of Little Annie Fanny.

Across the hall we find Tony Try totally engrossed in Captain Marvel and the six Psychedelic Sugar Cubes. In the other corner, "Horse" Willows is putting the right letter in the wrong envelope.

Going up the wall, we have "Ears" Dowbiggin putting up more baseball pictures.



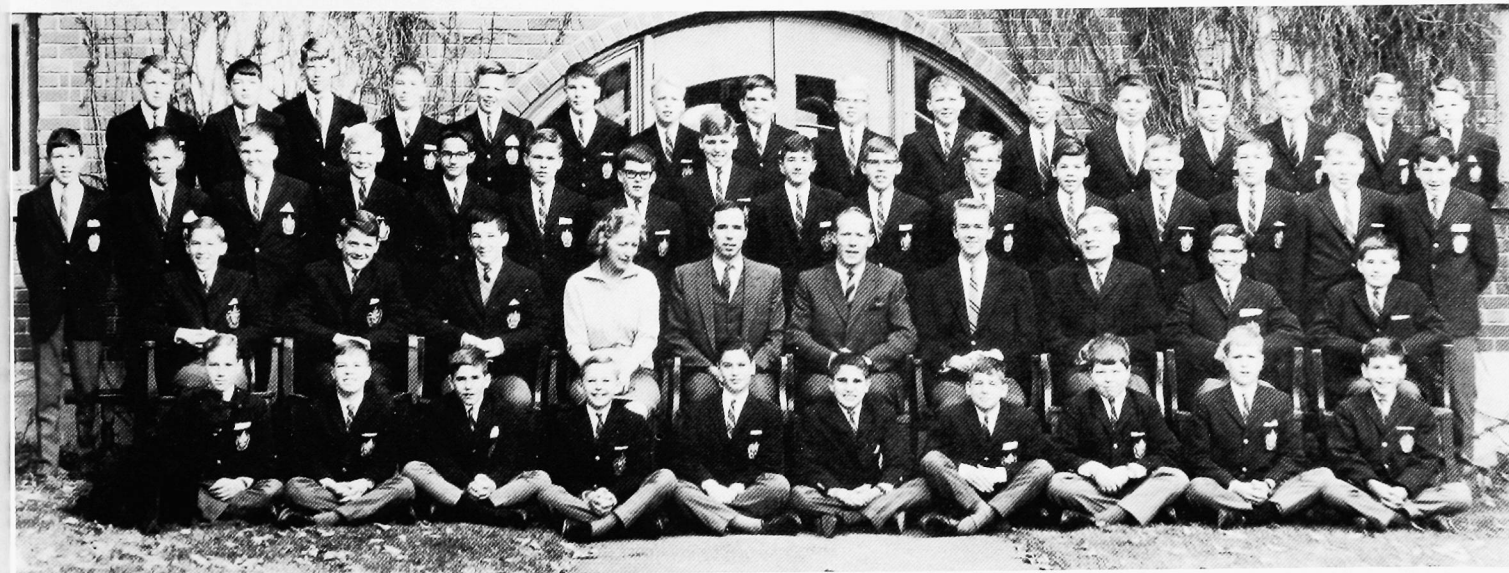
Down the hall to the left, we find Timmy Lawson strumming his six string guitar with three strings on it, Whitehead Newman, avoiding the washroom, runs by with the latest ish of Rod & Truck. Out the front window, we see Creaghy practising his bull-throwing.

Moving across the hall, we find MacCarthy studying, as he's been since supper ended, Spanish, and Porteous praying to Uhlor for snow (in June) and avoiding text books.

Looking out the window across the hall, we find Barwick and Bovaird coming in for a landing. Watching "Sieve" Cardozo practising for another great season. We hear Grant-baby Hulme singing a Requiem for Herman, the deceased turtle.

Across the hall we find Buggy Boxer listening to the Duodenal Ulcers Minus One while "Sappy Appy" Appleton is having dreams of the girls he left behind. And last, but not least "Jet" Tear is... he's... he's not here!! Boy are we stupid. He's at home.

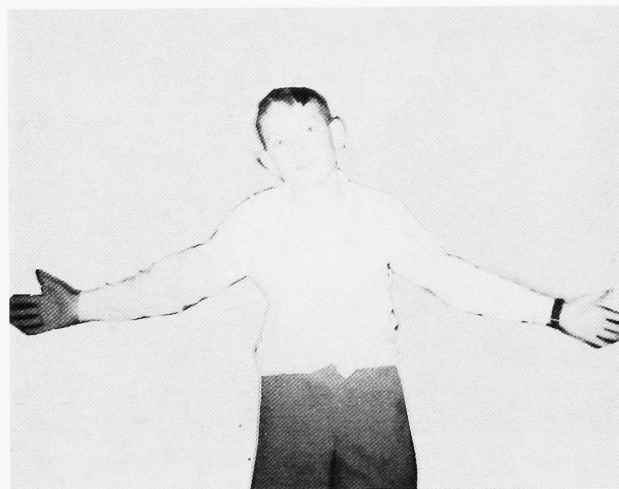
GLASS HOUSE



Glass House – Section I

1966-67 was the first year of Glass House's existence. It was formed from the old Prep. and was named after Dr. Glass, a former Headmaster. September saw forty-seven second and third formers, all new boys, arrive at the house. These boys are to be the first in a long line of Glass Housers.

At the start of the year, Glass Housers wandered around the school with sad eyes and lost expressions, but with good reason. The summer vacation had ended and now they found themselves living with boys they had never seen before. To top it off, they could not understand this idea of new boy line.



By the time the Thanksgiving weekend rolled around, all the pathetic expressions were replaced by smiles and laughter. As the awesomeness of the school wore off and friendships were formed, they realized that they would have fun, to say the least. Almost everyone saw his parents that weekend and those who didn't, had fun anyway. The following Tuesday everybody worked off the excess weight they had acquired on leave by a vigorous climb of Mount Orford.

Glass House, being the youngest house, ran the cross-country at a considerable disadvantage. Pfeiffer was the top Glass House runner of the day.

Before anybody knew it, the long weekend was upon them and already half the term was behind them. They all left Glass House happily for a well deserved rest.

The weekend flew by just as quickly as it came and the boys returned to school for the stretch until Christmas. The weeks passed by and before long the exams. occupied every moment of the boys' free time. During the examinations, Glass House became noticeably more silent and no longer was there the familiar fooling around of boys in the halls.

The term ended with a successful Christmas party which was highlighted by a mysterious mishap involving the housemaster and a pie.

With the start of the second term the halls were once again filled with familiar noises. The depression of the end of the holidays was lessened by the excitement of a dorm. change.



No sooner had they arrived than Glass Housers found themselves planning their strategy for the winter carnival. Glass House came through the carnival with victories in both the junior house relay and the broomball. Much to the disappointment of Glass Housers, their snow sculpture was edged out by the obviously inferior creation of School House. Everybody had a good time!

In the middle of the term Glass House turned out the first experimental dorm. So successful was this experiment, it was decided to make two other dorms. like it. In brief it allowed the boys to do their prep. in the dorms.

The boys would like to thank Mr. Clifton for the tremendous job he did as housemaster. They would also like to thank Mr. Guest, Mrs. Fisher and the two "new boy" housemasters, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Cloché.

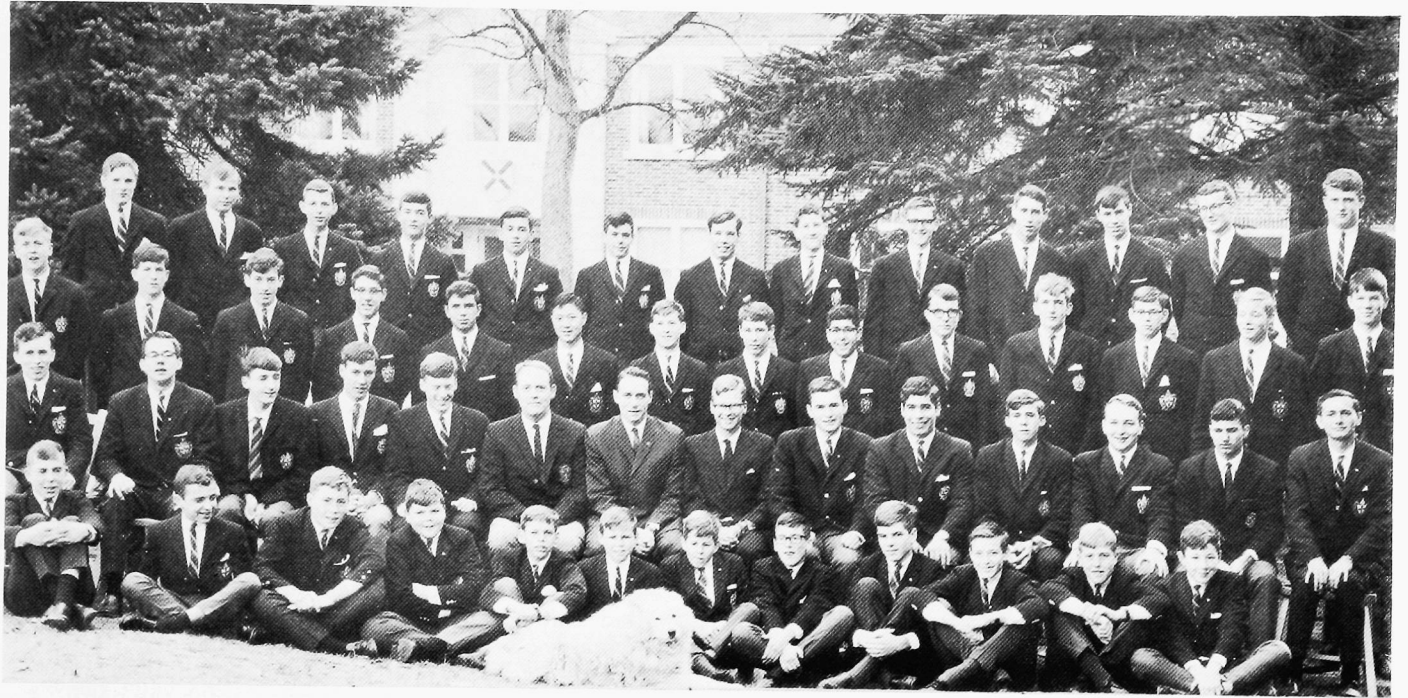
GLASS HOUSE-SECTION II

In the very first few weeks the dorms. were showing obvious signs of independence. Every dorm. boasted of their superior runners or best hockey players to prove their dorm. was the best. The cross-country saw a stiff competition between A and F dorms. However, Pfeiffer, Kirkwood, Cars-toniu, Horne and Ross carried down to victory. This rivalry was in earnest in every competition through the year and even in such games as capture the flag and scavenger hunts.

The majority of Glass House played soccer. It was compulsory for the second form to play soccer and several third forms took up the sport as well. The soccer players, supervised by Mr. Cloché, had an enjoyable season. Smith, a second former, received second team colours which was quite an achievement. Football was popular among the third formers and, in fact, ten Glass Housers were on the co-champion teams. Dowbiggin II, Beland and Campbell represented Glass House on the "All Star Team." After the long weekend, cleats were replaced by skis and skates. At least half the hockey players in the house made the Algonquins or Hurons and the rest had a good season on the Micmacs. About twenty boys took up skiing. Of these, two boys reached the standard of the junior ski team. They were Dunn and Setlakwe.

Besides these sports, Glass Housers spent many hours playing hockey and ping-pong. The latter became so popular that a tournament was held. The winner was Bishop. They also found quite a bit of time occupied by clubs. In fact, it was significant that Glass House has a member in nearly every single club.

The year was certainly a successful one for Glass House boys.



GRIER HOUSE

To whom it may concern:

Why did I put this message in the bottle and send it down the clear blue waters of the St. Francis?

So that all the world may know the goings on in Bishop's College School's most illustrious establishment, Grier House.

Among this year's replacements for last year's graduating class, we find a new Assistant Housemaster. Mr. Ferris, a scene of embodied efficiency, helped clear out the dusty cobwebs of summer. Other initiates included a renowned Parisien Surfer, a few agriculturally inclined Nova Scotians, plus several of those fortunate enough to leave the confines of School House.

September passed quickly and eventually everyone was settled, until Christmas anyway. The already famous chant of "Drink Shop", could once again be heard throughout the house. Its funds furnished us with a new common room and a playing field for the Centennial Year. The flashy Minister of Finance imposed a tax on all vagrant bottles and the cry was, "No taxation without representation."

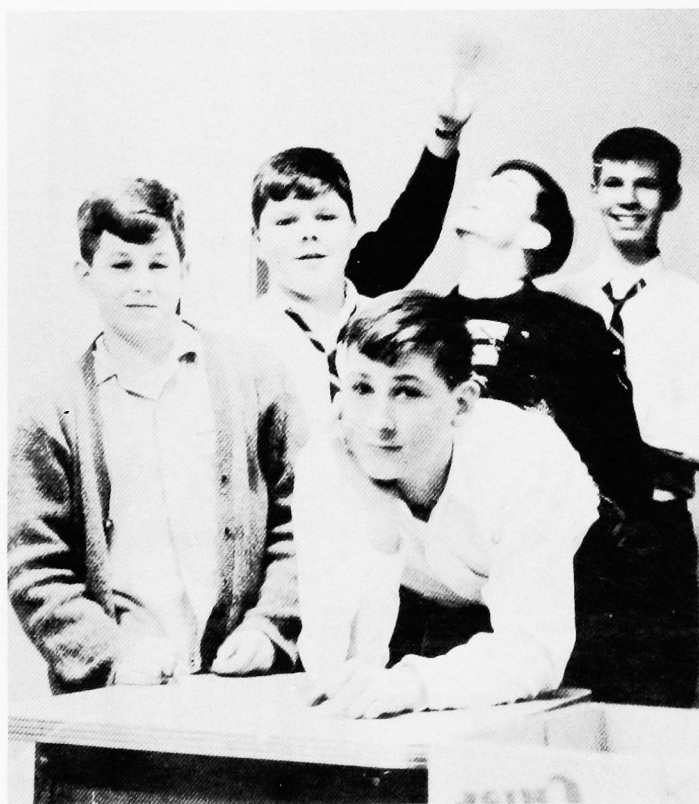


Our 'umble Housemaster may be seen daily in his somewhat modified foreign model trash can, capable of sustaining high speeds between the School and the house and possessing a most unique yet antiquated body design.

This year the members of the house were somewhat accident prone, with numerous broken legs and a broken arm among the casualties.

As the mid term approached, Grier Housers could be seen plodding their way around the cross country course in an effort to get their house points into the realm of positive numbers. Fleet footed David Walker, despite what his name implies, clinched second place and Christopher Davis followed up close behind.

For his slick achievements during the term, Davis was elevated to the exalted rank of House Prefect. Statistically, with Scott Abbott's appointment at Christmas, we forty odd commoners are now suppressed by five officers.



The mid term break passed in one fleeting weekend and with the coming of the snows, Grier Housers were tempted to indulge in some mental exercise, in preparation for the onslaught of December exams.

A slight break in our studies was the Tea Dance, late in November. Grier House's turnout left a bit to be desired. However, the mixture of Vetiver and Jade East, which wafted through our halls, informed us the House's own Don Juan was preparing for the dance.



The climax to the term was the Christmas party. Law was dethroned as M.C. due to the unexpected arrival of Our Man in Paris, hanging ten on his surfboard. Fleming and Fowler's dancing addition to Broadway once again returned for its' second great showing. Meanwhile, Mr. Bedard vainly attempted a card trick. After repeated failures he pulled through with a reasonable facsimile, not half as good as his first efforts, however. The infamous crowd of William's and Smith Housers, who made a half hearted attempt to crash the party, were thrown back but they had placed a noticeable damper on the festivities.

Within a month, Grier Housers were tearing down the walls to get back in.

The smoke of the first few weeks of January had barely cleared, and Ramirez was thankful it had, when the Winter Carnival was upon us.

Perhaps the judge for our snow sculptures was a separatiste but our expression of "L'amitie", didn't appeal to him. Although the outcome of the Carnival was decidedly against the house, we were declared the International Broomball Champs.

Summing up Harper's achievements for the year, he managed to usurp Bibby's title to the drink shop until excessive rap forced his resignation. He is still, however, part owner of the second hand shop and part-time babysitter for Mr. Bedard. Abbott is fast gaining favour, however.

Emperor Fleming, or so we predict for next year, keeps his top floor at peak military efficiency, almost. This time we will try from Captaincy to First Consul without the revolution, but History repeats itself and we are blessed with a second Napoleon.

Mr. Bedard may be seen frequently doing pushups in his Centennial play suit, in preparation for the Davis Cup.

Grier House was well represented in the School play. Phillip Fowler, the leading man, led Abbott and his ravishing wife, Bruce MacCulloch (alias Herbie), slightly astray. Who else would play the lawyer but the House's own Tom Law. With a name like that how could he lose? Eddy Shoiry had a definite walking problem to match his speech impediment. Frogs usually hop. Bill Stensrud personified the typical doctor, godliness before cleanliness.

Few of us will forget the immense figure which sallied forth to end the play. None other (there couldn't be another) than our own Jack Latter, the house's staunchest supporter of the drink shop, or vice-versa.

With the approach of the Compton Formal, one Sco Sco Dunlop discovered some discouraging news about Ce Ce. He has been complaining ever since about the age limit on the child labour laws. After the turn of February, a certain Wendy the Red Baron shot down Snoopy Eddy.

This year Shoiry has taken over possession of Duff's bayonet. It is, however, being used to the same ends as its former owner employed it. Kishfy is still at large.

Mr. Callan has once again taken over the latter half of the alphabet for this year's boy's bank. Poverty returns, in the slight break between Beethoven and Handel, with the Englishman's cumbersome fines for tax evasion.

A typical night in Grier House just doesn't exist. Every day is a different potpourri of antics, epigrams and arguments. Presently the life of several of those in residence consists of the following.

A day for Law and Abbott is composed of constant bickering. Neither of them is sure if the other is on better terms with Mr. Bedard. Should the subject of the discussion enter the room, Abbott might drop a snide remark about Jean Beliveau. Mr. Bedard leaves and Law gets to babysit. But don't worry about Abbott, he's still got his colour picture of Bobby Rousseau.



Davis is often found in his 'umble abode tinkering around with numerous confiscated Ted Mark spy thrillers.

While Eddy is sending shrieks of "Abort", reverberating down the halls, Kishfy is getting rap of a different colour.

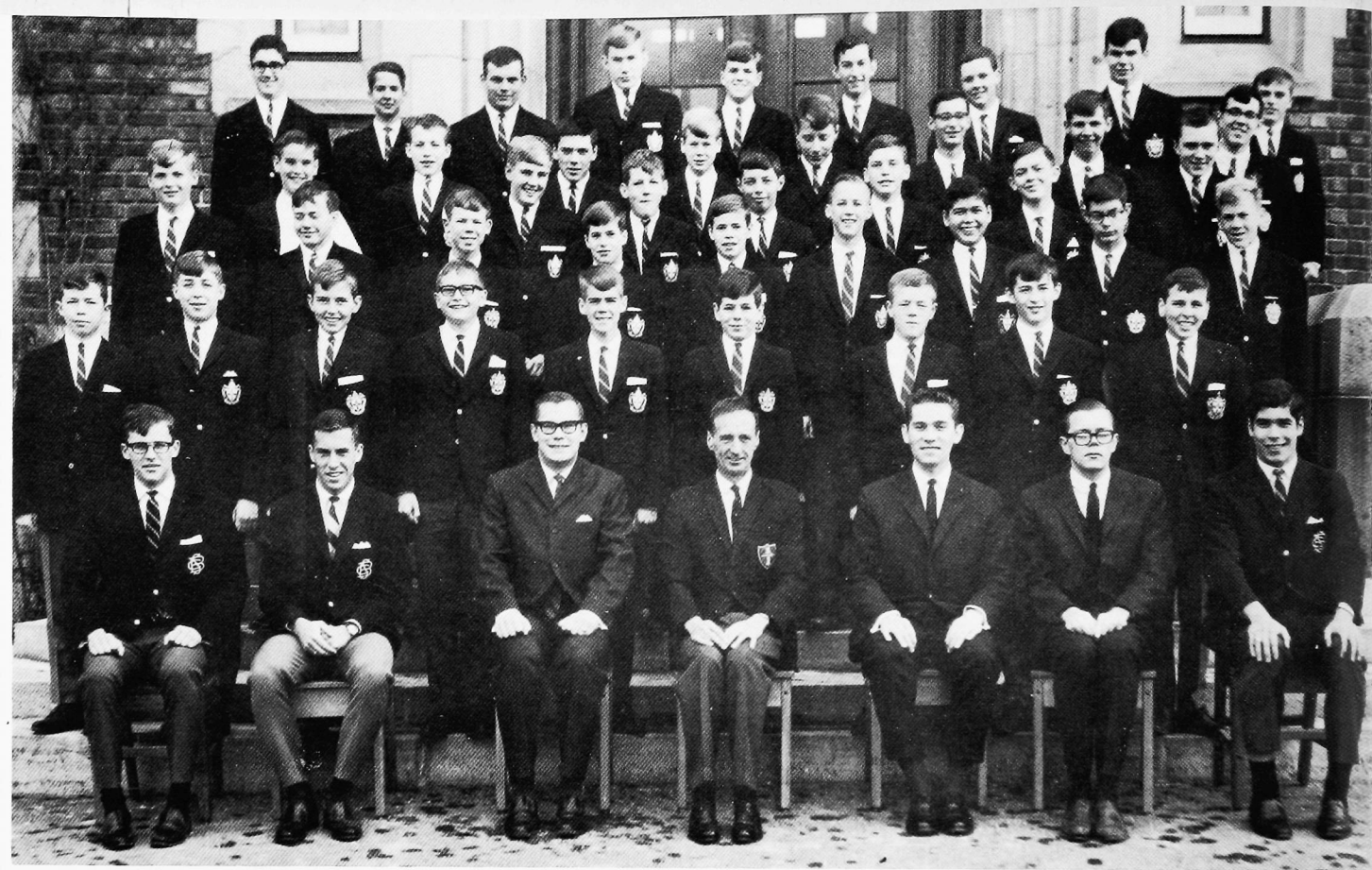
Should this message fall into the wrong hands, and to save myself from the intended injuries which would follow, I feel called upon to express our sincere thanks to Mr. Bedard and his able Assistant Housemasters, Mr. Callan and Mr. Ferris.

Davis and his cronies, Abbott, Walker, Law and Fleming, deserve our thanks for their efforts to make improvements on house life this year.

Should this message have inspired you, see the bottle for application instructions.

Michael Kenny



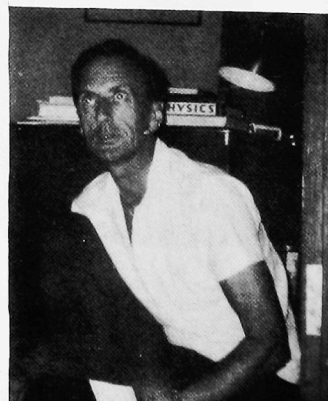
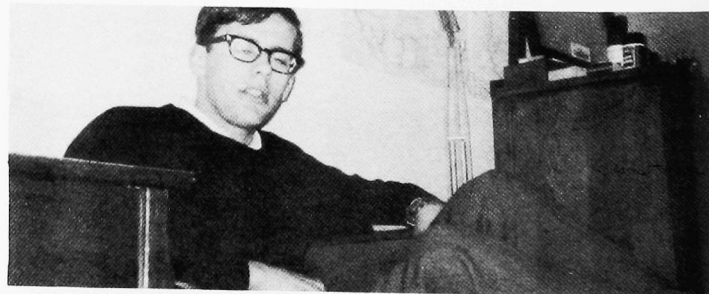


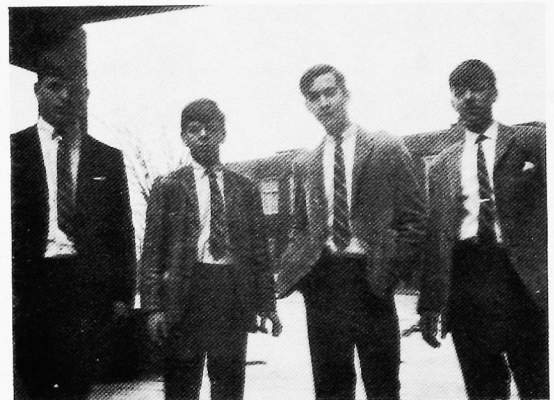
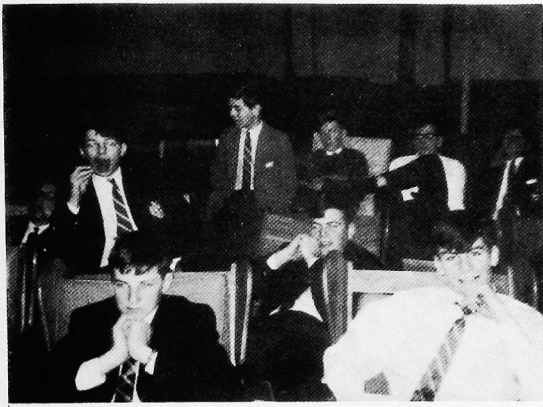
SCHOOL HOUSE

This year the School House population dropped to a mere 42 persons, including house officers. However, School House was neither dormant nor vegetating. In fact, it has been jumping like an explosives factory on fire, with Eliot B. and feet Inc., Morgue, Claudius and the rest of the crew. School House action has been centred around B dorm and G dorm UFO's, and in one case a human UFO, flying shaving cream and numerous other things.

To everyone's delight a new television set was installed in School House at the beginning of the second term. The contributor to the School House fund to pay for the TV was "The unorthodox Eliot B", who wrote a cheque every two days on the average and Gren, who was an equally noteworthy donor.

Two new assistant housemasters were added to the house, Messrs. Filotas and Wells. Mr. Filotas is from Hungary, while Mr. Wells is from the States. We certainly hope that they like School House because they add a lot of colour and excitement to our "rough lives".





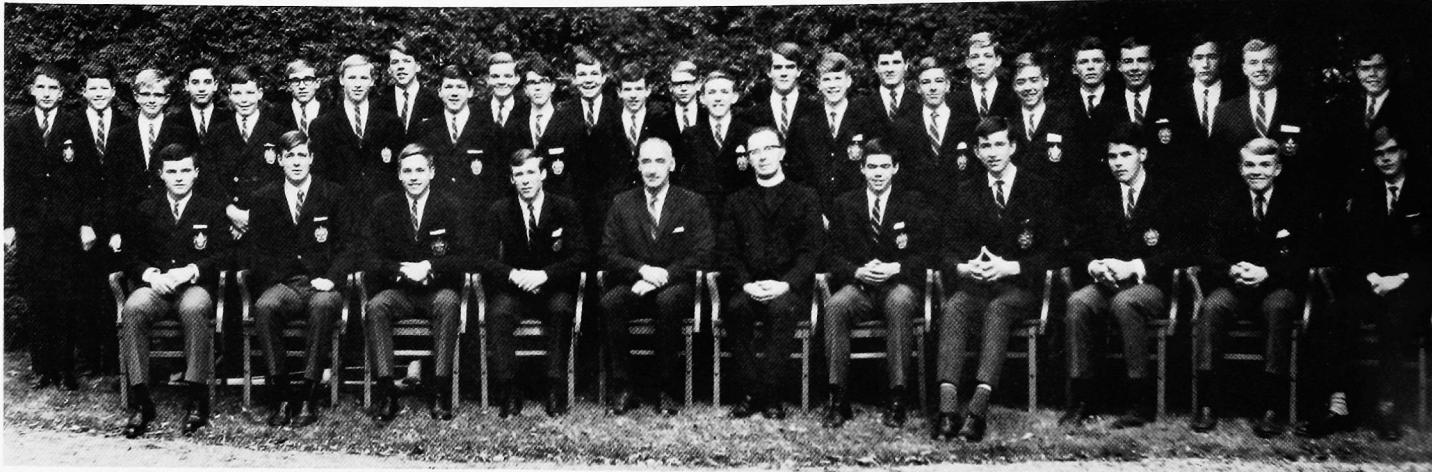
In the November cross-country race School House was proud to congratulate Riddiough for tying for first place in the cross-country race. This was the first dead heat in the history of the race. Also for the first time we had a team in the Senior Race and succeeded in defeating Smith House because of Outerbridge I's ninthplace finish.

The same things occur in School House as in years past. Occurences such as taps bursting in B dorm with the help of Lyman, Williams, crushed crackers aided by Kerson and Everett help School House and give it its standards. All in all though, School House has taken a great step under Mr. Grimsdell, Mr. Milligan, Mr. Filotas and Mr. Wells. The school officers are the Head Prefect, S. McConnell, Head Boy, D. Montano and Head Boy, B. Sutton. Once again we wish to thank everyone who make this year a good one.

P. Everett, III



SMITH HOUSE



SMITH HOUSE ARTICLE

It was just about that time of year again when everyone dies of poisoning and, as usual, a few brave ones were grouped around the Bar-B-Q fire, touched off by the knowing hand of Queen Scout Eeny. Always a tower of strength, well, maybe not strength, but at least a tower, Miners was noticeably absent and was probably slamming his and Skutezky's fingers in the printing press downstairs. Also missing was "Teddy Bear Nadeau", who was up getting a haircut from Mr. Dusseault and Fred, who had contrived some sort of deathly disease.

Baron Von Thompson, prepared with flying helmet and goggles for any attempted attack by Raz and his hampsters, cautiously eyed his hamburgers in the fire. Meanwhile, L.S. Dave was wiping some mustard onto the nearest poplar tree. Tish crept through the woods and weeds with his leopard gun, looking for leopards, of course, and gave fuming Dal the shock of his life. Webbie sat on the Bar-B-Q table providing guitar "music", plonk, plonk. while Emile wiggled and danced in his own inimitable way. Hackney, sniff, performed, "Himitationshof masters," sniff. Martin Smith was just returning from the Chemistry Lab.

"Good to see you're back Smith," said Rick, pleased at his obvious pun. Howson was wearing one of his super suave T-shirts and selling hamburgers to raise money for the Irish Hospitals or something.

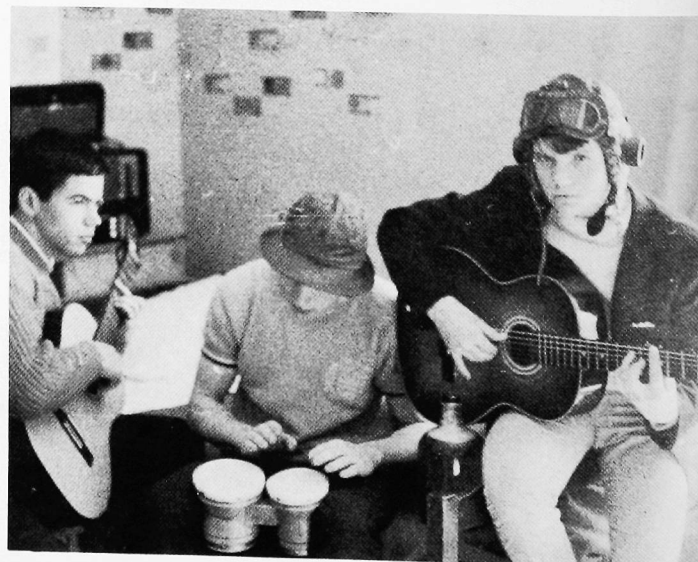
"Thanks Father Rick. Say! You didn't have an unhappy childhood or anything, did you?"

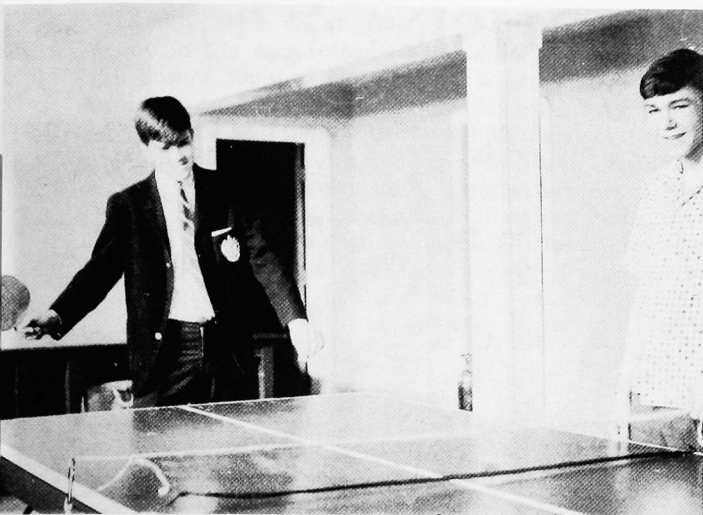
"No, I didn't! Hey, the fire's going out. Get some wood Balharrie. Balharrie? All right, where is he?"

"Having another shower I guess," replied a witty one. And just then Steve piped in with a,

"Let's have a Bish., for the great Bar-B-Q boys!"

"Hey, Thorpe! Who in the House was on First Team Football this year?"





"There was Brickenden, Martin-Smith, and Tisshaw on first team soccer. And on first team Hockey there was Newbury, Howson, Milne and CLICK-DZING Brickenden on the ski team DZING-PLUNK."

The House picture turned out well this year, but darned if we can find Park's other hand!

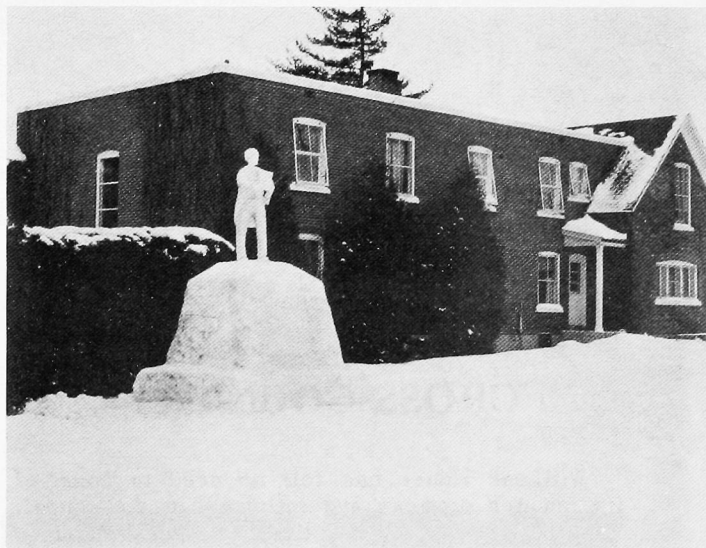
"Well, you've got to give it to Moffat and Milne, they really have great house-spirit," said Moffat and Milne, boasting about the sparkle on the fire extinguishers.

"Boy! Am I glad the common room got finished."

"Ya! That orange paint looks really well, especially on the snow sculpture of "Sir John A."

"CLICK - let me see now - CLICK-CLICK there was - CHUNK-CHUNK-DING!!! Webster CLICK Baker CLICK Newbury CLICK Kirby CLICK Howson CLICK Donald CLICK Parks BELCH-TILT-CLICK-RING!! NO SALE."

"O.K., what about the other first teams, computer old boy?"



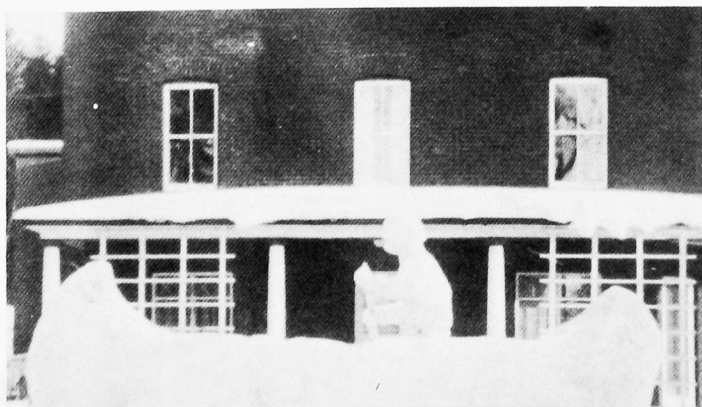
"You know, nyuh! it really has been a rosy year!"

WILLIAMS HOUSE



WINNERS OF: WINTER CARNIVAL CROSS COUNTRY

Williams House has felt no need to boast of its inmates prowess and influence in the school. Vaunting of meagre accomplishments by rival houses only underlines their lack of overall achievement. Honours and trophies always return to their rightful shelter under Williams House roof. The superiority of Williams House is shown by the fact that its members are capable of making fun of and laughing at each other without malicious feelings. This is evident by the description of a typical Williams House barbeque.



Mess, president of food control is outside early, co-ordinating affairs, while spaceman Jamieson lies prostrate beneath a tree, with novel in hand. The tranquil atmosphere is shattered by Saykaly leading weight lifting exercises for our cross-country men Varv. and Haddad.

Kenny, the "Cat from Carnaby", makes the scene in his epauletted flower shirt as Dyer turns the corner looking skyward for a stray snowflake, refusing to believe ski season is over. As Berg. begins his half hour oration on the importance of English pronunciation, Barry retaliates with the 'superior' American version. Stumbo devours a raw hamburger, continuing his futile search for hormones to give that "Bain de Soleil" look. Clifford, standing guard next to the Arc de Triomphe, side door, protects his cherished rights as Jessop defiantly strides through with brush and mirror in breast pocket.



Bridger II, commenting on the warm southern weather, offers his pemmican-burger to Clark who vainly attempts to squeeze it between his lips. Bernie Moncel (Tetrault), with buffed tacks in hand, animalistically, pidgeon-toes it on the set, modeling his new glasses with vain hopes of widening his eyes. Ksiezopolski, carrying out his favourite duty, cleans up, and discreetly searches for tasty leftovers. Oh, yes, Olive, constantly alert, comes out and asks for a pickle and so ended the barbeque.

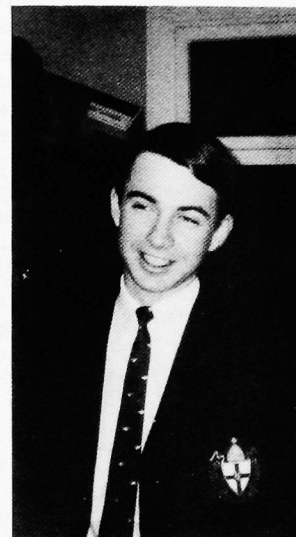
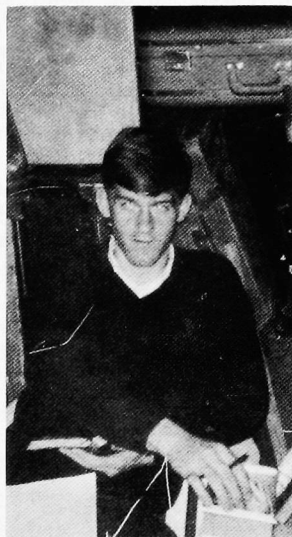
In all sincerity, the boys would like to thank Mr. Campbell for his interest and concern for every member of the house. And, at the same time, we wish to show our appreciation to Mr. Read.

Williams House has an extra incentive to do well in inter-house competition because of the outstanding cooking of Mrs. Campbell.

David Bridger
Pierre Tetrault
Carleton Monk



As the barbeque gets on its way Monk screams in agony for having missed the 1922 Stanley Cup play-offs, but was shouted down as handsome, guitar twanging, muscle bound, Jeff. Lawson sang his version of "Bang, Bang, She Shot me Down." A couple of people were standing around the fire listening to this clatter. Notably one, Pierre Newell, mumbling "L'aujourd'hui en quinze - Oh ma Suzanne!" Burbidge, contemplating the latest figures in Playboy, burned his hot-dog, but Phillips, dancing from side to side with his cleats on, screams, "Give 'em a hot-dog! Give 'em a hot-dog!" As Palmer issued the fifth form familiar cry of "Throb", Bradley, clad in his Mohawk night-shirt and with tomahawk in hand, attacks Oughtred who, "mad as a pig on a wet mornin'" retaliates by screaming, "Pick on a critter your own size!" Bone Eddy, apart from the rest, gazes wistfully into the St. Francis, the perfume scent bringing back memories of home. Breakey curses violently at the activity and deaks out for a butt.



EXCHANGES

Asbestos, Danville, Shipton High School, Asbestos, Quebec
 Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ontario
 Belfast Royal Academy, Belfast, Northern Ireland
 Bishop's Strachan School, Toronto, Ontario
 Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario
 Campbell College, Belfast, Northern Ireland
 Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
 Dulwich College, Dulwich, England
 Edgehill School, Windsor, Nova Scotia
 Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ontario
 Felsted School, Essex, England
 Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland
 Fredericton High School, Fredericton, New Brunswick
 Granby High School, Granby, Quebec
 Halifax Grammar, Halifax, Nova Scotia
 John Rennie High School, Pointe Claire, Quebec
 King's College School, Windsor, Nova Scotia
 King's Hall, Compton, Quebec
 Lakefield School, Lakefield, Ontario
 Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Quebec
 Lindsay Place High School, Pointe Claire, Quebec
 Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa, Ontario
 Lower Canada College, Montreal, Quebec
 Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Quebec
 Mount Royal High School, Montreal, Quebec
 Netherwood School, Rothesay, New Brunswick
 Nicol's School, Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.
 Quebec High School, Quebec, Quebec
 Queen Charlotte High School, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island
 Ridley College, St. Catherines, Ontario
 Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, New Brunswick
 Rugby School, Rugby, England
 St. Andrews College, Aurora, Ontario
 St. Helen's School, Dunham, Quebec
 Saint John High School, Saint John, New Brunswick
 St. George's, Vancouver, British Columbia
 St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A.
 St. John's Ravenscourt, Winnipeg, Manitoba
 St. Paul's School, Concord New Hampshire, U.S.A.
 Selwyn House School, Montreal, Quebec
 Shawnigan Lake School, Shawnigan Lake, British Columbia
 Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke, Quebec
 Stanstead College, Stanstead, Quebec
 The Church of England Grammar School, Brisbane, Australia
 The South African College School, Cape Town, South Africa
 The Study, Montreal, Quebec
 Trafalgar School, Montreal, Quebec
 Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario
 University School, Victoria, British Columbia
 Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario
 Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut, U.S.A.
 Westmount High School, Montreal, Quebec
 Weston School, Montreal, Quebec

ADDRESSES

ABBOTT, SCOTT.....	"The Wilderness", Hudson Heights, Que.
ABDALLA, BRUCE.....	P.O. Box 730, Coaticook, Que.
ANDERSON, IAN.....	98 Ridge Road, Hudson, Que.
ANGEL, JOHN.....	146 Hamilton Ave., St. John's, Nfld.
APOSTOLIDES, JOHN.....	420 Graham Blvd., Montreal, Que.
APPLETON, ROBERT.....	Route 1, Box 393, Highland, N.Y., U.S.A.
AWDE, ANTHONY.....	228 Chester Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Que.
BAGNALL, JOHN.....	450 Osborne Road, St. Lambert, Que.
BAKER, STEPHEN.....	108 Victoria Drive, Baie d'Urfe, Que.
BALHARRIE, PAUL.....	Quyong, Que.
BARDEN, DAVID.....	5654 Queen Mary Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
BARKER, DAVID.....	c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd., Kirkvine P.O., Jamaica, West Indies.
BARRY, WILLIAM.....	701 Blackshire Road, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A.
BARWICK, BLAIR.....	65 Dufferin Road, Montreal, Que.
BELAND, PIERRE.....	721 Notre Dame N., R.R. 1, Louiseville, Que.
BERG, EDWARD.....	Calle 93, No. 12-11, Bogota, Columbia.
BEVERIDGE, ROBERT.....	P.O. Box 750, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.
BIBBY, GEORGE.....	Dale Cottage, R.R. 2, St. Hilaire, Que.
BISHOP, CRAIG.....	618 Victoria Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
BLACK, ALAN (I).....	4415 North Britannia Drive, Calgary, Alberta.
BLACK, KENNETH (II).....	2921 Parkside Drive, Lethbridge, Alberta.
BORNSTEIN, ERIC.....	702 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, Que.
BOVAIRD, TERENCE.....	656 Roslyn Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
BOXER, PETER.....	1321 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Que.
BRADLEY, TIMOTHY (I).....	8 Markwood Road, Forest Hills, Long Island, N.Y.
BRADLEY, PETER (II).....	8 Markwood Road, Forest Hills, Long Island, N.Y.
BREAKEY, ALAN.....	8 St. Augustine Ave., Breakeyville, Que.
BRICKENDEN, DAL.....	336 Wood Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
BRIDGER, DAVID (I).....	Orchan Mines Ltd., Matagami, Que.
BRIDGER, KEITH (II).....	Orchan Mines Ltd., Matagami, Que.
BURBIDGE, GEORGE.....	111 d'Alsace Street, Preville, Que.
CAMPBELL, NIGEL.....	Main Road, Hudson Heights, Que.
CAMPBELTON, DANNY.....	Quebec Cartier Mining, Gagnon, Que.
CARDOZO, ROBERT.....	635 Grosvenor Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
CARMICHAEL, RALPH.....	16 Kindersley Ave., Montreal 16, Que.
CARSTONI, JAN.....	237 St. Leon, Dorval, Quebec.
CHIANG, STANLEY.....	108 Macdonnel Road, 3rd Floor, Hong Kong.
CLARKE, GRIER.....	Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.
CLEGHORN, JAMES.....	3234 Cedar Avenue, Montreal, 5, Que.
CLIFFORD, JAY.....	4 Crescent Road, Granby, Que.
COLLIN, CHARLES.....	Upper McNaughton Ave., Hudson, Que.
CREAGHAN, THOMAS.....	237 Hampshire Road, Beaconsfield, Que.
CUTHBERT, BRUCE.....	116 Sherwood Drive, Ottawa, Ont.
DAILY, STEVEN.....	6 Gables Court, Beaconsfield, Que.
DAVIS, CHRISTOPHER.....	350 E. 52nd Street PH-B, New York, N.Y. 10002.
DAWSON, EDWARD.....	4300 Western Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
DIXON, THOMAS.....	4070 Highland Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
DONALD, JAMES.....	21 5th Ave., Pointe Claire, Que.
DOUCET, IAN.....	30 Lyttleton Gardens, Ottawa, 7, Ont.
DOWBIGGIN, IAN (I).....	123 - 14 Vanguard Ave., Pointe Claire, Que.
DOWBIGGIN, PETER (II).....	123 - 14 Vanguard Ave., Pointe Claire, Que.
DOWBIGGIN, STEPHEN (III).....	Austin, Que.
DUCLOS, BRIAN.....	212 Brock Ave. North, Montreal West, Que.
DUNLOP, SCOTT.....	383 Ashbury Road, Ottawa, Ont.
DUNN, ROBERT.....	185 Vimy Street, Sherbrooke, Que.
DYER, JOHN.....	540 Acacia Ave., Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
EBY, ANTHONY.....	142 Jeffrey Ave., Asbestos, Que.

EDDY, DARRYL (I) 702 Montgomery Street, Dalhousie, N.B.
 EDDY, JOHN (II) 245 St. Patrick Street, Bathurst, N.B.
 EVANS, THOMAS (I) Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 EVANS, ALAN (II) Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

EVERETT, PETER 24 Cypress Ave., Dolbeau, Que.
 FERGUSON, BRUCE 174 Edgehill Road, Montreal, 6, Que.
 FINLAYSON, DON 337 Lakeshore Drive, Rawdon, Que.
 FISHER, DAVID Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 FLEMING, ANDREW 337 Metcalfe Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
 FOORD, CHRISTOPHER 51 Dupre Street, Sorel, Que.
 FOWLER, PHILIP 36 Summit Circle, Westmount, Que.
 FRAAS, JAMES 146 Surrey Drive, Montreal, 16, Que.
 FRANCIS, GUY (I) Ambassador for Lebanon, Caracas, Venezuela.
 FRANCIS, ANDREW Ambassador for Lebanon, Caracas, Venezuela.
 FRANK, TIMOTHY 60 Placel Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 FRASER, SCOTT 3555 Côte des Neiges, Apt. 2101, Montreal, Que.
 FREEMAN, CLAUDE 90 Ste. Marthe, Cap de la Madeleine, Que.
 FROSST, ELIOT 106 Fernlea Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
 FULLER, DAVID 457 Argyle Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.

GAGNON, DENIS 41 Summit Crescent, Westmount, Que.
 GAUTHIER, FRANCOIS 3210 Forest Hill, Apt. 1607, Côte des Neiges,
 Montreal, Que.

GIBSON, GARY 26 Richelieu Road, Fort Chambly, Que.
 GILLIS, JAMES 1017 Beaufort Ave., Halifax, N.S.
 GLASS, RICHARD Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.
 GOODWIN, GEORGE 572 Victoria Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
 GRAHAM, ROBERT 1545 McGregor Ave., Montreal, 25, Que.
 GRAY, ROBERT (I) "Olympic Gardens", Fairylands, Bermuda.
 GRAY, KEVIN (II) "Olympic Gardens", Fairylands, Bermuda.
 GURD, GEOFFREY 123 Aberdeen Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.

HACKNEY, JOHN 168 Senneville Road, Senneville, Que.
 HADDAD, PETER 10575 Meilleur Street, Montreal, 12, Que.
 HENCHER, CLYDE 1510 Dumfries Road, Montreal, 16, Que.
 HENDERSON, JOHN Box 940, Sackville, N.B.
 HARPUR, ARTHUR 3499 Grey Ave., Montreal, 28, Que.
 HERRING, NEIL (I) 3 Queen Street, Lennoxville, Que.
 HERRING, BRUCE (II) 3 Queen Street, Lennoxville, Que.
 HORNE, FRASER 12 St. Maurice Terrace, Cap de la Madeleine, Que.
 HOWSON, RICHARD 7 Doon Road, Willowdale, Ont.
 HULME, GRANT 23 Kilburn Crescent, Hampstead, Que.

INMAN, MARK c/o N.M.R. Canada SHAPE CFPO-5053 C.A.F.O.

JACKSON, PETER 26 Rix Ave., Bedford, Que.
 JAMIESON, ROBERT 15 Westwood Drive, Pointe Claire, Que.
 JESS, PETER "Tangelea", Bedford, Que.
 JESSOP, DEREK (I) Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Que.
 JESSOP, ANDREW (II) Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, Que.
 JONES, GRENVILLE (I) 16 Main Street, Liverpool, N.S.
 JONES, DAVID (II) 11 Celanese Square, Drummondville, Que.
 JONES, OWEN (III) R. R. 1, Sutton, Que.

KENNY, MICHAEL (I) 243 Clemow Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
 KENNY, ALAN (II) P.O. Box 399, Buckingham, Que.
 KENWOOD, PETER 386 Revere Ave., Montreal, 16, Que.
 KERSON, WILLIAM 45 Grande Cote Road, Rosemere, Que.

KIRBY, FREDERICK 11 Surrey Drive, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
KIRKWOOD, MICHAEL 563 Lakeshore Road, Beaconsfield, Que.
KISHFY, RICHARD 2260 Sunset Road, Montreal, 16, Que.
KREDL, DONALD 281 Winters Drive, Baie d'Urfe, Que.
KSIEZOPOLSKI, PETER 145 East 27th Street, Apt. 10 P, New York, N.Y.

LALONDE, DANIEL Chateau Maisonneuve, 4998 Western Ave., Westmount, Que., Apt. 1601.
LANDELL, ROBERT 1221 Dunraven Road, Mount Royal, 16, Que.
LANGUEDOC, DAVID P.O. Box 330, North Hatley, Que.
LATTER, JOHN 485 Melbourne Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Que.
LAURIE, JOHN 33 Mountain Street, Granby, Que.
LAURIER, PAUL 110 Brixton Ave., St. Lambert, Que.
LAW, THOMAS "Lauriston", Box 145, Hudson Heights, Que.
LAWEE, ALAN 694 Aberdeen Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
LAWSON, GEOFFREY (I) 366 Ellerton Ave., Montreal, 16, Que.
LAWSON, TIMMY (II) 366 Ellerton Ave., Montreal, 16, Que.
LECOQ, PETER 118 Denison Ave., Granby, Que.
LOEB, MITCHELL 225 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
LOWERY, PETER 15 Northcote Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
LYMAN, DAVID 25 Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Que.

MacCARTHY, GORDON 3284 Ingleside Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio, U.S.A.
MacDONALD, ALAN (I) 23 Seeley Street, Saint John, N.B.
MacDONALD, DOUGLAS (II) 750 Buck Street, Apt. 3, Sherbrooke, Que.
MacGILLIVRAY, ERNEST 125 Dorval Ave., Apt. 210, Dorval, Que.
McKIM, ANDREW P.O. Box 717, Bedford, Que.
MacCULLOCH, BRUCE Oakwood, Shore Drive, Bedford, N.S.
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McNAUGHTON, DAVID 12 Birch Ave., Ottawa 7, Ont.
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MANN, ALAN 170 Simcoe Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, Que.
MARCHUK, RONALD 1745 Torrence Ave., Dorval, Que.
MARTIN-SMITH, PAUL 3102 South Parkside Drive, Lethbridge, Alta.
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MESSEL, JAMES 632 Laflamme Street, Thetford Mines, Que.
MILLER, DONALD 4 Islesmere Gardens, Ste. Dorothée, Que.
MILNE, ROBERT 337 Kensington Ave., Westmount, Que.
MINERS, IAN 229 Gay Lussac Street, Arvida, Que.
MOFFAT, ROBERT 4298 Montrose Ave., Westmount, Que.
MONK, CARLETON 1 Crescent Road, Granby, Que.
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MONTANO, ANDREW (II) Vista Bella, San Fernando, Trinidad, W.I.
MOONEY, J.G.M. c/o Asbestos Corporation Ltd., Thetford Mines, Que.
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MORRIS, ROBERT 401 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica, Cal. U.S.A.
MORTON, PETER (I) 41 Barat Road, Westmount, 6, Que.
MORTON, PETER (II) 127 Roxborough Drive, Toronto, 5, Ont.
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 NEWELL, PETER 125 Geneva Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
 NEWMAN, ROSS 2139 Wyoming Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C.
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 NICHOLL, JOHN "Buckies", Cavendish Heights, Devonshire, Bermuda.
 NICKSON, BRUCE Box 445, Knowlton, Que.

OLIVE, KENNETH 42 Granville Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Que.
 OUGHTRED, JOHN 1425 Notre Dame St. South, Thetford Mines, Que.
 OUTERBRIDGE, GRAEME (I) Tranquillity, Somerset, Bermuda
 OUTERBRIDGE, DOUGLAS (II) Tranquillity, Somerset, Bermuda

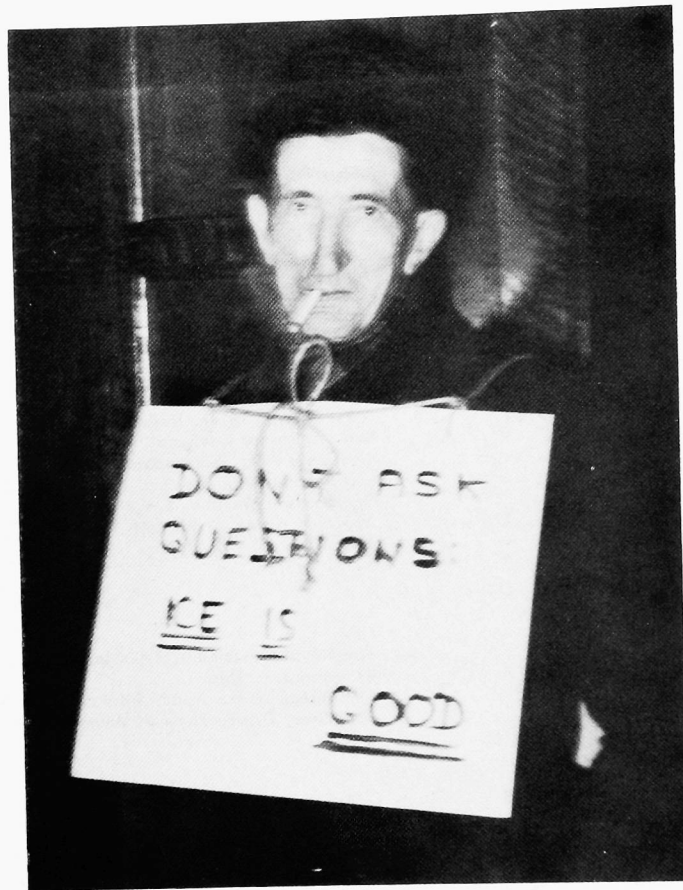
PALMER, WILLIAM 68 Forden Crescent, Westmount, Que.
 PARK, DAVID 45 Pacific Ave., Senneville, Que.
 PATTON, ALLAN 1040 Park Ave., New York, 28, N.Y., U.S.A.
 PFEIFFER, RICHARD 199 Lakeview Ave., Pointe Claire, Que.
 PHILLIPS, JOHN 55 Westward Way, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 PIDCOCK, STEPHEN 3489 Atwater Ave., Apt. 2, Montreal, 25, Que.
 POLSON, GEORGE 335 Vivan Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, 16, Que.
 PORTEOUS, PETER 405 E. 56th Street, Apt. 11K, New York, N.Y. U.S.A.
 PORTER, ALLAN Box 290, Hudson Heights, Que.
 PRIETO, JOHN 166-35 9th Ave., Whitestone, New York, U.S.A.
 PUDDEN, JOHN 16 Glendale Street, Lennoxville, Que.

RAMIREZ, ROBERTO Suite 1700, The Queen Elizabeth Hotel, 900 Dorchester
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 RASMUSSEN, DONALD 29 Surrey Drive, Montreal, 16, Que.
 REARDON, DONAT 42 Sunnyside Ave., Westmount, Que.
 REDPATH, IAN 597 Dawson Ave., Town of Mount Royal,
 Montreal, 16, Que.
 RIDDIOUGH, KARL 470 Oakhill Road, Ottawa, 2, Ont.
 RITCHIE, FRANK 2525 Normanville Blvd., Three Rivers, Que.
 ROSS, DOUGLAS Apartado 986, Lima Peru, S.A.
 RUBIN, DANNY 8505 Mountain Sights, Montreal, Que.

ST. AMAND, BRIAN 93 Allard Ave., Dorval, Que.
 SAYKALY, MARK 158 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Que.
 SETLAKWE, PAUL 633 Notre Dame Street North, Thetford Mines, Que.
 SEVEIGNY, JOHN 213 Alfred Street, Thetford Mines, Que.
 SHOIRY, EDWARD JR. 1419 Ave. des Gouverneurs, Sillery, Que.
 SIMPKIN, CHARLES 54 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal, 9, Que.
 SKUTEZKY, TREVOR 7370 de Chambois Street, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
 SMITH, PETER Carrera 16 No. 79-76, Bogota, Colombia, S.A.
 SPETH, NICHOLAS C.P. 38, 1095 Route Nationale 2, Ancienne-
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STAPLEY, TONY 111 Astoria, Pointe Claire, Que.
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 STEPHEN, ANDREW 5526 Ashdale, Cote St. Luc, Montreal, Que.
 STEWART, ALEXANDER (I) R.R. No. 1, Granby, Que.
 STILL, COLIN 317 Heroux Ave., Iberville, Que.
 STUART, CAMPBELL (II) P.O. Box 335, Hudson Heights, Que.
 STUART, COLIN (III) 700 Casgrain Ave., St. Lambert, Que.
 SUTTON, WILLIAM 191 Dennison Blvd., Bourlamaque, Que.

TEAR, ELLIOTT	90 Craig North, P.O. Box 2507, Windsor Mills, Que.
TETRAULT, PIERRE	453 Algonquin Ave, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
THOMPSON, ANDREW (I)	320 Parkside Drive, Bathurst, N.B.
THOMSON, PETER (II)	R.R. 1, Pointe Cavagnal, Que.
THORPE, ROBERTSON	47 Fraser Ave., Edmundston, N.B.
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TORRES, MAURICIO	Apartado Aerea 44-32, Cali, Colombia, S.A.
TRY, ANTHONY	72 Dahlia, Dorval, Que.
VARVERIKOS, DENNIS	The Royal Westmount, 250 Clarke Ave., Apt. 516, Westmount, 6, Que.
VIETS, ROBERT	459 Buena Vista Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
VIPOND, WILLIAM	172 Surrey Drive, Town of Mount Royal, Que.
WALKER, DAVID (I)	"Strathcroix", St. Andrews, N.B.
WALKER, JULIAN (II)	"Strathcroix", St. Andrews, N.B.
WARWICK, MICHAEL	8 Parkman Place, Westmount, Montreal, 6, Que.
WEBSTER, ION	Canadian Permanent Mission to U.N., Geneva, 16 Parc, Chateau Banquet, Geneva, Switzerland (G.P.O. Box 500 (SAG), Ottawa. 2, Ont.
WILLIAMS, DENNIS	9104 74th Street, Edmonton, Alberta
WILLOWS, GEORGE	5911 Highbury Street, Vancouver, 13, B.C.
WINN, ROBERT (I)	757 Upper Belmont Ave., Montreal, 6, Que.
WINN, PETER (II)	1237 William Ave., Quebec, 6, Que.
WRIGHT, PETER	610 Montgomery Ave., Riverview, Albert Co., N.B.
ZIGAYER, MICHAEL	315 Simcoe Ave., Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, Que.



ALFRED RODELL

In October the School lost an old friend who had served it faithfully for 40 years. Alfred Rodell had been groundsman and general guardian of our 400 acres from the time when there was just a field or two to keep, a road or two to plough, a single rink to freeze. He helped develop the grounds to keep pace with the growing School, and his pride in the trimmed lawns and groomed shrubbery was well justified. We take a good sheet of ice for granted now, but before the artificial plant was installed we had good sheets of ice when many another rink was slush, such a master of that craft was Alf. Returning Old Boys visited Alf before and after his retirement, and were sure of a welcome. He will be much missed and long remembered by many generations of boys and masters.

L.E.

B.C.S. THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE

LENNOXVILLE

What did you get for your money when June's issue of B.C.S., the Magazine of Bishop's College School?

It is highly unlikely that, as a result of your advertisement, 240 of whom are schoolboys, whose pocket money is earmarked in advance for food, entertainment, and the of long distance calls to parents for more pocket money your firm to pay more excess profits tax.

You received the satisfaction of which perhaps you were unaware till now, of enabling the boys of a school together a well organized, well written, well illustrated, the production of which gave knowledge and experience to photographers, illustrators, reporters, or business managers.

We, the Business Managers of the Magazine, will consider this enough reason to repeat your advertisement in next year's issue in June. Our rate card information, and order form are enclosed.

Yours truly

If you copy and return it to the Business Managers of B.C.S., 5th, 1967, whichever you prefer, we will send you a copy of the magazine. If no copy has been received, we will send you a copy of the magazine. Payment or proof of publication is required.

ADVERTISING

The B.C.S. MAGAZINE
THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

Date

as a result of your advertisement, 240 of whom are schoolboys, whose pocket money is earmarked in advance for food, entertainment, and the of long distance calls to parents for more pocket money your firm to pay more excess profits tax.

You received the satisfaction of which perhaps you were unaware till now, of enabling the boys of a school together a well organized, well written, well illustrated, the production of which gave knowledge and experience to photographers, illustrators, reporters, or business managers.

While we do not want to be interested in your advertisement, we do not want to be interested in your advertisement. We do not want to be interested in your advertisement. We do not want to be interested in your advertisement.

5/8" wide by 9-1/2" deep; trim size 8-1/2" wide by 11" deep; mats and electrostatic copy.

One page \$5.00
Half page \$3.00
Quarter page \$2.50

Not deductible- must be charged to advertiser.

Type page 6-5/8" Wide by 9-1/2" Trim size 8-1/2" Wide by 11" Deep

INFORMATION TO ADVERTISERS

"B.C.S.", the magazine of Bishop's College School, is a produced magazine published once a year in the School. Its purpose is to encourage writing, art and activities, and to provide some business experience for editors, and to record the events and activities of the school. It is printed on coated paper and with a cover.

General Advertising:

Agency Commission:

Mechanical requirements:

Remember the story about the boy who said, "Well, don't look now, but your first edition of B.C.S. is a very well written, well organized, well illustrated, the production of which gave knowledge and experience to photographers, illustrators, reporters, or business managers." It is highly unlikely that, as a result of your advertisement, 240 of whom are schoolboys, whose pocket money is earmarked in advance for food, entertainment, and the of long distance calls to parents for more pocket money your firm to pay more excess profits tax.

Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for the advertisement for this year's magazine. Unfortunately, the deadline for the advertisement was missed. We hope that this advertisement will be of some help to you.

Yours truly

The B.C.S. Magazine

INFORMATION TO ADVERTISERS

"B.C.S.", the magazine of Bishop's College School, is a produced magazine published once a year in the School. Its purpose is to encourage writing, art and activities, and to provide some business experience for editors, and to record the events and activities of the school. It is printed on coated paper and with a cover.

General Advertising:

Agency Commission:

Mechanical requirements:

*The Business Department thanks
all those firms which advertised and
the following boys who solicited for
advertisements on behalf of the magazine.*

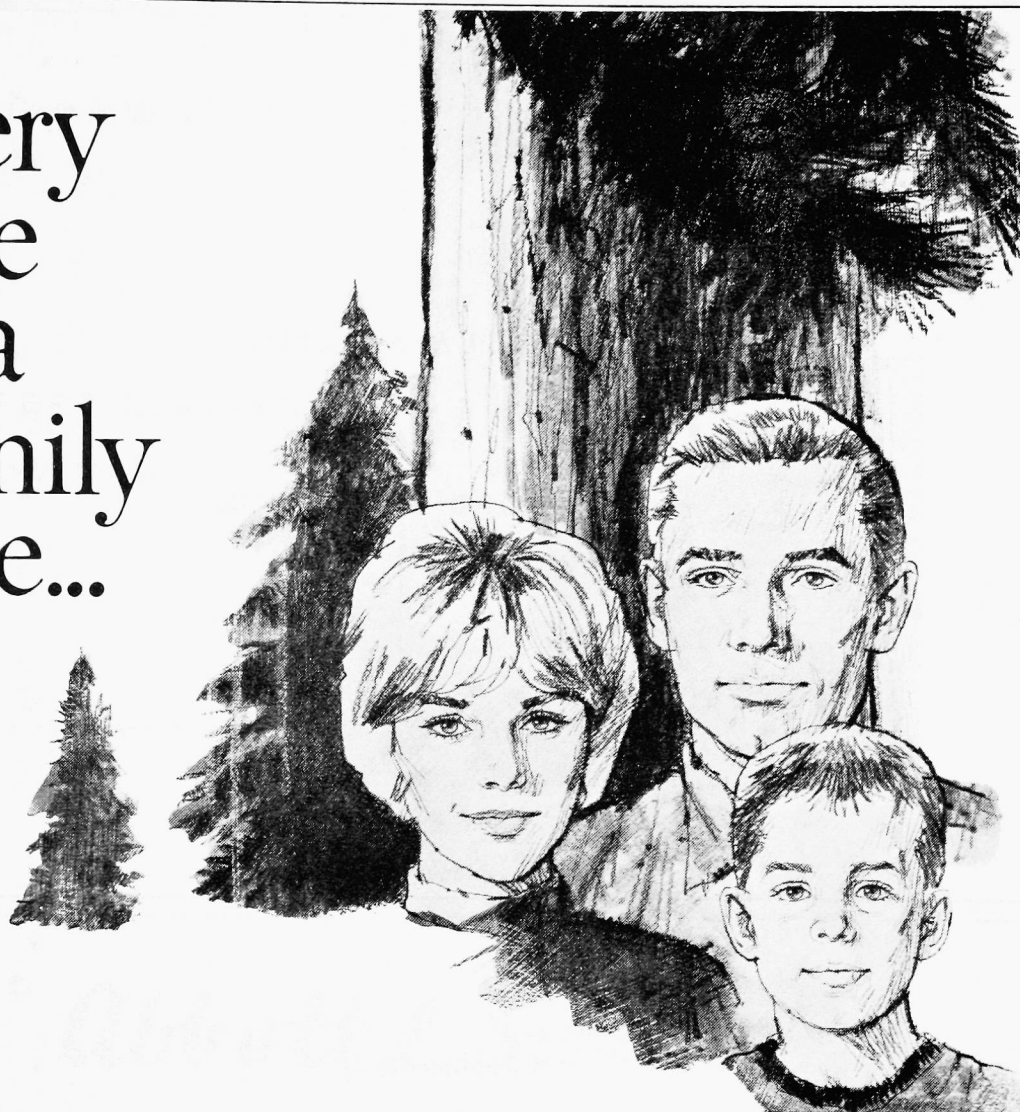
J. Bagnall
R. Carmichael
C. Collin
S. Daily
C. Davis
S. Dunlop
R. Dunn

T. Eby
A. Fleming
R. Graham
N. & B. Herring
R. Jamieson
P. Jess
O. Jones

M. Kenny
R. Kishfy
D. Languedoc
D. MacDonald
J. Messel
C. Monk
B. Nickson

K. Olive
F. Ritchie
P. Setlakwe
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A. Stewart
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every
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family
tree...



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That's why it's so important to protect them from forest fires. Nine out of ten forest fires are caused by careless people who forget

these simple rules: Always hold matches till cold. Be sure to drown all campfires, stir the ashes and drown them again. Crush all smokes dead out.

please!
only you can
prevent
forest
fires

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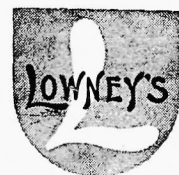
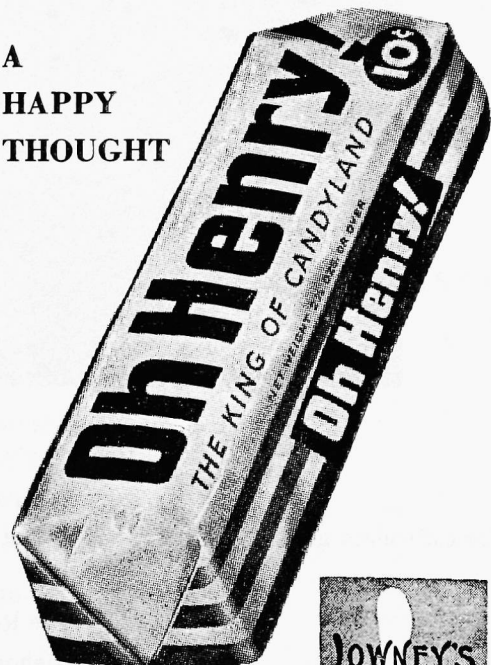
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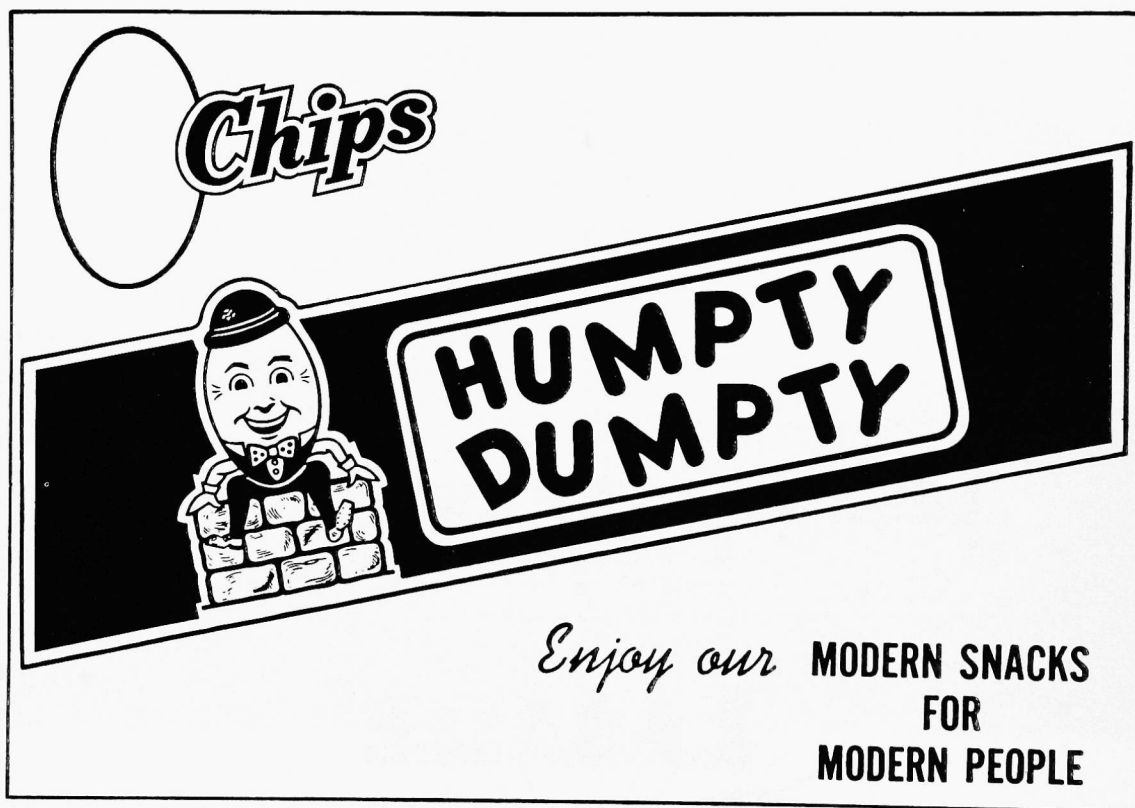
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HEAD OFFICE - ASBESTOS, QUE.



*Aerial view of Jeffrey Open Pit Mine of
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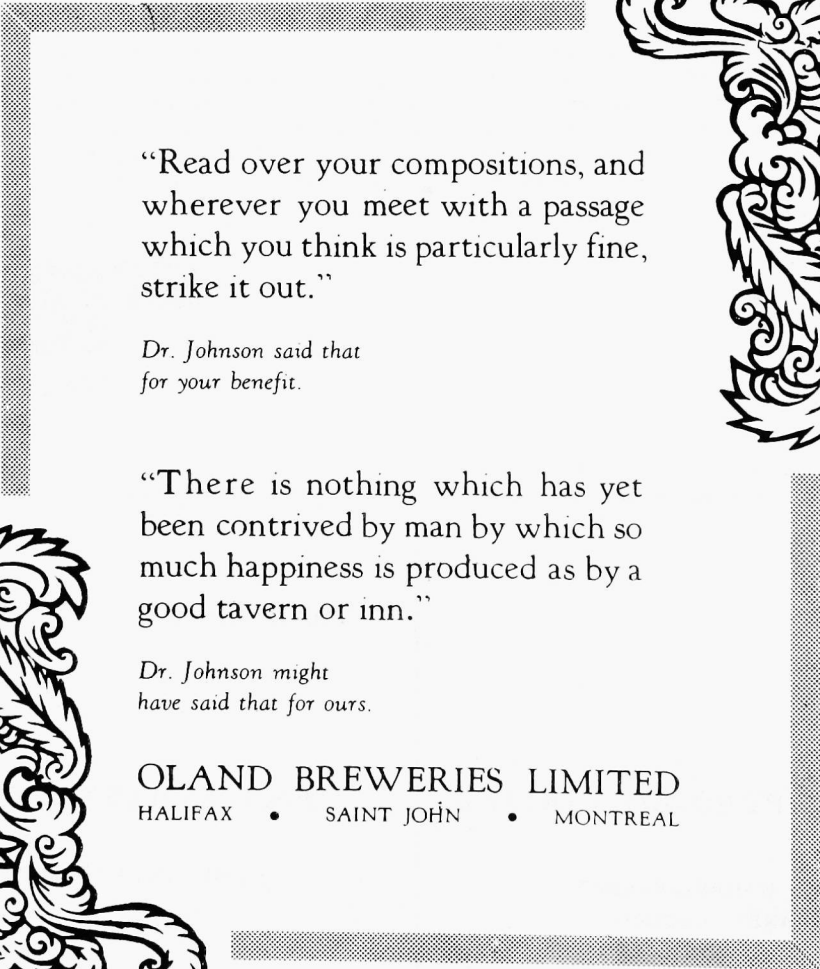
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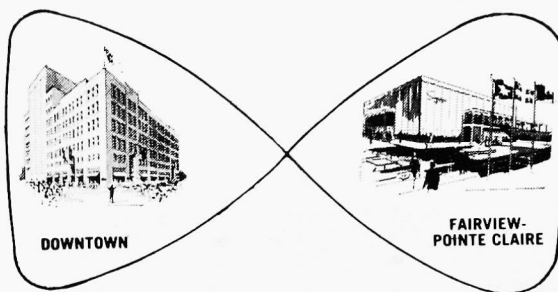
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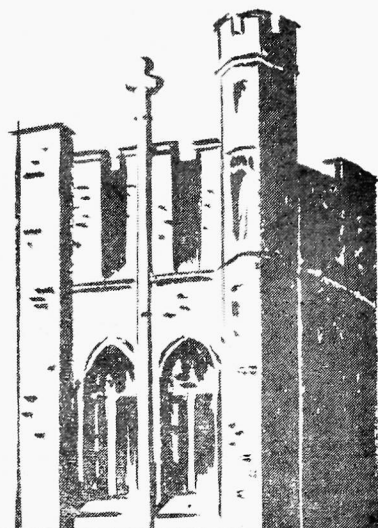
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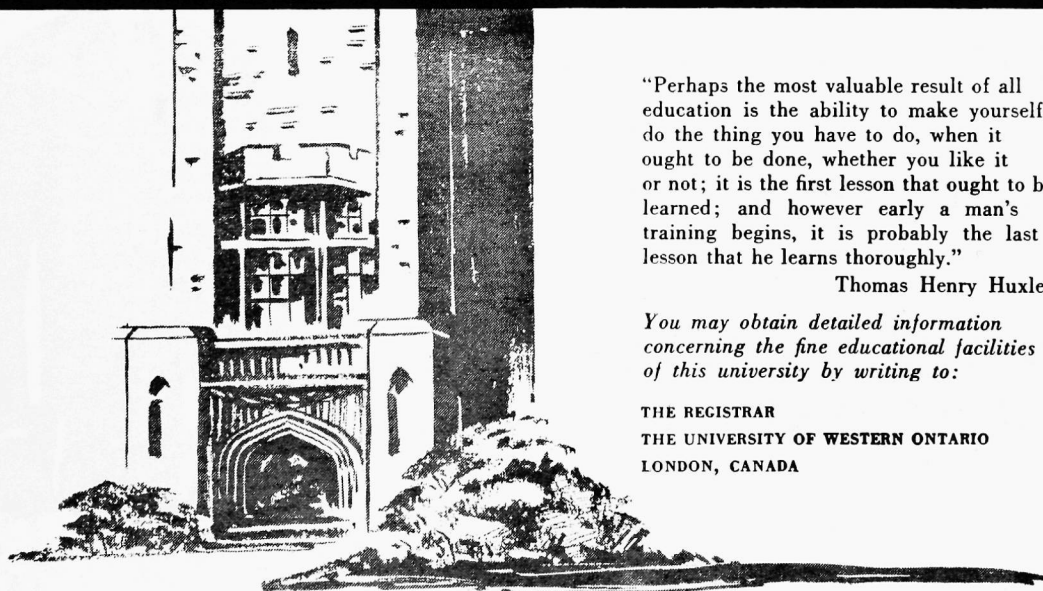
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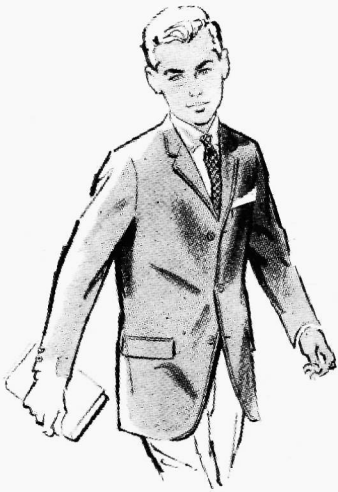
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